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THREE GENERATIONS

OF

ENGLISH WOMEN

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF SUSANNAH TAYLOR, SARAH AUSTIN, AND LADY DUFF GORDON

BY

JANET ROSS

AUTHOR OF "ITALIAN SKETCHES," "LAND OF MANFRED," "EARLY DAYS RECALLED"

WITH PORTRAITS

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INTRODUCTION.

Mrs. John Taylor, the first subject of these Memoirs, was a remarkable woman, whose house at Norwich was the resort of many of the most cultivated men and women of her day, whose friendship was prized and valued by them. People used to say it was worth a journey to Norwich to spend an evening with her. She brought up her children with an unflinching love of truth and a horror of debt. Not ashamed of being poor, she attended to all the small details of daily life, in the midst of which she found time to read and appreciate philosophy and poetry, and to think for herself. The Taylor family for several generations has produced men and women distinguished by literary and scientific ability: they and their forbears belonged to the Presbyterian party, and disliked the Independents almost as much as the Tories. It is a saying in Norfolk, that if a collection were made of the works of the Taylors of Norwich, it would form a respectable library.

Of Mrs. Taylor's seven children, Sarah Austin was perhaps the handsomest and the most gifted; the extraordinary vigour of her mind and body was occasionally almost overpowering, but it stood her in good stead during a long and not over-prosperous life, and was tempered by an excellent judgment

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and a very kind heart. No one ever appealed to her in vain ; and in her old age children always flocked round her with delight to hear "Puss in boots," or one of Grimm's fairy-tales, so well and graphically told. I have made a selection among the mass of her correspondence, but I fear that (in the French letters particularly) much has been lost by translation. All Mrs. Austin's letters to M. B. St. Hilaire are in French, those to M. Guizot are in English.

Many have spoken of my grandfather Mr. John Austin's eloquence—I remember it well. To the end he always preserved the upright carriage his early soldier life had given him, and when we lived at Esher I cannot forget how he used to stride over the commons which divided us from Weybridge.

"Here," says my grandmother, in her preface to his work on Jurisprudence—"here he entered upon the last and happiest period of his life—the only portion during which he was free from carking cares and ever-recurring disappointments. The battle of life was not only over, but had hardly left a scar. He had neither vanity nor ambition, nor any desires beyond what his small income sufficed to satisfy. He had no regrets or repinings at his own poverty and obscurity, contrasted with the successes of other men. He was insatiable in the pursuit of knowledge and truth for their own sake ; and during the long daily walks which were almost the sole recreation he coveted or enjoyed, his mind was constantly kept in a state of serene elevation and harmony by the aspects of nature, which he contemplated with ever-increasing delight, and described in his own felicitous and picturesque language, and by meditation on the sublimest themes that can occupy the mind of man. He wanted no excitement and no audience. Though he welcomed the occasional visits of his friends with affectionate cordiality, and delighted them by the vigour and charm of his conversation, he never expressed the smallest desire for society. He was content to pour out the treasures of his knowledge, wisdom,

and genius to the companion whose life was (to use the expression of one who knew him well) 'enfolded in his.' Thus passed twelve years of retirement, rarely interrupted, and never uninteresting or wearisome. His health was greatly improved. The place he had chosen and his mode of life suited him. The simplicity of his taste and habits would have rendered a more showy and luxurious way of living disagreeable and oppressive to him. Yet none of the small pleasures or humble comforts provided for him ever escaped his grateful notice. He loved to be surrounded by homely and familiar objects, and nothing pleased him so much in his garden as the flowers he had gathered in his childhood. He had a disinterested hatred of expense and of pretension, and though very generous and quite indifferent to gain, he was habitually frugal, and respected frugality in others, as the guardian of many virtues."

Of Mrs. Austin's remarkable talents I need not speak ; her letters will show what she was, and how her judgment and advice were sought by many of the eminent men of her time.

Her devoted friend, M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, has been good enough to write down for me his recollections of her, which I here translate :—

"It was in 1840 that I first knew Mrs. Austin, to whom M. Victor Cousin presented me. She was still extremely handsome, and her complexion, which she preserved till the day of her death, was dazzling. Her vigour was extraordinary, and she was calm, although full of life and gaiety. Her conversation was delightful, intelligent, and abounding in solid good sense. At that time she was accompanied by her only daughter, Lady Duff Gordon, and her son-in-law, Sir Alexander, both extremely handsome.

"At Paris Mrs. Austin had a *salon*, which she kept admirably : as she was poor, intellect alone was the attraction and the ornament of the house, and all that was most eminent among the foreigners who passed through Paris eagerly sought to be

received in her humble apartment. There also the most illustrious Frenchmen of both the Conservative and the Liberal parties met together, and, thanks to the mistress of the house, the most diverse opinions were discussed without acerbity, and to the profit of all. If any obtained admittance who were unworthy of these pleasant and useful reunions, they were eliminated without harshness ; and I have seen executions of this kind done with perfect tact, yet with a moral vigour which, without any fuss, was most efficacious. The *salon* of Mrs. Austin was a centre where France, England, Germany, and Italy met, and learned to know and appreciate each other. Mrs. Austin spoke all four languages. Her power of work was wonderful, quite virile. She was an excellent Latin scholar, which stood her in good stead when she published the posthumous work of her husband on Roman Law. Her mind was perfectly balanced and fortified by serious, hard study ; and to everything she did she brought an attention and a maturity of judgment which few men possess in so large a measure. Mrs. Austin was intimate with all the remarkable intellects in England. She presented me, among others, to Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Layard, Mr. J. Stuart Mill, Grote (Mr. and Mrs.), &c. I went with her to see the Misses Berry, then very old ladies, witty, and delighted to talk with a Frenchman who reminded them, particularly by his pronunciation, of the society of the eighteenth century, in which they had shone in their youth. I also recollect a visit to Mr. C. Greville, then crippled by gout, but whose conversation sparkled with intelligence and admirable taste. Mrs. Austin knew the Duchess of Orleans, who consulted her about the education of her two sons ; and in 1864 I saw the young Princes at her house at Weybridge, after their return from America. They treated her with filial respect.

"Mrs. Austin did me a great service—she taught me to know England. In 1840 she found me imbued with all those inter-

national prejudices so damaging to both sides. When I knew her better, she often made me blush ; and, to cure me of my folly, she invited me to visit England and judge with my own eyes. In 1849 I went to Weybridge and enjoyed her cordial hospitality. My conversion was rapid, and I returned charmed with, and full of admiration for, England, and repeated my visit nearly every year.

"Mr. Austin was worthy of his wife, but his qualities were entirely opposed. Intensely nervous and often ill, he loved solitude, and even in his own house no one saw him until dinner, at which he did not always assist. Sad by nature, and a deep thinker, he spoke little, but when he did it was with extraordinary vehemence and eloquence. A pupil of Bentham, and intimate with all the friends of his master, he began by embracing all Bentham's doctrines, even his irreligion ; but later he modified his opinions, though he always preserved the most entire liberty of thought. When he first went to Weybridge, he considered it right to tell the clergyman that he would never see him at church. He did this to avoid any appearance of scandal, and to preserve his own independence ; but he took his share in all the charities and charges of the parish. Deeply versed in law, he was for some time Professor at the University of London, and became known by a remarkable work on the connection of Morals and Jurisprudence. He was a corresponding member of the Institute of France and of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. When he died, he left a mass of valuable documents collected for his lectures at the University. Mrs. Austin arranged and published all the manuscripts left by her husband, aided by the advice of his legal friends. This publication redounded to the honour of the author, and of her who assumed the difficult task of editing a work bristling with difficulties and learned quotations.

"When Mr. Austin was sent to Malta on a mission by his Government, Mrs. Austin occupied herself with the education

of Maltese women, and did immense good. She often talked of her scholastic occupations, and of their success. Returning home, Mr. Austin's health being very indifferent, they withdrew to Weybridge, where Mrs. Austin eked out their small means by her pen. From prudence she confined herself to translating, though she had all the faculties that go to produce original work. But, as she often told me, she feared by publishing anything of her own to expose herself to criticism, and she always considered it improper in a woman to provoke a possible polemic, which generally ends in a manner disagreeable to herself.

"The last years of Mrs. Austin's life were devoted to the publication of her husband's book. She worked with vigour and method, and a scrupulous attention which allowed no fault to escape her. The learned friends she consulted had, I am sure, few corrections to make. She died of heart disease, at the age of seventy-three, preserving the freshness and beauty of her complexion to the end of her life. The expression of her face when dead had something sublime and angelic. The calm of death often produces this effect, but I never saw it so marked as in her."

Lucie Duff Gordon, the only child of John and Sarah Austin, inherited the talents of her parents. Of her beauty I should not be considered a fair judge, but one who knew her well, and whose recent death leaves a void never to be filled, A. W. Kinglake, writes to me :—

"Can I, how can I trust myself to speak of your dear mother's beauty in the phase it had reached when first I saw her? The classic form of her features, the noble poise of her head and neck, her stately height, her uncoloured yet pure complexion, caused some of the beholders at first to call her beauty statuesque, and others to call it majestic, some pronouncing it to be even imperious. But she was so intellectual, so keen, so autocratic, sometimes even so impassioned in speech, that

nobody, feeling her powers, could well go on feebly comparing her to a statue or a mere queen or empress."

Forced by illness to leave the home she loved and the society she shone in, the last years of her life were passed in Egypt. My mother's generous spirit and sympathy for everything and everybody oppressed or suffering won the hearts of the Arabs in an extraordinary way. Her own letters will tell the rest.

It remains for me to thank H.R.H. the Comte de Paris, Madame Guizot de Witt, Mr. Gladstone, M. St. Hilaire, Colonel Gatt, Mrs. Simpson, and others, for allowing my grandmother's letters to their parents or themselves to be published, and for permission to print their own letters. I must also express the obligation I am under to Mr. Macmillan for allowing me to reprint extracts of my mother's "Letters from the Cape" and "Letters from Egypt"; and to Mr. Longman for his permission to reprint some of the Rev. Sydney Smith's letters to Mrs. Austin. Last, but not least, I must record the great help my grandmother's old friend, the late Mr. John Murray, was good enough to give me, and his son's kindness in letting me use some of the blocks of the first edition of this book.

JANET ROSS.

December, 1892.

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THREE GENERATIONS OF ENGLISH WOMEN.

CHAPTER I.

SUSANNAH TAYLOR.

Norfolk and its illustrious names—Dr. John Taylor—Mr. J. Taylor and Miss Susannah Cook—Her Letters to Miss Dixon—Mrs. J. Taylor and her friends—Mr. J. Taylor a poet—Death of Mrs. Martineau—Mrs. Barbauld's "Tribute."

It has been said, "I have seen more of the county of Norfolk than of its inhabitants, but of that county I may remark, that, to the best of my recollection, it contains more churches, more flints, more turkeys, more turnips, more wheat, more cultivation, more commons, more cross-roads, and, from that token, probably more inhabitants than any county I have ever visited. It has another distinguishing and paradoxical feature—if what I hear is true—it is said to be more illiterate than any other part of England ; and yet I doubt if any county of like extent has produced an equal number of famous men."

The mental activity which distinguished Norwich during the latter half of the last century and the beginning of this, was very remarkable ; and although provincial, and occasionally affected, was certainly far above the average of country towns.

William Taylor, the German scholar, to whom Mrs. Barbauld wrote—"Do you know that you made Walter Scott a poet? So he told me the other day. It was, he says, your ballad of 'Lenore' that inspired him;" Dr. Sayers, the Martineaus, the John Taylors, Mr. Amyot, Dr. Rigby, Dr. Reeve, Dr. Alderson, and his daughter Amelia Opie, the Stevensons, the Gurneys, and Dr. Enfield, make up a goodly list of talent; and this slight but imperfect record of some of the names of which Norwich is justly proud, may be supplemented by an extract from a speech of the late Lord Houghton at a Social Science Congress in that town :—

"I know no provincial city adorned with so many illustrious names in literature, the professions, and public life; those of Taylor, Martineau, Austin, Alderson, Opie, come first to my recollection, and there are many more behind; and there is this additional peculiarity of distinction, that these are for the most part not the designation of individuals, but of families numbering each men and women conspicuous in various walks in life."

My ancestor, Dr. John Taylor, was born in 1694, near Lancaster. His father, a timber-merchant, was a member of the Church of England; his mother, a Protestant Dissenter. John Taylor adopted her religious opinions, and is described by Dr. Parr as a "defender of simple and uncorrupted religion."

In 1733, he was elected to the charge of the Presbyterian congregation in Norwich, and some years later he published his controversial work, "The Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin," which called forth violent answers from Drs. Watts and Jennings. Dr. Taylor replied in a "Supplement." In 1745, appeared his "Paraphrase to the Epistle to the Romans," and soon afterwards he published one of the first collections of sacred tunes, with an introduction on the art of singing. In

1754, Dr. Taylor brought out his great work, "The Hebrew Concordance." Two years later, the University of Glasgow conferred on him the degree of D.D. In 1757, Dr. Taylor was named divinity tutor at Warrington, where he died in 1761.

Richard, the eldest son of Dr. John Taylor, married Margaret, daughter of Philip Meadows, Mayor of Norwich, in 1734. Her sister Sarah married David Martineau, grandson of Gaston Martineau, who fled from France at the time of the Edict of Nantes. Both sisters were left widows at an early age, and one had eight, the other seven children, to whose training they devoted themselves. Harriet Martineau was a granddaughter of Mrs. David Martineau. A daughter of Dr. John Taylor, Sarah, who was very beautiful, married John Rigby, a Lancashire man, who was educated at Dr. Priestley's school at Warrington, and afterwards studied medicine under Mr. Norgate at Norwich, where he settled. Their son, Dr. Edward Rigby, a good classic scholar, a naturalist, and an enthusiastic and practical farmer, was the father of Lady Eastlake.

The second son of Mrs. Richard Taylor, named John, after his grandfather, was put to school at Dr. Akers's, at Hindolveston, whence he was removed on the death of his father in 1762, in order—though only twelve years of age—to help his mother in business. Three years later he was apprenticed to Messrs. Martin and Wingfield, manufacturers in Norwich, and in 1771 he entered, as clerk, the banking-house of Messrs. Dimsdale, Archer, and Byde, in London, where he spent two years, and during that time occasionally wrote poetry in the *Morning Chronicle*. On returning to Norwich, he became a yarn-maker, in partnership with his brother Richard. In April, 1777, he married Susannah, youngest daughter of Mr. John Cook, of Norwich—a handsome and gifted woman, whose energetic character and liberal opinions, joined with great kindness of heart, made her a centre of the circle of

remarkable people who frequented the provincial Athens. She possessed the pen of a ready writer, and her literary faculty was inherited by her daughter, Mrs. Austin, and her granddaughter, Lady Duff Gordon.

In 1776 Miss Susannah Cook went with a party of friends to London, and travelled through a great part of England and Scotland. She wrote a series of letters to her young friend, Miss Judith Dixon, which show the powers of observation and appreciation which distinguished her in after life. The yellow pages covered with neat pretty writing, still seem tinted with the bright anticipations of those bygone youthful shining mornings and evenings.

Susannah Cook to Judith Dixon.

"STOURBRIDGE, *June* 17, 1776.

"I believe, my dear Judith, it is customary to say something handsome at the beginning of a correspondence, and to usher the first letter into the presence of one's friend with a great deal of pomp and ceremony. Ours, I may venture to pronounce, will not commence in quite so stately a manner, but trust me when I assure you that I feel the sincerest pleasure in my present employment, and that though I am rather apt to be impatient, I never found myself more so than I have lately been for an opportunity to write to you—wonderfully busy have I been, my dear girl, since we parted. A traveller both by land and by water, and though I cannot relate any marvellous adventures or hairbreadth escapes, yet I do assure you that the jaunt has been extremely entertaining. Never was any time more completely or agreeably filled up than that which I passed in London. Engagements without number crowded upon us the moment we made our appearance, and as it was impossible to comply with them all, our principal care was to make a judicious selection. The many visits we were under a necessity of paying prevented our devoting much time to public diversions. We had, however, one glorious evening at Vauxhall. Our party consisted of my friend Miss

Townley, and her three sisters—a set of the most amiable girls I ever met with. Their brother, a lively young divine, his wife, with a Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson, Mr. Russell, and myself, completed the collection, and I think a parcel of happier people it would have been difficult to find. We heard several of the new catches which are at present reigning favourites, and Mrs. Weichsel sung a most delightful cantata. As the day had been remarkably hot the evening was beautiful beyond expression, and greatly as I always admired Vauxhall, it appeared then more enchanting than ever. It would be inexcusable not to tell you that I had the good fortune to see the 'Duenna.' Nay, don't congratulate, but pity me, for Garrick played 'Hamlet' the same night. We might as well have attempted to remove St. Paul's as to get in at Drury Lane. The crowd was inconceivable, and I had the assurance to go to Covent Garden murmuring at my ill fortune. That syren Leoni soon reconciled me to my fate, and I returned home not only satisfied but delighted. His voice is so totally different to anything I had ever heard, or could conceive, that all the time he was singing the first air I remained in a state of silent astonishment. Kitty Townley, who was with me, and who had heard him before, enjoyed my surprise very much. The first use I made of my returning reason was to wish for *you*, which I really did most ardently. Indeed, my dear Judith, you would be greatly charmed with him ; the songs are in general pretty, but every other voice appeared trifling and insignificant. We spent a day with Mrs. Horne at her house upon Epping Forest, and, besides the family, had a Mr. and Mrs. Wright, who pleased me extremely. Mrs. Wright is a perfect mistress of all that easy politeness which renders the possessor more captivating than almost any other endowment ; she is very sensible and entertaining, and we soon became well acquainted : before we parted we made an appointment for the next morning, which was passed in a virtuoso-like manner. We went first to Wedgewoods, and saw some copies of various figures dug out of the ruins of Herculaneam, which were lent him by Sir William Hamilton, and which appear to be very nicely imitated. From thence we repaired to the Exhibition, where

Mrs. Wright and I diverted the gentlemen by delivering our opinions with all the arrogance of two first-rate connoisseurs. I believe the pictures were not very capital, and as it is always easy to find fault, we thought our criticisms mightily ingenious. But I must take leave of London in order to give you some little account of our journey from thence to Stourbridge, which really proved agreeable beyond expectation. How often in the course of it did I long to take you by the hand and wander over those spots which appeared most delightful to me ; not *only you* did I wish for, but your papa, mamma, and a little hundred besides. Our first day's journey was to Guildford. Surrey is really a fine county, for though the road in many parts lies over a brown barren heath, yet this is sweetly contrasted by continual views of the distant cultivated country through which flows the Thames in silent majesty. We got to Portsmouth the next day, and the following morning set sail in a small half-decked vessel for the Isle of Wight. We had a most droll voyage indeed. The wind was extremely rough, and as there happened to be what the sailors call a 'great swell,' the waves were continually dashing over the sides of the vessel. The view was enchanting. At the same instant we saw the fleet lying off Spithead, the town and docks with the country beyond swelling into gentle hills, and a range of rocks to terminate the view. On the other hand was the ocean, briskly agitated by the gales that then prevailed, and at the extremity of the prospect the green shores of the Isle of Wight rising like a garden from amidst the dashing waves. It was impossible to keep under deck with such a scene before us. I was continually coming up, and had no sooner made my appearance than a spiteful blast drove the water all over me, and I returned into the cabin half drowned for my curiosity. Notwithstanding this, I frequently repeated the experiment, and was every time served in the same provoking manner. At length we landed at Ryde, and I went dripping on shore, where Mr. Russell inquired whether we could have a chaise to convey us to Newport. We were told they had no chaises, but good saddle horses and a post coach. The post coach was immediately ordered to carry ourselves and baggage. We had a considerable way to walk after landing before we arrived

at the house where we made this inquiry, and in the space of about ten minutes experienced almost the greatest vicissitudes of heat and cold. We had been chilled amazingly whilst upon the sea but we no sooner landed than we found the sun intensely hot. The men who followed with our trunks wanted frequently to rest, and we took these opportunities of looking about us charmed with the appearance of this lovely and fertile spot. We reached Newport in time for dinner, which is the principal town upon the island. In the afternoon we went to view Carisbrook Castle, a most venerable pile of ruins indeed. Had you been with me, my dear Judith, I am certain we could have composed a story which for terrors should have claimed the pre-eminence over Sir Bertrand himself. It was the very spot for such a purpose—

> "'High o'er the pines that with their dark'ning shade
> Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
> Its crumbling turrets—still its towery head
> A warlike mien a sullen grandeur wears.'

This once magnificent structure inspired at the same time sublime ideas and melancholy pleasure; I want to describe it more particularly but my paper says 'No.' I would have taken a larger sheet, but my time has been so engaged in writing since I came to Stourbridge, that the good folks below stairs are quite abusive. They tell me my company is all engrossed by my correspondents, and, indeed, I am continually stealing into my own apartment and snatching up my pen; but the saucy creatures would only afford me this little scrap of paper. I must, therefore, postpone the remainder of my travels till I have the pleasure of writing to you again. I *will* give you the outlines, by informing you that we sailed in the packet boat to Southampton, from thence went to Salisbury, Bath, Bristol, Gloucester, and Worcester, and from Worcester to Stourbridge, and finish the picture at my first opportunity.

"Adieu, my dear friend. Once more I repeat, that I think of you continually, and always am, with the sincerest affection,

"Yours entirely,

"SUSANNAH COOK."

Susannah Cook to Judith Dixon.

"STOURBRIDGE, *July* 20, 1776.

"If I was inclined to be superstitious I should be apt to imagine myself endued with the gift of prescience. I had been just indulging the agreeable idea of hearing from my dear Judith, when her welcome letter was popped into my hand. However great the pleasure might be in expectation, it was much greater in reality, and if all my wishes are as happily fulfilled, I shall have some reason to praise my propitious stars. Think not, my sweet friend, that I am so unreasonable as to expect they *will*. If I *was* I should deserve to be disappointed. Your mamma's excellent doctrine of *moderation* is never more necessary than in our desires after happiness, which are apt to be too ardent, and, if not frequently repressed, occasion great trouble and uneasiness. Next Wednesday we shall start for our great and mighty ramble into the north. Could you be of the party how perfect would be my satisfaction! Those transports which you so finely describe would yield me high entertainment, and when I thought you in danger of suffering from their violence I should endeavour to give them a gentle check; but, alas! these wishes are so fruitless as not to be accompanied by the least hope of gratification. I must, therefore, make a virtue of necessity, and console myself with the pleasing thought of transmitting to you by letter an account of some of those objects that afford me the highest pleasure. This you may depend upon receiving, and believe at the same time that my own enjoyments are doubled by having to communicate them to my friends. I have been endeavouring to recollect at what part of my last narrative I was obliged to break off. Carisbrook Castle, I think, was the place where I was under the necessity of saying adieu. No wonder that I left you and myself upon a spot with which I was so greatly delighted. It is a strange fancy, but I was so enchanted with this and several other remains of ancient magnificence which my late journey afforded me a sight of, that I have scarcely done anything but read elegies written amongst piles of ruins ever since. It is a fine subject for the moral muse, and well adapted to that

kind of solemn melancholy so prevalent amongst a certain class of poets. The print you mention would give you a very good idea of its form and situation. From the highest part of the building you have a most glorious prospect indeed—the whole island at one view ; beyond this the ocean, and farther still this Island of Albion, some of whose hills present themselves very agreeably to terminate the wide-extended scene. We were obliged to ascend to this elevated part by a long flight of stone steps, so broken and mouldered away that I was under no small apprehensions for the fate of my neck. Our guide mounted with the utmost agility, and as I was not willing to be outdone in dexterity of this kind, I proceeded as fast as possible, and at length gained the summit. During our ascent I could not help reflecting that perhaps hundreds of gallant knights, the heroes of distant ages, had trod upon those very stones which then sustained my feet. I was struck, as I often am, with my own insignificance, and looked upon the scattered fragments with an awful veneration. My busy curiosity left no part unexplored, and whilst I was peeping into some of the most unfrequented corners, a sudden flight of bats and ravens frequently made me start back in a very precipitate manner. The ivy, with which the walls are almost entirely covered, is of itself a remarkable object ; instead of creeping along upon a slender stalk it grows upon very large branches, and so profusely as to form a thick shade, which is chiefly inhabited by those two species of birds, and adds very much to the natural gloom of the building. I forget whether I mentioned our voyage to Southampton ; it was delightfully pleasant, and free from all those *dashing* difficulties which had before tormented me. I had not a single drop of salt water thrown upon me during our passage, and amidst a variety of objects was treated with an outside view of Calshot Castle, which stands upon a point of land projecting into the sea. I gave you a sketch of our route, which, as far as Salisbury, was entirely new to me. After our departure from thence, upon entering the high West Road, I began to recollect myself. At Bath I seemed to be at home, but was disappointed of one pleasure with which I had been flattered, that of meeting an intimate friend. Though it is only four years since I was

there, Bath is much altered ; it is daily increasing in size, and many houses of a stupendous height seem to be sprung up as if by enchantment ; it was never known to be so full as last winter.

"The Duchesses of Cumberland and Ancaster formed rival parties, whose whole study seemed to be to spite each other. All the ladies that were in high favour at Court resorted to the routes of the latter and neglected her Royal Highness, whose company chiefly consisted of those that were in disgrace like herself. Perhaps you will not thank me for entering upon such a subject, but now I am talking of the *beau monde* I must give you an anecdote upon the article of dress which made quite a bustle when I was in London. Lady Harriet Foley appeared at Court when she was presented after her marriage in a suit of white lutestring trimmed with large bunches of acorns. The cups of these acorns really grew upon an oak, and though the other part was artificial, yet the imitation was nice enough to deceive all beholders. The hint was immediately catched, the fashion adopted, and the dresses for a masquerade at Carlisle House which followed soon after, were whimsical and ridiculous in the highest degree. A lady who was present gave me a history of them which I would preserve in my mind for the entertainment of my friends, and to prove to what extremities of folly fashion will carry her votaries. This is a strange digression, my dear Judith, and if I proceed in the same manner much longer I shall never arrive at the end of my tale, nor bring myself safely to Stourbridge. You remember Sancho's method of telling a story and may possibly think I am following his example. Now then I'll proceed with my journey.

"The road from Bristol to Gloucester affords several fine prospects. One, where the river Severn joins the sea, is particularly beautiful. I had before gazed at it with great pleasure, and now found my satisfaction very little lessened from its having lost the charm of novelty which, however, I acknowledge to be very powerful. From Gloucester to Worcester is a pleasant ride, and Malvern Hills, which you have in view most part of the way add a sort of grandeur to the prospect. We are to ascend these hills the first convenient opportunity.

There is a celebrated spring at the top of one of them ; a treatise was published upon its virtues some years ago and a great deal of company resort in the season to drink the waters. I always thought Worcester an agreeable place, it is a well-built handsome town and celebrated for its fine women. We were to have been there this very day but so many employments at present engage our attention previous to the long journey I have already mentioned, that this little trip was obliged to be postponed. Our time has really been spent in a most agreeable manner since I came to Stourbridge—jovial parties and various diversions have contributed to our amusement. We have been once within sight of the house Mr. Horne is building in our road to Birmingham, but as we were upon a grand expedition to see Miss Younge play Almeria, and expected a very crowded theatre, we had not a moment to spare ; it was crowded indeed, and the play most admirably performed. I hope we shall take Birmingham in our road northwards and have an opportunity of seeing her again. There is a man plays upon the hautboy—I had almost said *divinely ;* at the end of the fourth act we had a miscellaneous quartette for the violin, hautboy, tenor, and violoncello. I could not suppose such sounds could ever have been extracted from a hautboy as I then heard. I almost believed myself in the region of spirits and that I was listening to their aerial music. A silence strikingly profound, reigned throughout the house, not a breath, not a sound was heard ; but as soon as the piece was finished such a clap succeeded to this silence that every corner re-echoed with the applauses of the delighted audience. I was much pleased with their taste which they testified throughout the play in a very judicious manner. The Birmingham people are very fond of public diversions and promote them with great spirit. They spare no expense to procure agreeable amusements for their hours of relaxation. We shall be absent from Stourbridge several weeks. I hope, my dear Judith, to find a letter from you at my return.

" Believe me always, with the sincerest affection,

" Your faithful friend,

" Susannah Cook."

Susannah Cook to Judith Dixon.

"STOURBRIDGE, *November* 23, 1776.

". . . How greatly am I obliged to my dear Judith for her last affectionate letter! To deserve reproaches and chidings, and meet with nothing but thanks and praises, was indeed a very delightful disappointment. I remember leaving the description of our northern tour unfinished. The subject of journeying is become rather stale, and I am afraid begins to lose its powers of pleasing, as all other topics do when too often repeated, but as I was obliged to take my leave of you in Scotland, I may possibly be accused of cruelty in exposing you at this time to the bleak winds of the north without exerting my endeavours to bring you back into a less rigorous climate. I cannot help shuddering when I reflect upon some of the miserable dwellings we there beheld, and the situation of their poor inhabitants at this inhospitable season. Many of them are situated upon the edges of bleak, barren mountains, and (to borrow an expression of Mrs. Barbauld's),

"'Seem like an eagle's nest aerial built.'

The road from Kilmarnock to Sanquhar and Dumfries lies for many miles through solitary vales, with ridges of high black rocks on either side, and a gushing river below, which is rendered extremely rapid by the torrents that rush down the precipices. No traces of population are visible but the habitations just mentioned, and they add if possible to the gloominess of the prospect. In the midst of these dismal glens we perceived at a distance a gentleman on horseback, who upon a nearer approach we discovered to be an acquaintance of Mr. Russell's, and who had actually been at his house not many weeks before. Such a meeting in this solitary, romantic place could not fail of being highly agreeable, but as we were travelling different roads, a few minutes' conversation was all we could enjoy of each other's company. Dumfries is a pretty town, and the people quite in the English style, which is not the case with many other places equally near the borders, that, notwithstanding their vicinity to South Britain still preserve

the old national customs as strongly as the interior inhabitants. I have already expatiated so largely upon the wonders of Cumberland in my letters to Sally Taylor, that you are well acquainted with the effect they had upon my imagination. After leaving Lancaster, Preston, Manchester, and Chester, we passed through a small part of North Wales.

It is an opinion pretty generally received that the Scotch and Welsh were originally one people. However this may be there is a similitude in the face of the countries. We visited a fine ancient building in Denbighshire called Chirk Castle. It is the seat of a Mr. Middleton, Member for Denbigh, and the situation is truly delightful. From hence we proceeded to Shrewsbury, and before we quitted Shropshire took a view of that celebrated slip of the earth, which about four years ago attracted universal attention. This is a phenomenon for which the learned have not even attempted to account—a plain proof that it is entirely unaccountable. I trod upon the land that had undergone such a strange removal, and viewed the chasm it had left with a mixture of astonishment and horror ; whatever happens out of the usual course of nature has an alarming effect upon the imagination. Fancy—always busy in exaggerating every circumstance—seems in such cases to have ample room to display her powers, and adds to what was always marvellous a thousand new wonders of her own creation. From Shrewsbury to Stourbridge is but a day's ride ; we were absent exactly a month, having set out upon the 24th of July, and returned upon the 24th of August. It is impossible to conceive a more agreeable jaunt, and I am sure I enjoyed it in the highest degree. Our two last excursions demand no particular notice. Most of the places I had seen before, and those I had *not* were not distinguished by anything very extraordinary.

"Your account of the ball afforded me high entertainment. I wonder at none of your extasies, for the occasion might well be expected to inspire them. It was a fortunate circumstance that your feather was so well fixed upon its '*ostensible place of residence*,' for I have seen many ridiculous distresses occasioned by these fluttering embellishments. Two ladies at Worcester who happened to sit next each other unfortunately forgot that

a perpendicular position is absolutely necessary according to the present system of head-dressing—by some fatal accident their heads met, and were immediately entangled. The attempts they made to extricate themselves only increased the difficulty, and O cruel Fate! the lofty fabrics that erst had towered in conscious superiority over a gazing multitude, were now demolished, laid low, and become the objects of derision. Another lady in the midst of a cotillon as she was displaying all her airs and graces, lost the whole superstructure, and a majestic one it was, but for want of being properly secured it fell backwards, and left her in the utmost confusion. The rest of the company beheld the impending danger, and (I suppose for fear of being crushed in the ruins) wisely retreated to a convenient distance. I heard that Miss Linley has been at Norwich. I wish you could have heard her sing; she is an enchanting creature. Was she thought handsome at Norwich? I think her extremely so.

"Adieu, my dear Judith. Whenever you favour me with a thought let me be regarded as

"Your faithful and affectionate friend,

"Susannah Cook."

A few shorter letters contain significant allusions to a friend who escorts her on horseback along moonlit lanes, and although Miss Susannah still declares that serenity of mind is necessary to improvement, her "dear Judith" must have had a shrewd suspicion of the announcement contained in the following epistle:—

Susannah Cook to Judith Dixon.

"Stourbridge, *April* 10, 1777.

"This letter, my dear Judith, will seem but as the forerunner of myself. I am returning to the society of many truly dear and amiable friends. I am going to receive the caresses of those who long have loved me. This alone, without any additional circumstance, is sufficient to produce the most pleasing agitation; but think, my dear Judith, how greatly

this agitation is increased when I reflect upon the excellent young man to whom I am soon to be indissolubly united! —when I consider that my state in life is shortly to undergo a total alteration, and that new duties are coming upon me which require my most serious and constant attention. You are too well acquainted with Mr. Taylor's merit to render any encomium needful. You also will perceive, without my pointing them out, the many agreeable circumstances attending this affair. At these I know you kindly rejoice, and I cannot help expressing my satisfaction at being the means of bringing you acquainted with a family so completely amiable, and so worthy of your esteem. May we all continue united by the sweet ties of friendship, and to the last period of our lives rejoice at the remembrance of those happy days which first taught us to love and seek the society of each other. I can easily conceive how much you were delighted with the company of Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld. They are indeed a most wonderful pair, and could not fail to render your visit at Thorpe completely agreeable; if perfect happiness is ever to be found in this comical world, it must certainly be in such society. I am glad the old shrieking story was of such singular service; the effect produced by it was doubtless very diverting. This is quite a land of story-tellers. Every droll incident is treasured up and turned into a tale, and by means of the various embellishments added by the ingenuity of the relator, they are many of them highly curious. As I have now but a few days to spend with my friends at Stourbridge, those few are busy beyond description. Soon, very soon, my dear Judith, shall I have an opportunity of conversing with you in a more satisfactory manner and of assuring you in person how sincerely I am and ever will be,

"Your affectionate and faithful friend,

"SUSANNAH COOK."

After Susannah Cook's marriage to John Taylor they settled among their friends and kinsfolk at Norwich, and in her sensible sententious way she writes in February, 1780, to her friend who was "seeing the gay world" in London:—

Susannah Taylor to Judith Dixon.

". . . My time, you know, has of late been so much engrossed by domestic cares and employments, that very little of it has been devoted to literary pursuits. Satisfied, however, with reflecting that it is better to be useful than accomplished, I endeavour to fulfil, in the best manner I am able, the various duties that lie before me, and in the meanwhile enjoy, with double relish, an interval of leisure. My heart thanks you much more than any words can do for the interest you take in the welfare of that little creature who engages so much of my attention ; but you are ever kindly solicitous about all the concerns of my friends. Nay, more than this, you seem to enter into the exquisite feelings that actuate the mind of a parent. Indeed, my dear Judith, they *are* exquisite ; and while we regard in the present helpless object of our cares, both the companion of our riper years, and the support of declining age, it is no wonder if we are thankful for the inestimable gift. Perhaps he may not prove what our sanguine hopes presage ; but as I see no harm in it, I indulge the agreeable idea. He is at present quite well, and very entertaining at home, but from being so much of a domestic lately he behaves very ill to strangers. I hope he will mend his manners before you return to Norwich. Adieu my dear girl, I hope I need not say how happy I shall be to hear from you, or how much I am yours,

"Susannah Taylor."

In the following year Mr. John Taylor went over to Ireland for his business, and the young wife writes to her "sweet friend," who is staying with Dr. and Mrs. Barbauld at Palgrave :—

Susannah Taylor to Judith Dixon.

"*August* 17, 1781.

". . . It is not to every one that I would expose my weakness in making a trip to Ireland a matter of such consequence ;

but in these situations it is not so much the degree of danger that affects us, as the value of what is exposed ; when the treasure is immense it signifies but little that the hazard is trifling, for the mind magnifies bare possibility and dwells upon those ideas which it ought to avoid. I am sure of meeting with every indulgence from you, and therefore freely own that I have felt fears which in another I should have laughed at. You are enjoying the choicest of pleasures, my dear Judith, and you know how to prize them. If ever one might acknowledge being envious without a blush, it would be for such society as Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld ; but I don't envy you, I wish only to be a joint partaker in your enjoyment. Give my most affectionate respects to them both. Your good father and mother are so kind and attentive to me that my thoughts are turned from my domestic loss to the comfort I feel in good friends ; scarcely a day has passed without one of them calling upon me, and they have felt the same anxious impatience for a letter, and the same benevolent pleasure when it was received, which they always do at every event in which I am so much interested. They told me they should send a parcel to you to-morrow. I am desirous of taking the opportunity to convey to you the promised account ; therefore in defiance of my son John's importunities, who is begging me to let him write, and the more earnest supplications of little Richard to be nursed, as he lies by my side, I persist in my employment. I must tell you the reason for John's earnestness to take the pen from me. His father begged that when I wrote to Dublin, his darling might make a scrawl at the bottom of the letter. (I think I see you smile) but John has been so fond of writing, as he calls it, ever since, that it is with difficulty I keep him from it. How delightful to see the workings of paternal fondness in one of the best of hearts ! and what sweet follies it produces ! I quit with reluctance (as I always do) the pleasure of talking to my amiable friend, but I must submit to necessity. I shall rejoice to hear from you, but let not this employment take up the place of any that would assure you more pleasure. To know you are happy will at all times give the sincerest delight to

"Your true and faithful friend,

"S. TAYLOR."

Susannah Taylor to Judith Dixon.

"NORWICH, *March* 12, 1782.

"I hope you will go several times to the opera. It must be such a delightful treat that I shall rejoice to hear you partake of it frequently. The papers are full of the praises of Allegrante, as they generally are of the reigning favourite at the Haymarket. I must join with you, my dear Judith, in condemning the censures which are indiscriminately cast upon the opera. These censures spring from several causes, one of which is certainly a want of taste, but the defects of the Italian opera, when considered as a dramatic piece, must strongly influence those who cannot enjoy the music, and then the extravagant and affected raptures of many who in reality feel nothing, is a powerful reason for ridiculing both the thing itself and the admirers of it. The world is always ready to combat affectation, whatever shape it assumes, and yet there is scarcely one person in a thousand who is entirely free from it. The grave philosopher who would turn away with scorn and contempt from the airs and graces of a Court beauty, will frequently depart as far from nature as she, and is I think, much more despicable. Mr. Taylor desires his kind love, and bids me tell you that he hopes you will bring home a few new things in the musical way. Glees are the great favourites with him at present ; he is gone to meet a singing party this evening as he generally does twice in a week. Mr. Philip Martineau received a letter yesterday from Edinburgh from the celebrated Dr. Blacklock upon the subject of little Crotch, who has been confined with his mother in prison for many months ; she is very deep in debt, but the ingenious people at Edinburgh are exceedingly desirous of procuring his enlargement, and speak in the highest terms of his uncommon genius, which they say is by no means confined to music, but displays itself in everything he attempts. It is a pity he cannot be taken from under the management of a woman who is so extremely ignorant.

"I am, at all times, and in all places,

"Your obliged and affectionate,

"S. TAYLOR."

Mrs. Taylor went to visit her husband's relations at Diss in September, 1783, and relates how—

"Mrs. Barbauld drank tea with us. She is in good spirits, and her conversation as charming as usual. Mrs. Barbauld told me she had received a letter from you, and we agreed that you had no occasion to fear being too romantic—there is too large a portion of discretion and of solid judgment in your composition to suffer your imagination to be led astray. I have frequently been disappointed in the character of women on this account. Those who are capable of enjoying the pleasure of knowledge are apt to be intoxicated with it, and to transplant the high-wrought ideas which they acquire into situations where they have no business. This is a great error, for we must frequently change both our modes of thinking and acting, and adapt them to our circumstances. For this reason a romantic woman is a troublesome friend, as she expects you to be as imprudent as herself, and is mortified at what she calls coldness and insensibility. I foresee, my dear Judith, that these are misconstructions we shall never be liable to; we can both be extremely fond of each other's society without expecting everything to give way to that fondness, and when our minds cease to furnish us with sufficient amusement, we can apply to the minds of others who are wiser, and enjoy the new ideas we acquire together.

"Your faithful friend,

"S. Taylor."

In 1784 a third son, Edward, was born, who inherited his father's taste for music and his fine voice. The following year Judith Dixon married Mr. Beecroft, and Mrs. Taylor writes to congratulate her young friend.

Susannah Taylor to Judith Beecroft.

"Norwich, *April* 11, 1785.

"The steadiness and uniformity of your friendship for me has been proved in many instances—in no one more, my dear Mrs.

Beecroft, than in turning your attention upon me at this time when it is both natural and reasonable that one beloved object should engross every thought. The experience I have had of those feelings which now actuate your affectionate heart, makes your situation doubly interesting to me. It is not sufficient that the friends dearest to us are happy, we wish their happiness to be of the same kind with our own, particularly when reason assures us that we are enjoying the highest we can expect to attain. I have long felt this conviction with regard to the conjugal state, it is in that intimate union alone that a woman feels herself safe, respectable, and happy ; and she finds that the constant desire of giving pleasure to her husband makes even trifling affairs of some importance. This affords that stimulus which is so necessary to keep the active mind from weariness and lassitude, and, when evils come, arms it with additional fortitude to resist their power. I feel too much on your account, my beloved friend, to salute you with the usual forms of congratulation. May as much happiness be yours as this life can afford ! and may those pleasing expectations which now fill your mind be realised to their full extent ! They are not extravagant, and therefore likely to be so. The qualities you prize in Mr. Beecroft are the only ones capable of answering those expectations, and the plan of life you mean to pursue is so congenial with his wishes and your own, that there appears to be no avenue for disappointment or chagrin to enter. It is in the peaceful walks of life that Mr. Taylor and myself have constantly wished to tread. Our plan is now an established one, and we have found it productive of all the enjoyment we could expect or desire. To see you, my beloved friend, travelling the same road, sharing the same pleasures, and to have an opportunity sometimes of comparing and communicating our pursuits will afford me one of the highest gratifications, and it is one which I am likely to enjoy. My husband has desired me to say so much for him that I believe it will be best to say nothing ; you know how sincerely he loves you, and can guess what his affection would dictate. Remember us both to Mr. Beecroft, to Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, and Mrs. Raven. I cannot be satisfied to let a post escape without writing to you. Accept my beloved friend

what this letter was chiefly intended to convey—the tenderest wishes, the sincerest love of your ever faithful,

"S. TAYLOR."

In the old-fashioned parlour in St. George's, Colegate, might be heard the most brilliant conversation, for eminent people of every opinion gathered round the hospitable, unpretentious fireside. Mr. John Taylor, though strongly attached to the faith of his forefathers, and a staunch Whig, was of so kindly and genial a temper that party spirit or religious prejudices never interfered with his friendships. There might be seen Sir James Mackintosh, the most brilliant and popular man of the day, to whom Madame de Staël wrote, "Il n'y a pas de société sans vous." "C'est très ennuyeux de dîner sans vous ; la société ne va pas quand vous n'êtes pas là." Sir James Smith, the botanist ; Mr. Crabb Robinson, the philosopher of the Unitarians, and the cherished friend of all the distinguished people of the last century, and the first half of this ; Dr. Southey, Wm. Wyndham, Sir Thomas Beevor, the Gurneys, Dr. Enfield and Dr. Rigby, Dr. Alderson and his charming daughter Amelia Opie, and Mrs. Barbauld, who "prized and valued Susannah Taylor's affection beyond all others." Dr. Sayers, who lived in an old house near by, in the Lower Close ; and the Sewards, Dr. Parr, and Mr. Smith (grandfather of Miss F. Nightingale), were constant visitors. His eldest daughter, talking of the excitement prevailing in Norwich when the news of the fall of the Bastille was first known, said to the present Mr. Henry Reeve, "Don't I remember your glorious grandmother dancing round the tree of liberty at Norwich with Dr. Parr!"

Mrs. John Taylor was called, by her intimate friends, "Madame Roland of Norwich," from her likeness to the portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Frenchwoman ; and Miss Lucy Aikin describes how she darned her boy's grey worsted stockings while holding her own with Southey,

Brougham, or Mackintosh. The latter had a great admiration for the quiet Norwich housewife, and writes to her :

"I know the value of your letters. They rouse my mind on subjects which interest us in common : friends, children, literature, and life. Their moral tone cheers and braces me. I ought to be made permanently better by contemplating a mind like yours, which seems more exclusively to derive its gratifications from its duties than almost any other. Your active kindness is a constant source of cheerfulness, and your character is so happily constituted that even the misfortunes of those who are dear to you, by exciting the activity of your affection, almost heal the wounds which they would otherwise have inflicted."

He dwells affectionately upon her goodness, her fidelity in friendship, and her "industrious benevolence, which requires a vigorous understanding, and a decisive character."

In 1786, another son, Philip, was born, and two years later the first girl, Susan, was hailed with great delight. In 1790, the last son, Arthur, came into the world, and three years afterwards, Sarah, the youngest child.

Every family event was celebrated by John Taylor with a poem, for amid his manifold occupations he found leisure to exercise his poetical talents. One of the most stirring songs I know celebrating the dawn of the French Revolution was written by him on the back of a letter announcing the fall of the Bastille in July, 1789. "The Triumph of Liberty" was not acceptable to the Tory Ministers of the day, but the Duke of Sussex made Mr. Taylor sing it at a great dinner over which he presided at Norwich. Party spirit ran high in the old town in 1796, when Mr. Windham, who had been returned six years before as a supporter of Whig principles, became the friend and coadjutor of Burke, and both Mr. and Mrs. Taylor took an active part in trying to deprive him of his seat in favour of Bartlett Gurney.

In 1798, Mr. Taylor's aunt, Mrs. Martineau, died ; he was much attached to her, and wrote to a friend :—

"My-aunt was a woman whose head and heart procured her the respect and esteem of all her family and friends. She possessed a strong discrimination of character, and there were few persons whose soundness of judgment better qualified them to give advice. Her affections were warm, and her piety fervent, yet rational."

Mrs. Barbauld, on this occasion, wrote "A Tribute to my honoured Friends of the Families of Martineau and Taylor," from which I extract the following characteristic lines :—

"No bitter drop 'midst nature's kind relief,
Sheds gall into the fountain of your grief ;
No tears you shed for patient love abused,
And counsel scorned, and kind restraints refused.
Not yours the pang the conscious bosom wrings
When late remorse inflicts her fruitless stings.

Living you honour'd her, you mourn her, dead ;
Her God you worship, and her path you tread ;
Your sighs shall aid reflection's serious hour,
And cherish'd virtues bless the kindly shower ;
On the loved theme your lips unblamed shall dwell ;
Your lives, more eloquent, her worth shall tell.

For me, as o'er the frequent grave I bend,
And pensive down the vale of years descend,
Companions, parents, kindred called to mourn,
Dropt from my side, or from my bosom torn,
A boding voice, methinks, in fancy's ear
Speaks from the tomb, and cries, 'Thy friends are here !'"

CHAPTER II.

SUSANNAH TAYLOR (*continued*).

Mrs. J. Taylor's Letters to Dr. Reeve—Commencement of the *Edinburgh Review*—Criticism of it—Visit to Cambridge—Mrs. J. Taylor's Letters to her daughters—Sarah's visit to Mrs. Barbauld—The formation of Character—Abolition of the Slave Trade—Mrs. Taylor's 52nd birthday—Death of Mr. Opie.

Mrs. John Taylor bore a great affection to her young friend Henry Reeve, and missed him sadly when he went to study at Edinburgh. He was almost an adopted son in the house before his engagement to her eldest daughter Susan. She writes :—

"I rather envy Mr. Frenshaw when I see him mending pens, and pouring over small print ; my eyes are somewhat more bedimmed than usual, for they overflow now and then in spite of myself. Cowper says, in his address to his mother's picture :—

> " 'Where thou art gone,
> Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.'

"In this odd world they seem to be the most common of all words. To be sure, partings and meetings give variety to our existence, but I am now grown so dull as not to want variety. If I could wish for any, I must be contented to have it all secondhand. And so, when you have seen London, and the Lakes and Edinburgh, all of which I know, and have seen in former days, you may tell me what you think of them."

In another letter she says :—

"Nothing at present suits my taste so well as Susan's Latin lessons, and her philosophical old master. . . . When we get to Cicero's discussions on the nature of the soul, or Virgil's fine descriptions, my mind is filled up. Life is either a dull round of eating, drinking, and sleeping, or a spark of ethereal fire just kindled.

"There is no surer way of becoming acquainted with our own mind than by the effect produced upon it by the conduct of others ; if we can tolerate vice and folly, we may grow fond of them in time. Perhaps you can bear witness to the truth of another remark, that people generally wrap themselves up in a solemn kind of reserve, and particularly those who have taken upon themselves the task of enlightening the world. It is to be accounted for from the jealousy and fear of losing a reputation once acquired, by the unguarded frankness of colloquial intercourse. Be it ours, my dear friend, merrily to philosophise, sweetly to play the fool. Strange counsel to a young man in a grave university!"

In 1802, the *Edinburgh Review* first appeared ; Jeffrey, Brougham, and Sydney Smith were its founders, and Dr. Reeve, who had just taken his degree at Edinburgh, contributed to the first numbers. Mrs. John Taylor took great interest in the Whig review, and in the midst of her many household duties finds time to review the reviewer. She writes :—

"Mr. Hayley's style wants that majestic simplicity with which such a character as Cowper's could have been portrayed. He thinks it necessary, too, as Mr. Jeffrey observes, to praise everybody. This is so like the misses who call all their insipid acquaintances 'sweet,' and 'interesting,' that it makes me rather sick. A biographer is good for nothing who does not give those touches, those lights and shadows, which identify his characters. On this account I do not like a remark of the reviewer that Mrs. Unwin's little jealousies of Lady Austen

might as well have been passed over in silence. If the weaknesses of excellent people are to be concealed, how shall we form an accurate impression of human nature?"

Again she writes to Dr. Reeve :—

"Nothing can operate more powerfully against the attainment of excellence in every species of composition, than the indiscriminate praise and false tenderness which prevent those writers who are capable of higher degrees of improvement from endeavouring sedulously to aim at greater perfection, or which lead those who are incapable to trouble the public at all. I have been witness to such extravagant praises bestowed upon inferior compositions, especially in London, that I rejoice in the more hardy criticism of our northern metropolis, not from a desire to depreciate, but from a conviction that the more completely both books and characters find their proper stations, the better it will be for society. I think the *Edinburgh Review* contains just, but not ill-natured, criticism.

"If I were inclined to make an appeal for any person who has fallen under the lash, it would be for Robert Southey, whose experiments in poetry I acknowledge to be, many of them, fantastic and extravagant; but they are the experiments of a man of genius. . . . I think we ought to be grateful to literary pioneers."

Mrs. John Taylor was desirous that her daughter Susan should not be made acquainted with the ardent feelings of Dr. Reeves, and wrote to him :—

"She is but sixteen, and must go on with her lessons and practise housekeeping and the culinary arts, that she may not from mere inexperience make mistakes which her husband would not like."

"Prove," continues the wise and kindly woman, "that you can, as you said to me, command your feelings. The way to allow mind and body to come to perfection is to suffer them to ripen by degrees.

"If you knew what harm it would do to substitute constrained manners for innocent frankness, and to carry forward Susan's attention to distant objects, instead of bestowing the whole force of her mind upon present subjects."

She also wished her future son-in-law to settle in Norwich.

"Dr. Alderson," she writes, "after reading me some letters of Mrs. Opie's, which completely prove that the whole fraternity of authors, artists, lecturers, and public people get such an insatiable appetite for praise, that nothing but the greatest adulation can prevent their being miserable, came to this sentence : 'Dr. Reeve, like a sensible man, prefers London to Norwich.' 'Is that a proof of sense,' said I, 'to reject what you allow is an extraordinary chance of settling to advantage in a place because it contains but 40,000 inhabitants !'"

Soon afterwards Dr. Reeve made up his mind to settle in Norwich, with the inevitable result that he became formally engaged to Susan Taylor.

The following long letter to Dr. Reeve in London shows how attached she was to him, in spite of her anxious disapproval of his early engagement to her daughter :—

"Norwich, *June* 1, 1804.

"My dear Doctor,—As you are determined to style yourself a grave personage, it is incumbent upon me to treat you with due respect, though with all my disposition to be serious I must confess it is rather difficult, for if even that great saddener of human life—parting—cannot make us melancholy, what should we care for ? It was not very civil to suffer you to bid us adieu in the open air, but it was certainly better for us all, instead of prolonging our misery, gayly to say 'Good-night.' The morning brought us plenty of business, first depositing our trunks, and then ourselves, in a stage-coach, with two ordinary-looking women and a crying child, instead of Montagu's polite friend Mr. Cripps, who had taken a place in the 'Telegraph' for the sake of accompanying us. This was

not my only cause of regret, for I knew Mr. Smyth,[1] the friend of Mr. Whishan, as well as of Mr. Montagu,[2] would expect us in the earliest coach. When we arrived at Cambridge, and found that he had not only been in waiting, but provided a dinner at Peter House, and invited just such a party as I wished for to meet us, I was really distressed. A note brought him flying to us, and we passed two delicious hours in those 'brown o'er-arching groves,' where not only 'willowy Camus,' but surely every living soul, must 'linger with delight.' Our companion, with the most refined politeness, led us to his rooms after our ramble, where tea equal to nectar was made for us by himself. After tea he went to see whether the Montagus were arrived, leaving Susan and me enchanted with being shut up in a college surrounded with books, and looking upon nothing but 'antique towers' and 'venerable walls,' repeating, as Mrs. Barbauld has beautifully expressed it, only 'learned echoes.' The contrast afforded by this situation to the bustle of London heightened its effect: but a different scene awaited us, for Mr. Smyth soon returned in a carriage because a few drops of rain were falling, to convey us to Jesus Lane. There we found Montagu, absolutely intoxicated with delight to find that we were at length assembled at Cambridge, which to him really appears, not only the seat of learning, but of happiness. His wife is full of genuine sweetness and simplicity, and as soon as the children were safe in bed we all adjourned to Jesus College, where an elegant repast was provided for us by Dr. Clarke[3] and Mr. Smyth; Mr. Cripps and another gownsman or two supped with us. The plan of the following day was settled, and one very important part of the plan was that Porson[4] should dine with us. The first thing we saw in the morning was the mutilated statue of Ceres and various fragments of antiquity which were brought by Dr. Clarke and Mr. Cripps from

[1] Professor Smyth, whose lectures on modern history are celebrated.

[2] Mr. Basil Montagu, Q.C., editor of Bacon.

[3] Dr. Clarke and Mr. Cripps had recently returned from a tour in Greece and the Levant, and had brought back marbles which form part of the Cambridge Museum.

[4] The celebrated Professor of Greek.

Athens. We heard numerous consultations of where and how they should stand, and then we visited colleges and libraries in succession till the hour of four, when the learned professor was to meet us. Several other accomplished men were of the party, and Porson took a moderate share in the conversation like any other sensible man. Still my companions were not satisfied ; they wanted me to see him blaze out, as he does sometimes. We went to tea. More gownsmen flew in and flew out. Mrs. Montagu's harp was sent for, and there she sat, playing touching airs till (like Timotheus) she made Porson shed tears. We had a cold collation, and then, between ten and eleven o'clock, this singular being began to display himself. Never did I make such a sacrifice to prudence as by tearing myself away from this company, where every importunity was made use of to detain me. But I thought of Mrs. Montagu's infant. I saw Susan was tired, and Montagu had exhausted himself with his feelings ; for my own part, I should most willingly have sat up all night, but away we went before midnight, and the next morning Susan and I were in King's College chapel for the early service, and we ascended the roof and viewed all its parts before breakfast. My impatience to be at home overcame all temptations, and after flying about till two o'clock, we stepped into the Bury coach and reached Newmarket before five; there we had nothing to see but volunteers and gingerbread-stalls, excepting the famous rooms where the desperate gambler, in the agonies of despair, has left his deep marks upon the unconscious hazard-table. When I thought of the men who frequented this spot and those I had just left 'wooing fair science in her cloisters pale,' they appeared to my mind like a different race of beings. But enough of narrative ; you can easily conceive the return home after the dread of being left at such a barren scene as Newmarket for want of room in the coaches, the rousing Susan from her slumbers at three o'clock in the morning, our meeting Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Barnard in the 'Expedition' [1] at that early hour, and the remainder of our notable adventures.

[1] The "Expedition" was a slow and heavy coach (six inside) from Norwich to London, *viâ* Newmarket.

"Your interview with Mr. Martineau must have been very interesting, but I am inclined to think neither of you would abuse London if you were driving your carriage about its bustling streets with a hundred patients upon your list. *Houses* and *grounds* are certainly our friend Philip's passion, but for a man who can only scamper up to London once in three or four years, for three or four days, to be sauntering in shady walks instead of hunting for subjects of curious research seems to me rather stupid, but every one to their taste. You must have really an appetite for verdant lawns and shady groves after living in London six or eight months; besides, certain associations connected with such objects may make them more interesting. I think you and I are upon the best footing we can be, considering what I regard as a misfortune to you, because we conceal nothing from each other.[1] I chiefly wish you would make the same vigorous use of your faculties that you were so early accustomed to do, and that you would not lose the most precious period of life in anticipation of something better. . . .

"It is time I should thank you for all your kind attentions in the busy scenes of London. I am sorry for all we omitted, but we did as much as we could, and I have always found I must leave something undone: if I do not mind I shall number among these omissions that of telling you how sincerely and affectionately I am yours,

"S. Taylor."

In 1805 Susan Taylor went to London to stay with Mrs. Barbauld, and her mother wrote a gently scolding letter of admirable advice—like most advice, very difficult to follow:—

"Dear Susan,— . . . It would have been better if Reeve had not accompanied you to Stoke Newington; we must not only mind our P's and Q's, but our R's. You know how freely

[1] She refers to Dr. Reeve's engagement to her daughter, who was then only sixteen.

I like to talk to you about everything. Do not show a kind of weakness, which in the end never fails to lower a woman, even in the estimation of a lover ! Men may be gratified at first by possessing unbounded influence over the mind of a woman, but they generally despise her for it in the end. One of the great evils in contracting engagements of this sort at such an early age as yours is the full disclosure of affections, owing to the innocent simplicity of youth, which a woman at a more advanced period, from a due sense of propriety, would certainly in some measure have concealed. For the future show Reeve that you, like him, can bear absence when absence is necessary, and that the only way to be fit for the duties of life hereafter is to perform them with the utmost zeal and alacrity now. . . ."

Various admonitions as to respectful behaviour follow, and stringent injunctions about paying small debts and distributing half-crowns to servants. Very motherly are the concluding sentences :—

". . . Now I have written this letter, I have a great mind to burn it, I am so unwilling to give you a moment's pain ; but if you take it as a proof of love, and determine to profit by it, it will rather give you pleasure.

" When you are absent it is a great effort to think of faults. I could rather sit down and cry for your company. . . ."

In February, 1807, Mrs. Barbauld invited the younger sister to stay with her, and Mrs. John Taylor wrote a series of admirable letters, sensible, thoughtful, and motherly, to " dear Sally."

". . . If I was to write to you as often as I think of you, it would be almost every hour. Even at your early age, the great points of moral conduct must be understood, and I think I may safely trust that they will in no instance be deviated from by you either in thought, word, or deed But a character

may in this respect be irreproachable, and yet fail to be amiable. Now, as the world in general cannot search to the bottom of our hearts, they must judge by external appearances, and therefore obliging, attentive manners must be added to rational acquirements, if we wish to obtain the good opinion of those with whom we associate. Perhaps as effectual a way as any to acquire these manners is to think (what is really true) that you are under an obligation to all who take notice of you ; and if you feel gratified by their attentions, you have it in your power to gratify others by acting in the same manner towards them. Don't think that you are to receive all and give nothing ; this would not appear fair dealing if it was applied to the little presents by which girls prove their goodwill to each other ; and it cannot be so in the general intercourse of life. Nothing leads more to this partial offensive behaviour than the general tendency there is in young people to talk only to young people, to be dumb and stupid with those who could tell them something valuable, and flippant and noisy with others from whom they can learn nothing. A bad style of conversation, too, is acquired by this practice, for girls deal too much in forcible expressions which bear no proportion to the object they relate to, and which, delivered with the emphasis with which they are accompanied, become quite ridiculous. How often have I observed the young describer of some insignificant circumstance at a loss for words to finish a detail, merely because every powerful expression was exhausted in the beginning of the recital. Yet perhaps a more interesting account from another person, or even a sublime passage from the finest author, will scarcely excite a languid remark. These strong expressions used upon common occasions, and the frequent exclamations which accompany them, are among the leading faults in the conversation of girls. Another great source of offence is a love of contradiction—not a love of discussion, which is the great pleasure and privilege of a rational being, nor yet the wish to set another person right—for this is very laudable—and you have sense and discrimination enough to see the difference. One good effect which I promise myself from your present situation is, that you will be less with girls of your own age, and that you must

occasionally hear admirable conversation. I hope that without teasing Mrs. Barbauld you will avail yourself of the high privilege of being in the same house with her, where a mind so exquisite as hers must sometimes give out hidden treasure; but they will not be bestowed upon the insensible, the indolent, or the ungrateful. Pray improve your Italian and your French by every means in your power, and extend your acquaintance with English authors as much as possible. . . ."

The following letter contains quite a political treatise to her daughter of fourteen :—

"NORWICH, *March* 5, 1807.

"MY DEAR SALLY,—With what can I begin my letter better than with congratulations upon the late triumph so delightful to the friends of humanity from the abolition of the slave trade? I rejoice also at your being in a house whose dear inhabitants feel and have ever felt upon this subject in a manner so worthy of themselves. Ask Mrs. Barbauld to permit you to read those fine lines addressed to Mr. Wilberforce when some of our senators, instead of feeling that glow of virtuous indignation which is now so predominant, laughed at the recital of cruelties and ridiculed the advocates of the oppressed negroes. Nothing is so gratifying as the idea that virtue and philanthropy are becoming fashionable, and I am almost tempted to hope that this is now the case. The day after I read the noble speech of Lord Howick, Mr. Fawkes, the Solicitor-General, Mr. Roscoe, Mr. Wilberforce, &c., I could not rest without embracing those friends who were most likely to feel as I did. It is strange, and it is lamentable, that people should ever be reduced to such shifts for conversation as to slander each other when there are so many noble and interesting subjects to be found. I often think with great satisfaction of your answer to Miss Tasker's remark about scandal, and I hear with peculiar pleasure that you seem to enjoy and take a share in the choice society with whom you have now the happiness to converse. Among your other readings you should from time to time read some of Mrs. Barbauld's works, and

you would be the more sensible of the high privilege you enjoy ; for indeed, my dear child, to have free access to a mind which has produced so many fine and exquisite thoughts may well be called so. How kind she is to suffer you to read with her, and how much will it contribute to form your taste! The employments of school, of the needle, and various interruptions have hitherto prevented that regular attention to the English classics (with us) which I have so much wished for. A comparison of the French and the English is still better, and therefore to read Boileau and Pope with Mrs. Barbauld is just what I should have chosen. The character of girls must depend upon their reading as much as upon the company they keep. Besides the intrinsic pleasure to be derived from solid knowledge, a woman ought to consider it as her best resource against poverty. I went to Mr. Thomas Martineau's yesterday to see the two Mr. Cokes, Sir Jacob Astley, and Mr. Windham pass by. When the first part of the procession had reached this spot, the last had not entered Magdalen gates—so you may judge of its length ; indeed, the unseating of our old members has been much more like a triumph than a defeat to the Whig party, for the accusations of ministerial influence were disproved, and the treating was as much on one side as the other ; but Mr. Windham has again lost the favour he was regaining amongst us by the part he has taken about the slave trade. Mr. Coke's open, benevolent countenance had an expression of drollery in it when he waving his hat for his brother, as much as to say, This is quite new and diverting. To add to the effect, their bare heads were all covered with the snow, which fell very thick just at the time of the chairing. I could not squeeze into the Shire Hall to hear the speeches, which was a great disappointment to me. . . ."

On the 29th of March, 1807, Mrs. Taylor writes in answer to a birthday letter from her dear Sally :—

". . . I have this day lived fifty-two years in the world. The principal difference between my feelings on the day that gave me birth and yours, are that you look forward and I look backward ; but, my dear child, you will one day look back as I do, if your life is preserved as long, and then what will contribute most to

your comfort? Certainly not the things which have administered to the decoration of the body and the gratification of the senses, though all these are innocent in a certain degree, but the stores which the mind has treasured up, the kind actions we have performed, and the just ideas we have acquired as to the real end and business of this life and its reference to another. I have nothing to expect on the score of merit, having never come near my own ideas on the subject of duty—but I bless God that I feel every year an increasing interest and pleasure in the happiness of my fellow-creatures, and a growing desire for information of every kind. My question about N°. One has indeed brought out something—in the first place an answer, which, as you say, for ingenuity is worthy of Mrs. Barbauld, and those four lines so like herself, and in their application to you the most satisfactory to me of anything that could be said of you, because no quality that could be ascribed to you can be so valuable as the kindness and absence of selfish feeling which those lines imply. Preserve and cultivate such dispositions, and you will be a comfort to me indeed! Even intellectual improvement, that great distinction of a rational being, stands second in the catalogue of what your tender mother wishes her dear child to be remarkable for—may general kindness be the first. I told Reeve of your construing the Ode of Horace after Mr. Barbauld; he says it was a great feat, and I am very proud of you for it. You will do yourself much good by committing some to memory, and upon the whole I think your time has been admirably employed. I have not yet read the 'Curfew,' but I intend it very soon. Dr. Alderson showed me Mrs. Opie's 'Epilogue.' Of the 'Prologue' I shall take particular notice. I rejoice at the opportunity you had of a personal knowledge of Miss Baillie; how much I have wished for that pleasure!

"And now let me thank you for a very entertaining letter which gives me the pleasing conviction that the society you enjoy is not lost upon you—that your time is really filled up with rational pleasures and elegant studies, and that our dear friends express themselves in such terms about you. May this make you doubly grateful and attentive! . . ."

After staying with Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld, Sarah Taylor went to spend some weeks with Dr. and Mrs. Aikin, whose daughter Lucy was a great friend of Mrs. John Taylor. After some motherly advice about clothes and the careful payment of small bills she writes to her daughter :—

"Norwich, *April* 25, 1807.

"It gives me much comfort and satisfaction, my dear child, to learn from your sister that our friends in general are so well pleased with you—this I mention not to make you vain or careless of your behaviour, but grateful and cautious to keep up such favourable impressions. There is a kind of intoxication produced by being an object of attention which is apt to lead us into little follies, and in some girls it degenerates into rudeness by directing all their attentions to those who flatter them by their notice. There is nothing which I should admire more to see in you than a sort of tenderness for the feelings of every one. The natural preference with which we regard those who by superior attainments or more pleasing manners engage our hearts is quite consistent with that general good will which makes us wish to see all around us happy, and of all the tastes which I wish you to acquire, this taste for happiness is the most important.

"What is it that makes the return of spring so peculiarly delightful? It is not only that our own senses are regaled by sweet odours, sounds, and colours, but because we feel that the same gratifications are extended to thousands and millions of beings. Were they confined to us we could not enjoy them, and yet sometimes the very person who can rejoice to see others partaking of the common blessings of Providence, will mortify and hurt their feelings by foolish ebullitions of vanity or selfishness. Now I am speaking of the spring I cannot help thinking how highly you may, and *ought* to enjoy this spring in particular. It is not only the spring of the year, but the spring of life with you, and that can come but once, therefore prize it ; not so as to leave regret for its being passed away, but in tasting and treasuring up the ideas and sensations that will delight upon retrospection. The poetical images that strike your imagina-

tion now will remain there for life, if I may judge by my own recollections, and you are in a situation where the best of these beauties may be presented to your mind, and selected for your notice. But be sure, as La Roche says to the philosopher, to add the pleasures of sentiment to those of sensation in everything you enjoy by keeping up an habitual feeling of gratitude to the Giver of all. You will constantly accompany Mrs. Aikin to meeting ; upon this subject I need not say much to any child of mine, I know what their ideas are. I have said nothing upon the death of Mr. Opie. You know what I feel for my dear friend, what will be its effect upon her I can scarcely guess, but I think quite overpowering for a long time.

"I have been looking into Mr. Beloe's 'Anecdotes of Literature,' and among the maxims of one Elizabeth Grymeston, I find the following : 'There be foure good Mothers have foure bad daughters. Trueth hath hatred. Prosperity hath pride. Security hath peril, and Familiarity hath contempt.' The following I think is a good one: 'Let thy will be thy friend, thy minde thy companion, thy tongue thy servant.' . . ."

CHAPTER III.

SUSANNAH TAYLOR (*continued*).

Marriage of Dr. Reeve and Susan Taylor—Dr. James Martineau's Recollections of Mrs. J. Taylor—Sarah Taylor's visit to London—Uses of such visits—Uses of Vanity and Emulation—Bath—Tavistock—Recollections of Mrs. J. Taylor by Mrs. Wilde—Mrs. Taylor's conversational powers—Meeting of Taylor and Martineau families—Sarah's engagement to John Austin—Mrs. J. Taylor's last letter—Her death—Basil Montagu on Mrs. Taylor—Sons of Mr. and Mrs. J. Taylor.

SARAH TAYLOR returned home in June, and soon afterwards her sister Susan was married to Dr. Reeve, and the young couple settled in Norwich. In August of the same year Mr. Taylor, whose family affections were very warm, assembled thirty-five members of the Martineau and Taylor families under his roof; and, although suffering severely from gout, contributed his usual song in honour of the occasion. *Apropos* of these gatherings, Dr. James Martineau writes to me :—

"I retain a vivid remembrance of your great-grandmother, Mrs. John Taylor, as a very remarkable woman. She was, I believe, one of the contributors to the budget read at the meetings, held at intervals of a few years, of the Taylor and Martineau families, the descendants of two sisters, who at last were upwards of seventy in number. These papers consisted of essays, poems, and dramas, the latter being acted by the younger members of the two families, and I well remember taking a part when a boy.

"An amusing picture rises before me as I think of your

great-grandmother. It was the duty of every materfamilias, in those days, to sally forth on market days, before breakfast, and lay in the needful stores for the larder. My mother used to take me with her to help with the porterage of her purchases. We went pretty early, but on the way were almost sure to meet Mrs. John Taylor on her return from the market-place, bravely struggling with her own load, without any boy to help her. Yet she would never pass us without stopping for a friendly chat, often running up into grave and stirring themes. And I remember how my boyish sense of humour was touched by the effect of so much eloquent discourse from the lips of the old lady, weighted by her huge basket, with the shank of a leg of mutton thrust out to betray its contents. So vivid is their remembrance, that, if I were an artist, I could draw the group, and even fix the very spot where I have seen it stand."

In 1809, Sarah went to stay with her brother Richard in London, and Mrs. Taylor writes :—

". . . I hope you and your brothers really do enjoy each other's society, and that you can get a little study, and a little literary talk ; from both of them you may always be gaining curious and critical information. When this taste is once acquired, it gives one a new feeling about books—converting many which would appear dry to the general reader, into sources of the greatest entertainment. Why are the readers of those works which make their appeal only to the imagination and the feelings so destitute of resources in the decline of life ? Because the imagination and the feelings undergo changes or diminutions, while the understanding (as long as our faculties continue) is always acquiring a stronger desire, and a higher relish for intellectual food. . . ."

A few days afterwards Mrs. Taylor announces to her daughter the death of Dr. Beckwith, a schoolmaster at Norwich, and adds :—

". . . A well-educated young woman may always provide for herself, while girls that are but half instructed have too much

cultivation for one sort of life and too little for another. Besides that the stiff aristocratical carriage produced by the idea that they are born to be young ladies and to spend their time in frivolous occupations is an impediment to everything valuable, for we must mix kindly and cordially with our fellow creatures in order to be useful to them or to make them useful to us. . . ."

In 1811 Sarah Taylor was again in Shoe Lane, and her mother writes :—

"*Feb.* 23, 1811.

". . . What I am most anxious to know is, whether you steer clear of scrapes and difficulties : whether upon an impartial review of yourself there is a tolerable degree of satisfaction in what you have said and done ? I am not afraid for you in those cool moments when nothing occurs to drive reason from her throne, but in periods of excitation, which are so frequent in youth (*that* being the peculiar season of excitation), then, if possible, consider ! I always compassionate all girls who have had their vanity fostered as much as I condemn them. To make this same principle of vanity not only harmless, but to turn it to the useful purposes for which it was implanted in the mind, it is only necessary to examine its nature and consequences. Like curiosity, it is wanted as a stimulus to exertion, for indolence would certainly get the better of us if it were not for these two powerful principles. Personal vanity is the antidote to slovenliness ; but if it leads only to a love of decoration without inducing a habit of attention to the good order and neatness of our garments, it does not answer its genuine purpose. With regard to the mind, nothing is more admirable than the way in which a feeling contemptible in itself is made to answer the noblest ends. Superior acquirements are a passport to superior company ; but while we are taking measures to introduce ourselves to the notice and favour of those who are placed upon an eminence in society, we are insensibly laying in a store of gratification when the pleasures of society diminish, and our resources for happiness must depend chiefly upon ourselves. As soon, however, as we begin to feel more jealousy than delight in being surpassed, we must call in question the

nature of our feelings ; we must convince ourselves that it is only by being surpassed that we shall avoid being stationary ; and that mind must always grovel in the dirt (whatever its natural powers may be) which takes more pleasure in looking down than in looking up, or for the poor ambition of being at the top of inferior associates, sacrifices the noble desire of profiting by the example of superior ones. Mrs. Southwell lent me 'Sketches of Character.' I suppose many of them are portraits ; but if such is fashionable life, how contemptibly insipid ! The Grimshaws must be fancy pieces, for there are no citizens' wives and daughters now-a-days. Indeed, I think it is among the middle classes everywhere that true elegance, as well as information, are to be found. The one cannot exist without the other ; but certainly the Cockneighs are notoriously devoid of both. . . ."

"NORWICH, *March* 13, 1811.

"MY DEAR SALLY,—As I was inspecting the *Morning Chronicle* of yesterday I observed an address to the public by Mr. Pope, announcing his benefit for the 1st of April at the King's Theatre, and the promise of Mrs. Siddons performing Margaret of Anjou, and Madame Catalani singing something, I forget what. However, as these two great guns are both to be fired at once, you must not miss such an opportunity upon any account. Indeed I have been quite mortified with the apprehension of your not seeing Mrs. Siddons at all. I hope you are now a little seasoned to crowds—on such an occasion you must expect a good squeeze, do but go early enough however and I hope you will get in.

"You should see the Panorama of Flushing for the sake of our French-Irish-Polish friends. Any expense of sights I will gladly pay your brothers, for themselves as well as you. It will be a fine celebration of your birthday if you can but see Mrs. Siddons : I dare say in time you will enter fully into my feelings, and learn to lay a great stress upon seeing and hearing what is most eminent, or whatever will increase one's stock of ideas, and very little upon those amusements which have no tendency of this kind. Time is so much more valuable than mere dissipation that we soon begin to ask this question when

we are going to part from a portion of it—Shall I have any equivalent for what I give up? Systematic visiting is a great consumer of time, and in general it affords but little recompense. The art is not to estrange oneself from society, and yet not to pay too dear for it. We have hitherto been so happy with our pursuits and our confidential conversations that I hope they will never lose their relish. The experience you have had is considerable for your age, by a more rigid plan with you I might have spared both you and myself some pain, but you would have known much less of the human heart. The way to stand well with people is not to make them feel your consequence, but their own, and when you are conversing with them to take an interest in whatever interests them. By many little innocent and even laudable methods we may gain goodwill without ruining ourselves by expensive entertainments or giving up too much valuable time. Never sacrifice this desirable thing, goodwill, for the sake of admiration—the one is a gaudy flower, the other a useful evergreen. . . ."

On the 22nd of March the anxious mother again writes about Mr. Pope's benefit, begging "dear Sally" to be at the theatre before the doors are open, in order to secure a good seat, and continues :—

". . . Perhaps you will smile at my anxiety on such a subject, but whatever my plans are I like to accomplish them, and you know my desire to see with my own eyes whatever is most eminent in its way; this is the great use of a journey to London, not to beget a fastidious indifference or dislike to the degrees of inferiority which we observe elsewhere, but to judge between them, and make out a standard for ourselves. I have seen the most excellent actors, I have heard the most eminent musicians, I have associated with the most ingenious and cultivated people, and the ideas I have acquired from them are treasured up for ever in my mind. I do not repine that I cannot continually do the same, but I do repine when I miss an opportunity from negligence, indolence, want of decision, or of energy. I hope this visit to London will have entertained and improved

you ; it is almost as pleasant to think and talk over the adventures as to have been actually engaged in them, because there are many little sufferings and inconveniences to be endured for extraordinary gratifications which upon recollection rather enhance the pleasures of remembrance. We are never more satisfied with ourselves than when we have surmounted difficulties. To return home after giving up ourselves to amusement and being indulged as visitors always are, and flattered as is the custom of the world, particularly of London, is always a trial. If a person has more vanity than enthusiasm they cannot relish these pleasures. The great objection to villages and small towns is the contracted sort of inquisitiveness which they produce. Curiosity well directed is the source of everything great, when misapplied it is the parent of mischief. It is best however to have human beings about us in some degree of abundance—the distant view of them keeps the mind awake, and we have the great privilege of selecting not only the best, but those that *suit* us the best.

"And now, my dear, if all my moralising can but give you right views and feelings. Teach you at the time you are enjoying the morning of life to consider that there will be a noon, an afternoon, and an evening—that all these have their uses and comforts if they are properly provided for—but, above all, that after the night in which we shall rest from our labours, a more glorious morning will dawn upon us if we do not disqualify ourselves for the enjoyment of it—these ideas steadily kept in mind will, I hope, guide you safe through the mazes of human life. . . ."

Again the affectionate mother writes :—

". . . I send a register of events to encourage you to do the same. I gave my concert tickets this evening to the girls in Surrey Street, feeling no inclination to go without you. How I wish to know what you have been doing, but I hope I shall hear tomorrow, and whether you feel as if you could enjoy yourself. Mrs. Opie treated me with her company three hours last night. She read me some charming songs she had been writing, and was quite herself. I have been wishing since you went away that you had taken more silver with you—it is so difficult to

procure change in London. I think I shall send by Mr. John Staff all the shillings I happen to have. They will be acceptable, I am sure. . . ."

In March, 1812, Sarah Taylor went to stay with her cousin, Peter Martineau, at Bath, and her mother writes :—

". . . There is a probability that we shall lose Captain Cockburn. He has offered to go to the Isle of France, for fear he should be sent to the West Indies, or to any station disagreeable and unhealthy. I hope means will be found to provide for the dear little boys of our family without making soldiers and sailors of them. Let them be chemists and mechanics, or carpenters and masons, anything but destroyers of mankind. This is not very chivalrous, but I hope it is something better. Arthur has promised me a letter as soon as he could 'unpack his memory.' What an admirable one I have had from Lucy Aikin about the society of Edinburgh ! . . ."

From Bath, Sarah went to Tavistock with her brother John and his wife, he having undertaken the management of various mines in Cornwall and Devonshire. Mrs. Taylor writes a gentle remonstrance to accompany a "scolding letter" from her husband for Sally's remissness in writing :—

"*April* 16, 1812.

"Dear Sal,—Nothing would have prevented my writing to you sooner except the daily expectation of hearing from you; but as your letter to Susan has relieved my mind from the anxiety I felt lest Nanny or you, or something or somebody, was not well, I can sit down with composure to tell you how we are here. It is curious to observe what different views we sometimes take of the same thing. You do not express any consciousness of having been deficient in your epistolary duties, while we were wondering and fretting and exclaiming to all inquiring friends, 'What can the matter be!' However, as I am afraid your father has written you a scolding letter, I will not fill my paper with matter so unwelcome, only premising that, according to the rules of Aristotle or Longinus, the mind of the

reader requires (in all important narratives) a beginning, a middle, and an end. I have had your beginning and your middle, but the end (which relates to your crossing Dartmoor, probably in storms and hurricanes) is still to come. You must give Henry Staff some good advice when you come home. I have no influence over young people who do not love reading. The character of Mrs. W. Taylor in the Norwich paper I send, was written by Dr. Sayers. I hope you will not lose your relish for reading. Nothing else will serve through life, and nothing will obtain us so much credit, even with those who cannot avail themselves of its advantages. Make my grateful acknowledgments to Mr. and Mrs. Harness for all their kindness to you. . . ."

Mrs. Wilde, a daughter of Peter Martineau, has been so good as to send me her reminiscences of Mrs. John Taylor about this time. She says :—

". . . When I was seventeen I was again at Norwich, and then it was that I was so much struck with her wonderful conversational powers. One day I was sent to her with some message from my mother. It was a Saturday—market-day—I was shown into the humble sitting-room. Two farmers were talking earnestly to her, whilst she was industriously at work. I sat quietly by, but soon got interested in the talk—such conversation as I seldom had heard before. When they were gone, I found that it was to Mr. Coke of Holkham and Lord Albemarle that I had been listening so attentively. It was their habit on a market-day to indulge themselves with a talk with the clever old lady. Then on a Sunday she used to excite our envy ; we used to see her nodding all through Mr. Madge's good sermons, when afterwards she would criticise every part, whilst we who had been listening with eyes and ears open, could remember so very little. . . ."

In August, 1814, there was another large meeting of the Taylor and Martineau families ; forty-four members assembled at Bracondale, the residence of P. Meadows Martineau, but the joyous song with which John Taylor celebrated the event

was soon turned to mourning by the death of his son-in-law, Dr. Reeve.

To Sarah, his youngest daughter, this was an eventful year. She had for some time been attached to John Austin, and at length her engagement to him was sanctioned, after considerable opposition from her parents.

The two following letters were written by Mrs. Taylor to her, while staying at Creeting-all-Saints with the parents of John Austin, her affianced lover :—

"*November* 13, 1814.

". . . Mr. Madge is better, and, now that we are generally alone, conversations fit for rational beings constantly occur. One afternoon he and Mr. Houghton met. The latter said he had had a rich treat, for the merits of Wordsworth and others were discussed, passages read, and fairly appreciated. I am glad you have the life of Sydney, as I think no book would suit you better. In him the chivalrous character appears in its brightest perfection. What a contrast to the libertinism of the French Court, or to that of our own in the time of the profligate Grammont ! . . ."

After detailing some local gossip about the daughter of a lady who lived in Norwich, which was proved to be untrue, she adds :—

". . . Is not this a proof of what I constantly maintain about writing or talking over the reports of the day ?—but some do not like wise letters, nor critical letters, so you must have something to fill the sheet. Nature abhors a vacuum, and so do female correspondents—though sometimes the page is empty in one sense if not in another. Those who like no letters but what are called easy, will of course object to Miss Seward's, which were reviewed this month ; but I, who wish to read about something, must prefer such compositions to those which contain words without ideas.

"You must find the comfort of having no painful reserves

in your conversations. Remember you are not now paying a common visit or forming a common acquaintance—you ought to be laying the foundation of that intimacy which will support you both in the various trials of life, many of which you may be doomed to share together. A considerable portion of esteem is absolutely necessary to make such an intimacy durable and complete, but even this will not be sufficient unless the temper is so regulated that no harsh and hasty expression shall check and disturb the flow of mutual affection. If a knife or any sharp instrument was offered to your acceptance for the sake of stabbing your greatest enemy every time you received the least provocation or felt your own mind out of tune, would you not reject it with horror? Yet we may frequently hear the tongue inflicting more cruel wounds upon the very persons who not only ought to be loved and honoured, but really are so. No habit is such a fruitful source of unhappiness, except those which lead to vice and profligacy, as the habit of speaking so as to wound the feelings of others; and when people give way to this habit, they soon become unconscious of the pain they give. I have not had time to read a page since you went away; sewing, writing, and visits of condolence have engrossed all my time. You must not be surprised if I forbear to write—it is not fair that I should never read when it is my greatest pleasure. . . ."

November 30, 1814.

". . . Of your being happy I could scarcely doubt, for if there is one thing finer than all others in this mortal state, it is the conviction of being preferred by the person whom we prefer to every one, and that there are such solid grounds of preference as to bid defiance to time and circumstances. In the description of fictitious attachment, the termination of difficulties is the termination of interest—to you may it bring only additional ties! We are all proud of being agreeable to Mr. Austin, and I have no fear of continuing so, for our attractions (if we have any) are not holiday suits, just as upon gala days, but the usual appearance of our characters, as you know—who certainly ought to know us best. Mr. Staff and Mr. Roscoe drank tea with us, and the latter poured forth a stream of entertainment and

friendliness, of taste, literature, and politics which I heartily wished both you and Mr. John Austin could have enjoyed with us. I have been hearing to-day real eloquence, though of a peculiar kind, as you may suppose, being from Mark Wilks at the funeral of Jonathan Davey. It produced the proper effect of eloquence—that of riveting the attention of fifteen hundred people. As I have not written to Mrs. Barbauld since the death of Reeve, I will send my accustomed present of dried apples and a letter this week, that I may apprise her of what has taken place. I have left it to Susan to answer you upon the subject of coming home. Your sister shows such disinterested affection and triumph over her own feelings for your sake, yet I think being much exposed to a sight of happiness which she has tasted and which she can no longer partake is too much for her while her own loss is so recent. You will let me know what day to expect you. My affectionate regards to Mr. and.Mrs. Austin, to John what you please, and everything you please, and to yourself your father's blessing as well as that of your ever affectionate mother,

"S. TAYLOR."

In 1819 there was a great family meeting, for which John Taylor's eldest brother Philip came over expressly from Dublin. The muster was so large that the Hall Concert-room was borrowed for the occasion. Sixty-five Martineaus and Taylors sat down to dinner, and old Philip Taylor read an address, exulting in the "firm union of hearts which now obtains among us. Had our early moral discipline been neglected, had envy, selfishness, or inordinate ambition been allowed to grow up among us, and especially had we been suffered to learn the polite lesson of not knowing our own relations, except when perfectly convenient, we should have been scattered asunder like chaff before the wind."

Mrs. Austin married the same year, and went to live in Queen Square, next door to Jeremy Bentham. In April, 1821, her mother wrote :—

". . . . Did you see the *Quarterly Review* on 'Huntingdon's Works and Life' with this passage: 'Perhaps some of our readers may think that in the days of Alderman Wood, Jeremy Bentham, and Dr. Eady (whose fame is written in chalk upon all the walls), we have bestowed too much attention upon an inferior "quack"'? It is a fine thing to know a man like Mr. Bentham, who will speak out and expose such a farrago of mystery and absurdity as the Church Catechism, and all its foolish formularies. We have lost our friend and neighbour, Crome, after a few days' illness; his pictures and his pupils are in high estimation, and will rise in value now he can paint no more. . . ."

Early in 1822, Mrs. Taylor writes to tell Mrs. Austin how ill her father had been, and continues :—

". . . . It is great comfort to hear of your animated little being. If she should keep up to her present measure of health and activity, she will begin to walk by the time you visit Norwich. I am glad, too, that you do not find a life of economy such an insuperable bar to good society as some people imagine. I have not found it so; but perhaps opinions differ upon the term *good society*. If things go on in this present course, lavish expenditure will go out of fashion, and retrenchment, both public and private, must be the order of the day. Men who are really superior to common prejudices seem always glad to find women who can understand them and feel with them. Your house must be eminently useful to your husband's brothers—they are all to be admired. No part of my past life gives me more pleasure on reflection than those hours which were devoted to the company of young men just entering into life, many of whom have expressed the warmest gratitude for impressions made during our confidential intercourse. What say you to the marriages of Lord Albemarle and Mr. Coke? The former, we understand, has made choice of a lady who enters into his plans of retrenchment, which he says shall not induce him to follow the fashion of abandoning his county; but to take the more manly course of shutting up the superfluous rooms at Quiddenham, and discharging all his servants

save one man and two women, living in the meantime upon the mutton and other produce of his farm. But what, you will say, could induce Mr. Coke to marry a blooming girl of twenty? Just what induces many men to marry. The conviction that he had inspired her with an attachment to him which young and very amiable men had in vain sought to produce in her mind: it is not in human nature to be insensible to so flattering a distinction, especially at an age when the probability of making such impressions grows weaker. . . ."

The last letter written by Mrs. Taylor to her daughter was in February, 1823. She says:—

". . . . I should be very ungrateful if I did not thank you for your kind communications, as they keep up the idea of our darling's progress, besides so much interesting matter respecting those martyrs to the cause of freedom, for whom one must feel such powerful sympathy. This winter is an unfortunate one for Italian constitutions, and illness must be a bad aggravation of their other sufferings. No wonder they are eager to be with one who can both converse with them and feel for them. You know how desirous I was of your being accustomed to speak those languages which are now so useful. I rejoiced that you accomplished it so well. Those billets of Santa Rosa show his heart and mind. The English ones prove what difficulty attends the expression of ideas in a strange tongue, and I observe the similarity of his attempts and other foreigners with whom I was formerly acquainted. The mortification of being with such people and having no access to their minds is very great. It would now exclude you from some of your greatest enjoyments. You inquire about Cucchi; the only intelligence I have had is from Mrs. Opie. She likes him and will endeavour to procure him pupils; she thinks him more fit for the world than poor Radice, who is too sensitive and delicate. Little Henry's[1] longings to be with Darling are natural; children are very sociable beings. Enjoy your precious child, dear Sally, while trifles amuse her. I learned from experience to regret the

[1] The present Mr. Henry Reeve.

growing up of children. With their infantine pleasures I knew what to do, but when they begin to long for more elaborate enjoyments I have been often puzzled to know what to grant and what to deny. I suffered when a child from too strict a regimen. It led in some instances to concealment, which is always dangerous. I wonder what Darling would think of Mrs. Barbauld's story of the robin, whose 'poor little heart was almost frozen to death,' and came into the room 'shiver, shiver.' Her remembrance of me must be owing to the idea of me being associated with the Ditties, who are always bringing up the recollection. Your account of her is very delightful ; but she can never be more so than she was when she was here. Bless her, says

"Your affectionate mother
"SUSANNAH TAYLOR."

In June, 1823, Mrs. John Taylor died. Always regardless of her own comfort when she could promote that of others, she pursued the even tenor of her way, doing what she conceived to be her duty. No regard for her own ease, no pain or illness, could subdue her resolute spirit. Mrs. Barbauld wrote, "Susannah Taylor is not to be forgotten by those who knew her."

Basil Montagu says of her in the Life of Sir James Mackintosh :—

"Norwich was always a haven of rest to us from the literary society with which that city abounded. I think there was a Dr. Sayers whom we used to visit, and I well remember the high-minded, intelligent William Taylor ; but our chief delight was in the society of Mrs. John Taylor, a most intelligent, excellent woman. She was the wife of a shopkeeper in that city. Mild and unassuming, quiet and meek, sitting amidst her large family, occupied with her needle and domestic occupations, but always assisting, by her great knowledge, the advancement of kind and dignified sentiment and conduct.

"Manly wisdom and feminine gentleness were in her united with such attractive manners that she was universally loved

and respected. In 'high thoughts and gentle deeds' she greatly resembled the admirable Lucy Hutchinson, and in troubled times would have been equally distinguished for firmness in what she thought right. In her society we passed every moment we could rescue from the Courts."

Her sons were all distinguished in their various lines. John, the eldest (born 1779), whose boyish taste for mechanical pursuits had been encouraged by his mother's birthday present of mathematical instruments and a turning lathe, was appointed manager, at the early age of nineteen, of the Wheal Friendship mine, near Tavistock. The first tunnel excavated in England, through Morvel Down, for the Tavistock Canal, in 1806, was made under his direction. Uniting a remarkable power of governing bodies of men and attaching them to him, he was perfectly just and scrupulously veracious. One of the most indulgent of men, he had a great dislike of gossip, detraction, and angry discussion, and though through life he remained constant to the religious and political opinions which were hereditary in his family, he was without any intolerance or narrow-mindedness. He died in 1863, at the age of eighty-three.

Richard, born in 1781, became a printer. He had literary and scientific tastes, and was largely employed in printing works in dead languages and on scientific subjects. As editor of the *Philosophical Magazine* he was known to most men of science in Europe. *Punch* alluded to his size :—

> "When Corporal Taylor stalks the streets
> A walking corporation."

He died in 1851.

Edward, the third son, was born in 1784. He inherited his father's love of music, and became Gresham Professor of Music in 1837, holding the post until he died in 1863. Mendelssohn

and Spohr were his intimate friends, and it was at his solicitation that the latter wrote "The Fall of Babylon," in 1830.

The fourth son, Philip, born in 1786, was an inventive genius of a high order, his process of using oil as a substance from which gas for illumination could be easily prepared, was erected in Covent Garden Theatre, in several large factories and breweries, and in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg. In 1818 he took out a patent for the application of high-pressure steam for evaporating processes. His house at Bromley was a centre for scientific men of all nations. J. B. Say, Clément Desormes, the eminent chemist, Biot the biologist, Gay Lussac, Mallet of the Ponts et Chaussées, Paul Seguin (who made the first railway in France), Baron von Humboldt, Brunel, MacAdam the road-maker, Michael Faraday, Rennie, Maudslay, and Charles MacIntosh were constant visitors. Philip Taylor died in 1870, at Marseilles, where, in 1836, he had founded the Cie. des Forges et Chantiers de la Méditerranée.

Arthur, the last son, born in 1790, became printer to the City of London. His favourite study was archæology, and he was a member of the Society of Antiquaries.

Of the Taylor family, the Duke of Sussex said that they reversed the ordinary saying that it takes nine tailors to make a man.[1]

[1] Generally attributed to Sydney Smith; but Canon Howes of Norwich was present when the Duke said it, and I have it on the authority of his daughter, Miss L. Howes.

CHAPTER IV.

SARAH AUSTIN.

Sarah Taylor—Books read as a girl—Her engagement to John Austin—Mrs. Barbauld's lines to Sarah Taylor—Mr. Fox on John Austin—John Austin called to the Bar—Marriage—Letter from Amelia Opie on "Don Juan" and Lord and Lady Byron—Skit on Jeremy Bentham.

SARAH TAYLOR was born in 1793, and received a liberal and thorough education; Latin, French, Italian, and German, she learnt as a girl, and she enjoyed the advantage of hearing excellent conversation at her father's house. Mrs. John Taylor was fond of collecting young people about her, regaling them with tea and cake, and making them play games. A contemporary of her daughter writes to me: "I always felt an ignoramus amongst those clever girls, and remember to this day Sally Taylor presiding over the historical commerce, and my horror lest I should mismatch my kings and queens."

Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Barbauld, and Miss Aikin, all took great interest in "Sally," the daughter of their dear friend, Mrs. Taylor. She must have made good use of her time at school, for I have before me a tiny note-book, inscribed, "My reading between leaving school and marriage," which will show how the foundation was laid for the forcible style and varied knowledge which distinguished her in after life.

In a small flowing hand, the ink faded and yellow, is written :—

"Books read in the year

"1815. Alison on 'Taste'; Tacitus, 'Vita Agric.' and 'History'; Stewart, 'Philosophy of the Human Mind'; first vol. of Malthus on 'Population'; Stewart, 'Philosophical Essays'; Smith, 'Moral Sentiments'; Condorcet, 'Life of Turgot.'

"1816. Bentham, 'Traité de Législation'; Beccaria, 'Dei Delitti, &c.; Macchiavelli, 'Istorie Fiorentine'; Blackstone, 'Comment.'; part of Tacitus.

"1817. Sir J. Smith, 'Commonwealth of England'; Horne Tooke, 'Diversions of Purley'; Bentham, 'Des Peines,' &c.; Bentham on 'Parliamentary Reform.' Finished Tacitus, Macchiavelli, 'Discorsi su T. Livio,' Lord Bacon's works entire; Middleton's 'Life of Cicero.'

"1818. Macchiavelli, 'Il Principe'; Bishop Butler, 'Sermons'; Cæsar, 'De Bello Civili'; Sallust, 'Bell. Catilin.'; Goethe, 'Iphigenie auf Tauris'; Bentham, 'Defence of Usury,' also his 'Church of Englandism.'

"1819. Hume's 'Essays'; Bridge, 'Algebra to Simple Equations'; Bentham on 'Judicial Establishments'; Cicero; Meyer, 'Esprit, &c., des Institutions Judiciaires'; Bentham's 'Letters to Lord Pelham,' and 'Introduction to Rationale of Evidence.'

"1820. Bentham, 'Fragment on Government'; 'Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz'; part of 'Rudimenta Artis Logica.' Began Mill's 'British India.'

"1821. Finished Mill's pamphlet on 'Parliamentary Reform'; Helvetius, 'De l'Homme.'"

No doubt a good deal of this stiff reading was due to the influence of John Austin, with whom the high-spirited, handsome girl fell passionately in love.

Her beauty must have been very great; for Mrs. Wilde tells me that, in 1812, when Sally Taylor, on her way to Tavistock with her brother Arthur, was taken ill at Bath—

". . . My mother and I started off to the White Hart Inn, put her into a sedan chair and took her to our lodgings.

"She was with us about ten days, lying on the sofa, with no

dress but a riding-habit ; and I remember well how our drawing-room was besieged by the young beaux of Bath, anxious to see the recumbent beauty. . . ."

Sarah Taylor was permitted to engage herself to John Austin in 1814, and she announces the event to a favourite cousin as follows :—

"The clock strikes eleven as I sit down to scrawl a few lines to you. Forgive a short letter. After some weeks of a suspense and anxiety which have prevented my writing on this most interesting subject sooner, I am enabled, thank God ! to tell you that my doom is most happily sealed. I know you will rejoice for me and with me, when I assure you that my heart and my judgment are equally satisfied with the man of my choice, that he is all and more than I ever imagined, that he loves me dearly, and finally that I am the happiest girl in the world. John is studying for the Bar, where I hope to see him distinguish himself. He has confessedly superb talents, and will, I know, study hard for my sake ; but it must be some time before he can maintain a wife.

"This will be no affliction to me ; I have no idea of impatience to be married, and I can imagine no greater happiness than to possess his affection, to write to him, and occasionally to see him.

"I have great doubts, dear Mary, whether he will entirely please you, as he is certainly stern, but I am sure you would admire his lofty and delicate feelings of honour towards our sex. At any rate, if you don't like him, never tell me so—you know I love you very dearly, and it would give me pain. So, dear, let him be all perfection, will you ? If you tell me he is not, I shall doubt your word, or your penetration, for the first time in my life."

Mrs. Barbauld, to whom Sarah Taylor also announced her engagement, says : "I have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Austin, and though prejudiced in his favour, I was not disappointed. After tea the conversation warmed, and we had

some very pleasant argumentation on moral and metaphysical subjects." Sarah was then staying with her widowed sister, Mrs. Reeve, and Mrs. Barbauld sent her the following verses, "suggested by the contrast of your situations" :—

To Sarah Taylor.

"Sweet are the thoughts that stir the virgin's breast,
When *Love* first enters there a timid guest ;
Before her dazzled eyes gay visions shine,
And laughing Cupids wreaths of roses twine ;
And conscious Beauty hastens to employ
Her span of empire and her hour of joy.

Sarah, not thus to thee his power is shown.
More stern he greets thee from his awful throne ;
Free called to bid thy cheering converse flow,
And shed thy sweetness in the house of woe ;
The solemn sympathies of grief to share,
And, sadly smiling, soothe a sister's care.
O'er her young hopes the sable pall is spread :
Her wedded heart holds converse with the dead.
To ties no longer earthly, fondly true,
Each thought that breathes of love, must breathe of heaven too.

Thus, Sarah, Love thy nobler mind prepares,
Shows thee his dangers, duties, sorrows, cares ;
Thus with severer lessons schools thy heart,
And, pleased his happiest influence to impart,
For thee, dismissing from his chastened train
Each motley form of fickle, light or vain,
Builds the strong fabric of that love sublime,
Which conquers Death, and triumphs over Time."

A. L. Barbauld.

Mr. Fox, the eminent Unitarian clergyman, afterwards M.P. for Oldham, mentions dining at John Taylor's, jun., in May, 1816 : "Amongst the party was a Mr. Austin, a young man preparing for the Bar, of very strong and original mind. 'Who is he?' I asked of Richard Taylor. 'He is likely to become our brother-in-law.' Alas ! thought I, thou art a false prophet in predicting that Sally Taylor's triumphs are at an end." Later on in the same book (Mrs. Eliza Fox's "Memoirs"),

he writes: "I have just seen Sally Taylor, but alas! how changed—from the extreme of display and flirtation, from all that was dazzling, attractive, and imposing, she has become the most demure, reserved, and decorous creature in existence. Mr. Austin has wrought miracles, for which he is blessed by the ladies, and cursed by the gentlemen, and wondered at by all. The majority say, it is not natural, and cannot last. Some abuse the *weakness* which makes her, they say, the complete slave of her lover: others praise the *strength of mind* by which she has so totally transformed her manners and habits."

In 1818, John Austin was called to the Bar, having left the Army, which he entered at a very early age, and in which he served for five years, chiefly in Malta and Sicily, under Lord William Bentinck. The following year he married Sarah Taylor, and the young couple took the upper part of No. 1, Queen Square, Westminster, next door to Mr. James Mill, and close to Mr. Jeremy Bentham. Two people more unlike it would have been difficult to find—John Austin, habitually grave and despondent; his wife, brilliantly handsome, fond of society, in which she shone, and with an almost superabundance of energy and animal spirits. Life opened brightly, and in answer to a happy letter of thanks from the young bride for a wedding present, her mother's old friend, Mrs. Opie, writes:—

". . . Before I perform my other duties of the day (praying and washing excepted) I will fulfil the pleasing duty of writing to you. . . .

"I wonder I have written so proper and virtuous a letter, as I have just been reading 'Don Juan' through (that being, not one of the duties, but of the intended sins of the day). I have long made up my mind to read it, if it fell in my way, and also to own I have read it; as I should think it a greater vice to tell a lie about it, than to read it—if it were worse than it is. And when I heard some highly virtuous and modest women tell me they had read it, and were 'not ashamed,' and when I

recollected that I had read Prior, Pope, Dryden and Grimm, I thought I would e'en add to my list of offences that of reading 'Don Juan.' I must say that the account of its wickedness is most exaggerated. Wit and satire it abounds in, with here and there tenderness, pathos, and poetry worthy its distinguished author. To be sure, Donna Inez does seem meant for his wife, but I almost excuse this bitterness, though the creature should not have published it. *She*, I think, did more than becomes a wife, *whatever her provocation*—to undraw the veil a wife ought to throw over the frailties of her husband, and I think, too, she had little temptation to do it. The world's feeling would of course have been with Lord Byron's forsaken wife. Why then enter into details of his guilt which could only serve to blacken the fame of her child's father, and were not wanted to avenge her. She was excused—every one knew the character of Lord Byron. Why then did she, as if in self-justification, make every one in her circle acquainted with his most secret depravity? I never can excuse Lady Byron's conduct, though I can make allowances for her as a spoiled child, and a flattered woman, who never knew contradiction till she became a wife.

"Let me, dear *Austina mia*, hear from you. I could not give you a greater proof of my affection than writing you this long scrawl, when I am writing sometimes eight or ten hours a day. I *know* a circumstance now often written and talked of, but which I never knew really happened before. Rosalind was wrong. For I *know* a lovely girl who has 'died for love.' Aye! a letter came from her lover in India, saying he could not marry her, because he loved her no longer. Three days she pined, was restless, miserable. She then suddenly put her hand to her head, and exclaimed, 'Ah! my brain! my brain is on fire!' To this succeeded deafness, blindness, delirium and insensibility.

"On the third night she died, blood gushing from her nostrils. Poor thing! she fell a victim, in 'the flower of youth and beauty's pride,' to man's perfidy.

"God bless you, dear.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"A. Opie."

Many diaries and letters of that time mention Mrs. Austin. She is "My best and brightest" to Lord Jeffrey; "Dear, fair and wise" to Sydney Smith; "My great ally" to Sir James Stephen; "Sunlight through waste weltering chaos" to Thomas Carlyle (while he needed her aid); "La petite mère du genre humain" to Michel Chevalier; "Liebes Mutterlein" to John Stuart Mill, and "My own Professorin" to Charles Buller, to whom she taught German, as well as to the sons of Mr. James Mill.

The following skit upon Jeremy Bentham was written about this time by Charles Austin, brother-in-law of Sarah Austin, who had just left the University where he shone as a man of intellect, and a brilliant orator and converser :—

"A CARD.

"Original Idea Warehouse,

"Queen Square, Westminster.

"Jeremy Bentham, Codifier and Legislator to the French and Spanish nations, and the world in general, condescendingly informs Mankind and Reformists in particular, that he continues to carry on business as usual at his Hermitage, Westminster, *for reputation only*. Executes orders with everything but despatch. All sorts of Political Plans, Projects and Schemes, built. Old Plans fresh cast, corrected and re-modelled, equal to new. Words coined, Motives analysed, Intrinsic Values examined, and Moral Prejudices decomposed, and carefully weighed. Jeremy Bentham will not be answerable for any articles unless bearing the unequivocal marks of his workmanship: Originality, Unconsecutiveness, Ruggedness, and Elaborate Classification. All others are counterfeit.

"N.B.—No credit given (but as much taken as can be obtained)."

CHAPTER V.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Birth of Lucie Austin—Mr. J. S. Mill's character of John Austin—Mrs. Austin and the Italian Refugees—Letter from Chev. de Santa Rosa—The Grotes—M. C. Comte—Mr. Austin selected to fill the Chair of Jurisprudence at the London University—Death of Mr. J. Taylor—Letter of M. J. B. Say.

In June, 1821, Mrs. Austin's only child Lucie was born. The bright hopes of the young wife were rapidly fading; John Austin was physically unfitted for the profession he had chosen. Sensitive and nervous in the highest degree, he could do nothing rapidly or imperfectly, he distrusted himself and was deficient in readiness and self-reliance. Absolutely intolerant of any imperfection, he recast and polished a phrase until he could no longer find a fault. I think that J. S. Mill in his "Autobiography" has given an excellent and a fair estimate of my grandfather, though no words can describe his extraordinary eloquence when talking on any subject that interested him. Mr. Mill writes :—

"During the winter of 1821–22 Mr. John Austin kindly allowed me to read 'Roman Law' with him. These readings with Mr. Austin, who had made Bentham's ideas his own, and added much to them from other sources and from his own mind, were not only a valuable introduction to legal studies, but an important portion of general education. He was a man of great intellectual powers, which in conversation appeared at

their very best ; from the vigour and richness of expression with which, under the excitement of discussion, he was accustomed to maintain some view or other of most general subjects ; and from an appearance of not only strong, but deliberate and collected will ; mixed with a certain bitterness, partly derived from temperament, and partly from the general cast of his feelings and reflections. The dissatisfaction with life and the world, felt more or less in the present state of society and intellect by every discerning and highly conscientious mind, gave in his case a rather melancholy tinge to the character ; very natural to those whose passive moral susceptibilities are more than proportioned to their active energies. For it must be said, that the strength of will of which his manner seemed to give such strong assurance, expended itself principally in manner. With great zeal for human improvement, a strong sense of duty, and capacities and acquirements the extent of which is proved by the writings he has left, he hardly ever completed any intellectual task of magnitude. He had so high a standard of what ought to be done, so exaggerated a sense of difficulties in his own performances, and was so unable to content himself with the amount of elaboration sufficient for the occasion and the purpose, that he not only spoilt much of his work for ordinary use by overlabouring it, but spent so much time and exertion in superfluous study and thought, that when his task ought to have been completed, he had generally worked himself into an illness. From this mental infirmity (of which he is not the sole example among the accomplished and able men I have known), combined with liability to frequent attacks of disabling, though not dangerous, ill-health, he accomplished, through life, little in comparison with what he seemed capable of ; but what he did produce is held in the very highest estimation by the most competent judges. . . . There was in his conversation and demeanour a tone of high-mindedness, which did not show itself so much, if the quality existed as much, in any of the other persons with whom I at that time associated."

Though the Austins were poor, the learning and glowing eloquence of John Austin and the talents and beauty of his wife

made their house a resort of the most remarkable and cultivated people of that time. The knowledge, rare in those days, that Mrs. Austin possessed of Italian, and her kindness and helpfulness, made her house the great centre of the Italian refugees. These were the men who in 1821 helped Charles Felix of Savoy to turn out his brother ; and the first use he made of his power was to persecute his instruments. The Chevalier de Santa Rosa, Prandi, Radice, Cucchi, Floresi (Marquis de Boyl), Ugo Foscolo, Vecelli (lineal descendant of the great painter Titian), and G. Pecchio, were some of them. The latter writes to her :—"I shall preserve sincere gratitude and an everlasting memory of you, the protecting saint of the refugees, a saint as beautiful as any Raphael has painted." Mrs. Austin exerted herself to help them in different ways. Cucchi and Radice she sent to Norwich, and interested her own family and Mrs. Opie to find them Italian lessons. I give a very quaint letter from Santa Rosa, who was exceedingly liked and respected by all who knew him, in what he truly calls his "outlandish English"—

"*December* 26, 1822.

"Dear Madam,—I like you because you are good, and because your gentle, beautiful face express faithfully your goodness. I could not easily close the list of because . . . but I won't omit this. I like you because you are most affectionate in the world to your fireside. Let, let foolish people open a large yawning when they must remain at home one whole day. I pity them, almost I despise. I know a country-man of mine, gentle and pretty creature, who one day tell so to his friend : 'Alas ! I give handsome present to people who will be able to learn me to use the twenty-four hours of every day.' Shocking ! twenty-four hours in every day. This gentleman, however, is presently a outlaw. Who would guess it !

"I am a little tired of the dinner I was present to yesterday, yet that meeting was much pleasing to me. I was sitting near to Ugoni, and at the left side sweet Arrivabene stood with

much calmness. The first don't forget to talk of your *radicalism*. The second increased very much in my favour. *Il entre de plus en plus en grâce auprès de moi*, telling scripturally, and for useful interpretation, of my bad English.

"I received yesterday a very dear letter from one my friend, whom I like heartily, from where we were yet at nineteenth year of life. He is a physician, very fond of his profession, humane, disinterested towards his sicks; perseverant, prudent friend; he likes children of mine as well as they should be proper things of him. His letter gives me a diligent account of those unfortunate children—diligent and favourable, much favourable; you know I wish only two things in the world. My country's deliverance; and obscure, private life amongst my wife, my tender wife, and my children. A glory; I think it vaporous dream. Affections enjoyed in peace; dreams, perhaps, but clear and delicious dreams.

"I hope to see you to-morrow at two hours afternoon. Let you remember that I will be very much angry with you if you shall wait for me only one minute.

"Let forgive my outlandish English, and believe me,

"Your faithful friend,

"SANTA ROSA."

Through her father's position as one of the prominent Whig leaders in Norwich, Sarah Austin became acquainted with the leaders of that party in London; the life-long friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Grote must also have begun as soon as they settled there, for I find frequent references to visits to Threadneedle Street. Jeremy Bentham was much attached to Sarah Austin, whom he called his great-grandchild.

The old sage introduced Charles Comte, son-in-law of Jean Baptiste Say, to the Austins. He had been condemned to prison under the Bourbons for his bold political writings in the *Censeur Européen*, but by his wife's help escaped to Switzerland. At Lausanne he was named Professor of Law, when the French Government objected to his nomination, and even threatened the Swiss Federal Council. Becoming aware

of this, and not wishing to be the cause of annoyance to Switzerland, M. Comte went to England in 1823 ; he was then writing his "Traité de Législation," while John Austin was beginning his work on "Jurisprudence." In 1825, J. B. Say went to England to see his daughter, and put his son to learn engineering with Sarah Austin's brother, Philip Taylor.

In 1826 was started the project of creating a London University, where a general system of education should be established independent of all religious teaching. The promoters of the scheme were chiefly members of the various dissenting bodies, and Liberals in politics. John Austin had, after a long struggle, in which his health and spirits suffered severely, given up practice at the Bar, and he was selected to fill the chair of Jurisprudence, which it was proposed to found at the new University. His wife was writing for many of the periodicals of that time, and was too busy to go down to Norwich to see her father, whose last letter to her was in May, 1826 :—

"The last number of the 'Retrospective' is not yet in our library ; I shall soon have it, and search for your articles. You do not point out your papers in the 'London.' You'll think me squeamish, but I had rather you had let alone the review of the memoirs of the detestable Madame de Pompadour and all her vile satellites.

"Give my love to your husband ; tell him I rejoice in the fame he has gotten by his paper upon Joint Stock Companies. Give a kiss to dear Lucie. . . ."

The following month John Taylor left Norwich, intending to pay a long-promised visit to his eldest brother in Dublin. At Birmingham his son Philip met him, and on the way to his house at Corngreaves the horse ran away down a steep hill. The reins broke, the carriage was upset, and all the occupants more or less hurt. John Taylor was carried senseless into the house of Mr. Brewin, near the scene of the accident, where

he died on June 23, 1826, aged 76. Few men were more missed or more deeply mourned. Simple and unostentatious, a trusty friend and exemplary parent, his integrity and excellent understanding had given him a high position in his native city.

Some of John Austin's friends—Messrs. Bingham, Macculloch, Strutt, C. Austin, and others—had started an annual review of Parliamentary proceedings, which did not live many years; for that he wrote the article on Joint Stock Companies to which John Taylor alludes, and which is mentioned in the following letter from Jean Baptiste Say:—

(Translation.)

"Paris, *April* 26, 1826.

"I have received, dear madame and friend, the 'Parliamentary History and Review,' with a letter from Mr. Bingham. I immediately had a notice of the work inserted in the 'Revue Encyclopédique,' which occupies itself chiefly with serious subjects, and is the only journal which has any circulation in foreign countries. I have announced it in the way I think most likely to draw attention here, for English affairs are judged differently out of your island. I do not hope for many readers in France except in Paris, or in Switzerland save in Geneva. Perhaps we may get more in Holland and in Brussels; certainly in the United States, where the language will facilitate matters. For my part, I read Mr. Austin's article on the Joint Stock Companies with the greatest satisfaction, and I am entirely of his opinion. Comte also read it with extreme interest. It is an excellent idea to have preceded the Parliamentary debates with an abridged sketch of Bentham's political sophisms. . . . The misfortunes of the Greeks arouse great sympathy in France; we are indignant with our infamous Government, which protects the Turks. The truth is, kings, nobles, and priests are doing their best to make themselves obnoxious, and are succeeding admirably. We are raising subscriptions for the unfortunate Greeks, and have already collected 100,000 francs, a great deal when you consider that the feeling of the Government is entirely the other way, and that in our country the administration has a thousand ways of annoying individuals. . . ."

CHAPTER VI.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Letter from Mr. Austin to Mr. Grote on London University Professorship—Residence at Bonn—Schlegel—Niebuhr and German society.

THE first stone of London University (now University College) was laid in April, 1827, with great solemnity, by the Duke of Sussex; and Mr. Austin determined to go to Germany, in order to prepare himself by studying what was done by the great jurists in that country.

The following extracts from a letter of his to Mr. Grote will show with what ardour he threw himself into his work, and how conscientiously he carried out the task he had set himself:—

John Austin to George Grote.

"*December* 9, 1827.

"DEAR GROTE,—Since my return to Bonn in the beginning of October I have been busily engaged with my lectures, and in consequence of a great improvement in the state of my health, I have of late pursued, and am now pursuing, the work with hope and ardour, as well as with my wonted assiduity. Unless I be crippled by a return of my old disease, or by the intrusion of some unexpected cause of anxiety, I shall be ready (I am confident) at the opening of the London University. The following is the manner in which I pass my day:—From eight to twelve, work; from twelve to two, exercise; from two to four (or half-past), dinner, rest, and reading some light book;

from thence to ten or eleven, work. Consequently I have already made a considerable progress towards the attainment of it. Taking the 'Institutes of Gaius' (a clear, concise, and elegant exposition of the Roman Law), *not* as my guide to the *rationale* of Jurisprudence, but for the purpose of helping my memory to the subjects with which it is conversant, I have nearly completed a review of it in its whole extent, settled the departments under which it could be distributed, with the order in which they could be arranged, prepared a set of *loci* for the reception of thoughts and quotations, and reduced a great number of the distinctions, the most difficult to express, to a form which I think they may retain. With my subject completely conceived and distinctly divided, with its details collected and arranged, and with enough of it *expressed* to serve me for a month or two in advance, I could enter upon my course without hesitation. And I trust that the impulse which I have now gotten will carry me onward to this point, at the least, before the opening of the University. It is only at the outset, if ever, that my lectures will be attended by hearers *not* students in the University. Although, therefore, at the outset I shall try to make an impression by manner as well as by matter, it is only at the outset that I shall be nice about style. After a time I shall even venture upon *extempore* elocution, introducing it at first with reserve, and only in the less important places, but gradually extending the use of it as I wax in boldness and fluency. Nor could I do my duty the worse for doing it less laboriously. Extemporaneous lectures are not only more flexible than written ones, and therefore better fitted to enter the apprehension of the student, but are also more likely to rouse and fix his attention by the greater earnestness and animation with which they are naturally delivered. I am so satisfied of this, that if I were not afraid of breaking down for want of the habit of extemporising, I would certainly begin my course with nothing prepared but matter and method. Even as it is, I shall not *write out at length* beyond the extent which I have mentioned, nor shall I begin to write out at all till within two or three months of the opening lecture. If I began earlier, I fear that I should be tempted to polish the expression at the expense of more important objects—just ideas, and clear, compact manage-

ment. . . . For my own sake, and for the good of the London University, I wish to obtain a better knowledge of the routine pursued here than it has yet been possible for me to acquire. As my imperfect knowledge of the language would have disabled me from following the professors, and my attendance upon their lectures would have been time thrown away, I have as yet heard none. At present, however, I am almost in a state to hear them with advantage, and shall soon begin to attend them. I was present last Saturday evening at a sort of lecture (followed by tea, coffee, and conversation) which W. v. Schlegel gives once a week at his own house to the *beau monde* of Bonn; and, difficult as the language is, I understood almost everything that fell from him. But though I have attended no lectures, a young Doctor of Law, who is a *privatem docens* (*i.e.*, a professor, but not formally appointed or salaried by the Government), attends me four times a week, for an hour each time, and reads law with me. He is a friend of Mr. Niebuhr, and as good a subject as I could have hit upon. He has studied at Göttingen under Hugo, and at Berlin under Von Savigny. On the whole, I think my residence here will be of great use to me. Though the Philosophy of Law is in a backward state amongst the Germans, such of their expository books (particularly on the Roman Law) as I have run through appear to me to be models of arrangement, and to abound with learning. . . ."

Mrs. Austin describes the manners and customs of Bonn to her sister Mrs. Reeve and to Mrs. Grote in the following letters :—

Sarah Austin to Susan Reeve.

"Bonn, *January* 2, 1828.

"Life here glides along; they smoke and eat, walk and dance; the studious men pore over researches which have neither object nor excitement to a busy, active spirit; the women cook, and knit, and higgle for 'pfennigs,' but one does not see the strife and the struggle, the carking care, the soul-consuming efforts to get and to spend that are the pride and the curse of England. Alas! we English pay dearly for

our boasted energy, industry, activity, and so forth. Life is a toil and a conflict.

"The absence of all that we know (to our cost) under the name of *patronage* here is truly wonderful, and accounts for the great attachment of the people of all classes to their King. It is really attachment, for they have nothing to hope or to gain from favouritism.

"On Christmas Eve we dined at Von Schlegel's, where I met the only woman I have seen in Germany who made any impression on me—Madame Mendelssohn, wife of a grandson of the philosopher of that name. She is a lovely and sweet-mannered, gracious creature, such as one would love to see anywhere. They are Berliners, and are here only for the winter. She knows but few people, and like me is not much attracted by those she does know. My husband is raving about her, and says if Jurisprudence was not his *belle passion* he should fall in love with her. I sat on Schlegel's right, she on his left; next to me the old President Jacobi, a distinguished lawyer. Professor Welcker, a very agreeable man, and Mr. Beer, a rich and accomplished Jew, and a poet, made up our very pleasant party. Schlegel, like Niebuhr, loves to talk English. My Lucie is quite well and in great favour with men, women, and children. Last week she had a party of ten children, and we had great romps, teaching them English games. Of all the people I know there is only Rittmeister Laroche who speaks nothing but German, and as he can ride and fight much better than he can judge of language, I am not very scrupulous about my bad German with him. You would be greatly amused at him—such a genuine, rough old Teuton. My husband laughs till he can't sit at his *naïveté* and bluntness, which cover a *fond* of kindness, generosity, and gentlemanly feeling. One reads such characters in novels, but I never saw one till now. . . ."

Sarah Austin to Harriet Grote.

"Bonn, *January* 26, 1828.

"My dear Mrs. Grote,—You can form but a very inadequate notion of the pleasure even the sight of the handwriting

of a high-spirited, sensible, and accomplished Englishwoman was calculated to give me in this land of dowdiness, insipidity, and slavish, base prejudice as to all that regards our sex. We are apt to think we are worse treated by our *natural legislators* than any of our continental sisters, but 'come here a bit' (that is German) and you shall see. My glorious man lays on to them with all the force he can muster in a strange tongue, but the Hercules is in chains, and he feels it, and grows very angry sometimes. What eternal talk must ensue between you and me before the vials of my wrath are at all spent! God will, my dearest Mrs. Grote, that you may be in a condition to encounter this charge of tongues without physical detriment!

"By the by, my husband told you, did he not, of his soirées at W. v. Schlegel's? They are pleasant enough, and to hear him speak his language is, be the matter what it may, pleasure and profit to a learner. They say there is only one man in Germany who speaks it so well, and that is Tieck. Among the countless feuds which divide this little town is one (I perceive) between the partisans of Niebuhr and of Schlegel, the two most distinguished men here. We have perhaps offended both by taking part with neither. I speak this only conjecturally, for Niebuhr has been as attentive to us as he is to anybody; and Schlegel, considering we had no letter, more so than we had any right to expect. Niebuhr came to wish me a Happy New Year, and brought me his life of his father, which is interesting from the rooted spirit of democratical pride and determination it betrays. The tone in which he speaks of his ancestors, free *yeomen* (so to speak) of Friesland, will please Mr. Grote.

"I am delighted with him, and only wish it were possible to see more of him. He has strong *rapports* with our friend Mr. Mill. Schlegel is as different as a man can well be—profoundly indifferent, apparently, to public affairs, but eminently agreeable and well bred. Niebuhr is complained of here as hard and dogmatical. I need not say that he interests us the most, but Schlegel is excellent company. He speaks French like a Frenchman, and English extremely well, even elegantly. He has a young Norwegian living with him and assisting him in his Oriental researches. The Government has taken a surprising affection for Oriental history and antiquities. Mr

Weber, a very clever, well-informed young bookseller here, and a good Liberal, says this is the latest thing hit upon to divert the attention of people who have leisure to think, from matters of public importance. What is grievous in Germany is that, with a few such exceptions as Niebuhr (to whom all honour for his courage), the Governments can always command the time, talents, and pens of the vast body of *gelehrte* into any frivolous unprofitable channel they will. Accordingly the history of letters affords nothing like the mass of useless labour and research which the German press is always putting forth. This is peculiarly striking in regard to a subject it seems difficult to treat without a regard had to the end—*i.e.*, jurisprudence. This difficulty, however, my husband assures me, the German jurists labour, with no trifling success, to overcome; and he says many of their books appear rather more to belong to the department of Bibliography—histories of Editions, Codes, etc. Nevertheless, he is quite satisfied with what his studies here have produced to himself. He goes on with the utmost steadiness and with unvarying cheerfulness and satisfaction. I believe with all my heart, my dear and most valued friend, that you will rejoice to see his excellencies come to view and my anxieties cease. If his health does but stand, I fear nothing. Our dear child is a great joy to us. She grows wonderfully, and is the happiest thing in the world. Her German is very pretty—she interprets for her father with great joy and *naïveté*. God forbid that I should bring up a daughter here! but at her present age I am most glad to have her here and to send her to a school where she learns, *well*, writing, arithmetic, sewing, knitting, geography, and, as a matter of course, German.

"We are in a state of blissful ignorance of all that can grieve Whig or Liberal hearts. My family write to me, but they say not much of such matters.

"In God's name, therefore, write, my dear Mrs. Grote! not to mention that all people who write, do not write like yourself. Mr. Mill, I suppose, is not to be thought of; but if you know ever a good Christian who would—Eyton Tooke for instance—I should be humbly obliged.

"Our theatre closes after one more representation. I pay about a guinea for the whole season, and have had a very good

pennyworth of pleasure and improvement. The subscription to four balls for us both is three thalers. But forgive my demands on your 'precious sight.' When you can, do write again, and believe me, with the most cordial affection and esteem,

"Yours,

"SARAH AUSTIN."

CHAPTER VII.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

The Austins return to London—German influence on Mr. Austin—Mr. J. S. Mill's opinion—Letter from M. Say to Mrs. Austin—Letter from M. de Beyle on peculiarities of Englishmen—Mrs. Austin on the advantage of learning German—Opinion of the London University—Charles Villiers—Contributions to the *New Monthly*—Invitation from Jeremy Bentham—John Austin's lectures published—Death of Jeremy Bentham.

In 1828 the Austins returned to London, and John Austin's Lectures opened with a class which exceeded his expectations. Mr. J. S. Mill writes :[1]

"The influences of German literature and of the German character and state of society had made a very perceptible change in Mr. Austin's views of life. His personal disposition was much softened ; he was less militant and polemic ; his tastes had begun to turn themselves towards the poetic and contemplative. He attached much less importance than formerly to outward changes, unless accompanied by a better cultivation of the inward nature. He had a strong distaste for the general meanness of English life, the absence of enlarged thoughts and unselfish desires, the low objects on which the faculties of all classes of the English are intent. Even the kind of public interests which Englishmen care for, he held in very little esteem. He thought that there was more practical good government, and (which is true enough) infinitely more care for the education and mental improvement

[1] "Autobiography," J. S. Mill.

of the people, under the Prussian Monarchy, than under the English representative government ; and he held with the French 'Economistes,' that the real security for good government is 'un peuple éclairé,' which is not always the fruit of popular institutions, and which, if it could be had without them, would do their work better than they. Though he approved of the Reform Bill, he predicted, what in fact occurred, that it would not produce the great immediate improvements in government which many predicted from it. . . He never ceased to be a utilitarian, and with all his love for the Germans, and enjoyment of their literature, never became in the smallest degree reconciled to the innate-principle metaphysics. . . . He professed great disrespect for what he called 'the universal principles of human nature of the political economists,' and insisted on the evidence which history and daily experience afford of the 'extraordinary pliability of human nature ;' nor did he think it possible to get any positive bounds to the moral capabilities which might unfold themselves in mankind under an enlightened direction of social and educational influences."

Mrs. Austin from the first had thrown herself into all her husband's pursuits, and in spite of her many literary occupations she had an extensive correspondence, both for herself and for Mr. Austin. In April, 1828, M. J. B. Say writes to her from Paris :—

J. B. Say to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"Madam and dear Friend,—I take advantage of my eldest son's visit to London to send you the first volume of 'Cours d'Economie Politique,' which is just out. There will be six vols., and if it please God, or the Devil, they will be published in the course of this year and the next. It will be seen in this volume, and still more in the following ones, that I consider my subject in conjunction with Social Science in its entirety. For the economy of society consists of a continued interchange

of good offices of which Political Economy rates at their proper value ; appraising the things of which we may have need, and the conditions on which we may obtain them. I submit these views to Mr. Austin.

"All this does not prevent me from being very angry with you for not having come to Paris now, during the season, and seeing in what our studies of Jurisprudence consist. Instead of this, you are coming (*if* you come) in August, when every one is overwhelmed with heat and dust, when all the schools are closed—when—when—in short, your project lacks common sense.

"Yours ever,
"J. B. Say."

A very different letter is the following from that *spirituel* writer, M. de Beyle (Stendhal), which is full of what Miss Aikin calls "airy French grace" :—

M. de Beyle to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

1828.

"Mister Translator,—I beg you to cut out any repetitions and to suppress what may appear improper. I am discontented with myself, I am serious and lengthy, a caricature of the style of Tacitus. There are too few words for each idea ; in the *Edinburgh Review* there are never more than four ideas in a page. Recounting takes up a deal of space ; I wanted to show what it is that makes us laugh in the 'Sous-chef,' but I read my two first pages to an Englishman and he did not understand a word. Do try and lengthen my two pages into three. Shakespeare does not know how to laugh like Molière ; I love Rosalind, and I am touched by the tender Jaques in the forest of Arden—it is gold, it is diamonds, but it is not laughter. Have you ever remarked the wonderful art in 'Le Médecin malgré lui'? I advise you to read it. M. T—— rewrote his Julien six times, five different versions were rejected by the Censor. Very likely M. Joubert wrote his delightful 'Sous-chef' three or four times. Those four

peasants dressed in decent clothes, which they wear so ill, and who for twenty minutes, during all the last part of the book, gravely turn over the pages of their fat account book, instead of listening to what is said, are inimitable. Do you think my readers will understand that? It seems to me that except when they read Shakespeare, Byron, or Sterne, no Englishman understands '*nuances*'; we adore them. A fool says to a woman, 'I love you'; the words mean nothing, he might as well say, 'Olli Batachor'; it is the *nuance* which gives force to the meaning. Read the memoirs of Cossé, then you will understand the French faculty for laughing. Do you know Le Dictionnaire du Bas Langage? You cannot understand Molière and the 'langage parlé de l'High Life' without it; but the word *low* language, what horror it would cause in a country of aristocrats! There you will find *ab hoc et ab hac*, which means 'by chance,' 'a thing not to be attended to,' 'to attach no importance to.' When I tell an Englishman anything funny or odd, I am obliged to explain for a quarter of an hour (what a pleasure!) to prove that I have told the truth. No Frenchman can keep a secret; we are only agreeable when we talk; we must talk: as soon as a Frenchman of good society has nothing more to say, out come the secrets.

"You ask about a meeting at Granada? M. de Chateaubriand was once desperately in love with Madame de Noailles. She said to him, 'What are you doing in Paris? A man like you shrivels up in a *salon*. Go to Jerusalem, return by Barbary and Spain, and I swear that you shall find me in the ruins of the Alhambra at Granada.' It came to pass, and Madame de Noailles did not at all lose her reputation. She died some time ago, and M. de Chateaubriand wrote down the anecdote. His present mistress told me that it is in his best style. Forgive my rambling nonsense, as I don't even know your name, I write as though I had known you for ten years."

To her sister Mrs. Reeve, who was then living at Geneva for the education of her son, the present editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, Mrs. Austin writes in 1829:—

Sarah Austin to Susan Reeve.

"LONDON.

". . . My husband has been better and worse, and better, and so on. He has now passed two months or more without an attack. This appears but a pittance of time for a man engaged in the most extensive and difficult of all studies, to rearrange all his dissipated ideas and to collect the scattered and mutilated fragments of long and nearly perfected chains of thought and arrangement. Yet this is a longer reprieve than he has had for a considerable time. He is now going on with spirit. Many times, however, since I wrote last, he has entirely despaired of being able to commence his public career, and I have held myself in a state of constant preparation for any decision he might take, and have accustomed myself to look steadily at the abandonment of all our prospects here for ever. Indeed, those who know what a life of prolonged uncertainty and suspense is, will not wonder at me for wishing that the worst were come and nothing left to hope or fear. Not that I do not see the terrible consequences to a hypochondriacal man of living without a fixed employment. This has embittered my gardening—otherwise such a pleasure. In gardening all is prospective. The flower seeds to be raised for next year's blooming, the strawberry runners to be laid down for next spring, the fruit trees to be pruned for next year's bearing—all are done, for I did not like him to perceive anything like *giving up*. Another year, if affairs go well, I shall make my garden much prettier to receive you in. My darling child is now returned from a visit to her grandmamma. She is quite well—grown a great girl, but just the same 'herzliches Kind' (Henry will translate)—honest, simple and energetic. Her Latin, which I have kept in my own hands, goes on very fairly. She reads *De viris illustribus* nicely, and parses well. German she keeps up, reading, writing, and speaking it constantly. Above all, her own insatiable love of reading keeps her little mind always active; and her original way of thinking will save her, I hope, from a trivial or vulgar taste in reading. We have had a visit from my dear Mr. Mill, who I lament to say is a good deal broken and aged by two bad attacks of gout. He is most kind and affectionate.

Have you seen his admirable book? Henry will oblige me and serve himself by reading it with the attention it deserves. Tell him particularly to observe the part on Naming, on Abstract Terms, Relative Terms, etc. Victor Cousin has sent me his 'Cours de Philosophie.' This is a very different sort of book, but, though not so much to my taste, I love and respect the author's mind and intentions with all my heart. My prince of pupils, John Romilly, has recommenced his lessons. We are reading an easy sketch of the History of the Roman Law—very interesting to me. I hope Henry is learning German. I am more and more convinced that *en fait de langage* it is the most important acquisition an Englishman can make. The characteristics of German literature are dispassionateness of inquiry and reality of knowledge, and these are singularly valuable to the native of a country where everything is impatiently pushed forward to answer the ends of immediate gain. . . ."

Sarah Austin to Susan Reeve.

"PARK ROAD, LONDON, *April* 12, 1830.

". . . My last account of the University, of its prospects and of ours as connected with it, was full of gloomy forebodings. I cannot say that, looking at the institution at large and for any permanent futurity, these are much removed. It is the opinion of many, I almost fear of most, that it contains within itself the seeds of dissolution. The expenditure has been lavish, the plans are ill-digested, and vibrating, like all things in which the Whigs have a hand, between the desire of being popular and the fear of being unfashionable, so as of course to satisfy neither class whom they seek to conciliate by cowardly half-measures. The Council are not united, and the Professors as a body are openly at war with the Council. With neither body would my husband ever have anything to do. Most wisely he has kept utterly aloof, having to do, as he says, solely with his class. With them he is upon the most delightful terms, and at variance with nobody. This is quite worthy of him. Since I wrote, he has received the agreeable notice

that his guarantee will be continued another year, so that for another year, beginning from next Michaelmas, we are secure of the means of living. His fees for this year have amounted to £120, so that the University has not, as in the case of several of the Professors of modern languages who have literally no classes, to make good the whole sum. These guarantees, which will have lasted for two years, will be discontinued at the end of this session. The Latin, Greek and Mathematics do very well, and pay sufficiently. My husband thinks that even if the University were to fail, he should by that time have established a reputation as a teacher of Law which would always enable him to get a class somewhere. I think there is good ground to believe this. Romilly and John Mill both assure me that they know of several who do not enter now, only because the course is so far advanced, and who will undoubtedly enter another year. He has, since I wrote, two new pupils, one a Mr. Tuffnell, the other a son of Mr. Frankland Lewis, who you know is in the Ministry. A good-natured lad who comes often to see me, and is the dandy of the class (a son of Sir Alexander Johnston), says it is really very agreeable to attend Mr. Austin's class—it is such a gentlemanly one! There is the handsome and fashionable Charles Villiers, the young M.P. Charles Buller, and the three Romillys, Mr. Tuffnell, Mr. Lewis, and so on. This will enable us to fetch up our leeway, for the two last years were cruel ones, and put us sadly back in everything. We shall now get afloat again, and then, come what may, shall start clear. I am now translating monthly a certain portion of scraps for the *New Monthly*, from my favourite German prose authors. The first number they appeared in was that for April. These bits were done only for the private edification of my friend John Sterling, but he thought them worth giving to the editor. I have now, too, undertaken another trade, namely, giving lessons in Latin. My aunt Lizzie wrote to ask me whether I would consent to give lessons to the only daughter of her old friend Mr. Minskull. So Lucie and I trot down to Bentinck Street with our bag of books, and quite enjoy it. I do not fancy myself at all degraded by thus agreeably earning a guinea a week, and if anybody else does, he

or she is quite welcome to avoid my society, as I inevitably should his or hers. I have had two or three pleasant evenings after lecture. My young friend Charles Buller's father and mother have come three times to tea, and I have had the Bellenden Kers, John Mill, John Sterling, Charles Austin, Miss Goldsmid and her brother, Mr. Wishaw, Mr. Tuffnell, Mr. P. Johnson, Charles Romilly, and Mr. Otway Cave, M.P., in three brigades to meet them. The latter, who sits for Leicester, and has great Irish property, is a constant visitor, and has a perfect furore for bringing people. Yesterday he walked in, ushering Sir Francis Burdett; now he asks my leave to bring O'Connell. Of course I let him, and am only amused at the whim. He is a violent Liberal, and having nothing to do, likes, I suppose, to sit and talk politics for ever and ever. *Au reste* he is very good-natured, and a prodigious puffer of my husband, which may have its use. John Mill is ever my dearest child and friend, and he really doats on Lucie, and can do anything with her. She is a monstrous great girl but, though she has admirable qualities, I am not satisfied with her. She is too wild, undisciplined, and independent; and though she knows a great deal, it is in a strange, wild way. She reads everything; composes German verses, has imagined and put together a fairy world, dress, language, music, everything, and talks to them in the garden; but she is sadly negligent of her own appearance, and is, as Sterling calls her, Miss Orson.

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Jeremy Bentham writes to Mrs. Austin in August, 1830, when Mr. Austin had gone to see his sister :—

Jeremy Bentham to Sarah Austin.

"*August* 25, 1830.

"Odd as it is, I am still alive. Are we ever to see one another again? If yes, I propose, or name, a distant day—next Wednesday—to make the surer—or any day hereafter (the nearer best) that you will name. You are a widow bewitched. To return in the evening to your own abode

would not be (practically speaking) possible. Myrmidons for escorting you back I have none. The bed-chamber your mother once occupied is vacant ; should that not quadrate with your notion of propriety, in Bell Yard, within twenty feet of my street door, is a bed-chamber, in which you would be under the care of the wife of a tenant of mine, a perfectly decent woman. I never saw it, but it has been occupied, with marks of satisfaction, at various times, by guests of mine, more than once.

"Your loving great-grandpapa,
"J. B."

Sarah Austin to Susan Reeve.

"London, *April* 12, 1831.

"Dear Sister,—That which ought to be the greatest consolation and pleasure to me—writing to you—is become a pain. Often in the midst of some depressing event I have felt irresistibly prompted to sit down and vent all my despondency to you—then again I have said to myself, why afflict her? I have heard that you are well and happy, grown fat and handsome, *rajeunie de dix ans.* I knew that the good news I sent you of my husband's health would give you great satisfaction, knowing, as you do, that that is the mainspring of good and evil to me. Would I could confirm it now! I think you do not know that when he was to begin his lectures in November, he actually had no class, so that they were deferred till January, and he now lectures to eight. At first he bore this shock wonderfully, considering what it must be to a man who has devoted the whole of such a mind as his, and all its stores, to that one object. He did not flag or despond in the least. He merely said what was sufficiently evident, that it was now decided that we could not live here ; that he would go through his course as well as if his class were ever so numerous, and at the end of it send in his resignation. In all this I acquiesced ; but as I could not endure that he should quit the University and England, and leave no proof of what a man the institution and the country were sending forth, for want of all encouragement, or even the most humble means of subsistence, I

entreated him to publish the earlier part of his course, containing the basis of Jurisprudence, which I knew to be separable from the less generally interesting details. At first he quite rejected the idea ; but on my placing before him many arguments which appeared to me weighty, he consented, only saying that he could incur no risk, neither could he send for a publisher, but that if I would find one and negotiate everything, he would print them. You may imagine I was not slow to undertake nor to accomplish this. After two interviews, Baldwin undertook the business, and but for several untoward things they would now be out. I cannot express to you the approbation this move of mine has received from all his and my friends ; the Romillys, Street, Booth, Mill, Duckworth, Empson, Erle, and many others have told me it was the best thing I ever did, and could not fail to establish his reputation. A passage from one lecture has appeared in the *Examiner*, and been copied into several provincial papers with great approbation. But what avails all this while everything here is pursued, not as a science, but merely as a craft ? We cannot live on air, but must go somewhere where our little means will support us. Plan we have none. You know how much my inclinations are with Germany. He at present seems rather to think of Paris, where he says he would devote himself entirely to constructing a complete Corpus Juris—such an one as might live for ever and be a text-book for all future codifiers. You may imagine that I could willingly make any and every sacrifice to so noble a project. I have had an immense deal to do —Lucie's entire education, nursing John, needlework, writing, &c. Lucie now goes to a Dr. Biber, who has five other pupils (boys), and his own little child. The being relieved from the constant wear and fret of seeing my dear child not half-educated is an immense thing. She seems chiefly to take to Greek, with which her father is very anxious to have her thoroughly imbued. As this scheme, even if we stay in England, cannot last many years, I am quite willing to forego all the feminine parts of her education for the present. The main thing is to secure her independence ; both with relation to her own mind and outward circumstances. She is handsome, striking, and full of vigour and animation."

In 1832, just when the Reform Bill had been carried, Jeremy Bentham died. Mrs. Austin saw him a fortnight before, and he gave her a ring, which I now have, with his portrait and some of his hair let in behind, and "Memento for Mrs. John Austin. Jeremy Bentham's Hair and Profile," engraved on it. He kissed her affectionately and said, "There, my dear, it is the only ring I ever gave to a woman."

CHAPTER VIII.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Mr. John Sterling on Mrs. Austin's translation of Prince Pückler-Muskau, and on Miss Martineau—Mr. Austin publishes his "Jurisprudence Determined," and is appointed a member of the Criminal Law Commission—Sketch of John Austin—Letters from Mrs. Austin to M. Victor Cousin—Letters from Mr. Thomas Carlyle on the state of Politics and Literature.

In 1831 Mrs. Austin translated Prince Pückler-Muskau's book, "Tour in England, Ireland, and France," which was published the following year, and is alluded to in the following letter by John Sterling, written from Colonaria, Cape St. Vincent :—

John Sterling to Sarah Austin.

July 9, 1832.

"My dear Friend,—Since that evening when John Mill took me to your house and introduced me to you, I think I have never been so long as of late without either writing or speaking to you. In the meantime you must have been abundantly busy as well as myself, and I trust you are little likely to suppose that my silence proceeded from forgetfulness. Indeed, I have been in some sort conversing with you, for I have been reading the travels of that Prince Prettyman, to whose book you have shown so much more favour than you would have bestowed on the author ; and I have been also reconsidering in an old number or two of the *N. M. Magazine* the specimens of German genius, which I like much better. I do not deny that your *protégé*, the Prince, is rather lively, and

perhaps as things go in Germany, a good deal of a gentleman, in spite of his bad waltzing ; but his utter ignorance of the literature, morals, politics, and religion of England, is ill-compensated by some dashing sketches of scenery, and by his wearisome descriptions of the manners of a small knot of people who, so far as I ever saw, were despicable and ridiculous in the eyes of the great body of their more decent countrymen. The most disgraceful part of the business is Goethe's praise of the Tourist. You do not admire or respect him, but the ablest German since Luther, or at least since Leibnitz, does both ; and I can only regard the fact as one among many evidences of the mischief of attempting to realise in life the theory, striking and seductive as it is, which all Goethe's works (so far as they are translated into English) so exquisitely inculcate. Of course the falseness of his doctrine does not, in my opinion, depend for proof on the consequences of the endeavour to put it in practice, but this is the kind of evidence which will always be most powerful with the multitudes. Long ere this you will have received a budget of my MS. It is possible that Murray (of whom my father knows something) might publish it—or perhaps a man of the name of Moxon, who seems to affect a conscience, and deserves encouragement for that decorous hypocrisy. The preface and the motto ought, I think, to convince my readers—even without a portrait—that my mustachios are in truth at least as formidable as Prince Pückler-Muskau's ! It would be great fun if you were to edit me after translating him ; but if you think my book a botch, pray do not soil your fingers with it. In principle I am still far more inclined to Coleridge than to any other writer I know, and I read him with ever new delight. If I had not feared to disgrace him by the homage, I would have dedicated my novel to him, as to my greatest intellectual and moral benefactor. I heartily long that you, dearest friend, and all others whom I value, could join me in the common ground of love and reverence for that wise old man. Of what I have lately read I will say nothing, except that I am sorry to see Buller (in the *N. M. M.*) stationary at the point at which he stood when I first knew him—now, alas ! some seven years (how spent by both of us) agone—and that Miss Martineau, with all her extraordinary

zeal and talents, has given a very absurd picture of the West Indies. If, as I believe, she has no semblance of authority for the incident of the bloodhound, her delineation is positively wicked. She is ridiculously wrong as to the mode of cultivation pursued here, and her representation of the negroes' wish for the ruin of their owners is, I believe, quite erroneous, saying nothing as to whether it would be really beneficial to the slaves or not. At all events, I have seen negroes after a hurricane and she has not, and I know that it both is a calamity to them, and that they feel it to be so.

"God keep you from the follies and misery of all around.

"Ever, my dear Friend, yours sincerely,

"JOHN STERLING."

In June, 1832, Mr. Austin gave his last lecture, and published his "Province of Jurisprudence Determined." In the following year he was appointed by Lord Brougham, then Lord Chancellor, member of the Criminal Law Commission. Though this turned him to a narrower field than that he had marked out for himself, he entered upon it with conscientious devotion, and carried into it profound and comprehensive views. He, however, soon found that the powers granted to the Commission did not authorise the fundamental reforms he conceived necessary, and that his opinions differed from those of his colleagues. Every meeting left him disheartened and agitated, and his health suffered considerably.

I have often been asked what my grandfather was like, and what prevented John Austin from achieving the success that seemingly ought to have been his. A short sketch of him may prove of interest, and explain the passionate love he inspired in his wife and daughter.

He was the eldest son of Jonathan Austin, a substantial miller and corn merchant, who had mills at Creeting and Ipswich, in Suffolk, and at Longford, in Essex. All his children were distinguished by force of character and brilliant intellectual qualities. I have heard that his grandmother,

Annie Adkins, had gipsy blood in her veins. Mrs. Fleeming Jenkin tells me that years ago she went with her father to Foxearth, where the Austins of five generations ago lie buried. There they found an old woman who remembered Annie Adkins, and gave them a striking description of her vivacity and her ringing laugh, her large dark eyes and her high temper. Her husband, Giles Austin, was not an easy man to live with. On her tombstone these few pregnant words are inscribed : " She died of a broken heart."

Her son Jonathan married Anne Redhouse, only daughter of a small gentleman farmer, or yeoman, who, being left an orphan, was brought up by a rich uncle as his heiress. He, however, married late in life, and had children of his own. Well educated, gently nurtured, and possessed of exceptional abilities, she evidently inspired her husband with her love for learning. His education had been neglected, but he was always fond of reading, and acquired a great deal of knowledge, both of history and political economy. He had a very exact mind, and particularly disliked any kind of exaggeration ; to an acute sense of fun was joined considerable enthusiasm, a touching story or a noble action moved him deeply. Even as quite an old man he was strikingly handsome, with silver-white hair. His wife was deeply religious, though in no narrow way. She was charitable and helpful, but a deep tinge of melancholy, probably increased by delicate health and fits of nervous depression, overshadowed her whole life. This she transmitted to several of her children, tempered with the Austin family characteristic of wit and fun. Her sense of duty was exceptionally high, and above all things she hated a lie. She died at about sixty, with the name of her second son Joseph on her lips, whose loss she never recovered. The boy insisted, to her sorrow, on going to sea, and served as a midshipman under Admirals Stopford and Cochrane (afterwards Lord Dundonald). When only fourteen he cut out an

enemy's boat under heavy fire, behaving with such gallantry that the Admiral took off his own sword, and, passing the belt twice round, buckled it on the handsome, fair-haired boy's slim waist. He died at seventeen of yellow fever in the *Scipio* off Java.

The wit came out strongest in Charles Austin, the eminent Parliamentary counsel, the "great converser," as Mrs. Grote called him ; while Mr. J. S. Mill says, "The effect he produced on his contemporaries deserves to be accounted an historical event. . . . It is seldom that men produce so great an immediate effect by speech." Many memoirs of that time contain reference to Charles Austin's wonderfully brilliant and witty conversation, and I have always heard that his success at the Bar was beyond any of his contemporaries. Alfred, the fourth brother, was Assistant Poor Law Commissioner, and then for many years Secretary to the Board of Works. He was highly educated, and a delightful companion. The youngest, George, lived chiefly at Freiburg. He was a great student of languages and a Saxon scholar, an insatiable reader, and extremely witty and amusing. The two daughters, Anne (Mrs. Staff) and Charlotte, who died unmarried, were clever and well-read women, but, like their mother, melancholy.

John Austin inherited his mother's delicate health and nervous organisation. She must have imbued him with her deep religious feeling, for at three years old he would kneel before a chair with the Bible laid upon it and read aloud to her. Later, as a boy of seven, he was found by his eldest sister on his knees in the garden, praying earnestly for a bow and arrows he had long coveted. The gift of eloquence he possessed when a child, and turned it to better account than in after life, for he used to sit by his father at dinner and so engage him in talk that the worthy miller never noticed that John drank up his glass of beer.

Born on the 3rd of March, 1790, John Austin entered the army

before he was sixteen, serving under Lord William Bentinck at Malta and in Sicily. There is in my possession a mutilated diary which the young officer kept during the year 1812, and from these pages we may glean hints which to some extent explain the problem of his comparative failure in after life. The diary shows him at the age of twenty-two to have been endowed with an introspective and critical temper, haughty in his intellectual attitude, and almost morbidly conscious of his inert temperament. He speaks of "indolence, always the prominent vice of my character," "this lethargy of the faculties," "the listlessness of indolence and ennui." He complains that, while sharing in the sports and follies of his comrades, he finds but little pleasure in that "relaxation which none but the industrious can relish." It does not appear that these expressions are merely the outcome of a passing mood of melancholy. The tone of the diary is grey, austere, and inelastic. The passages in which the writer seems to have felt the greatest warmth and spring of energy are those dedicated to the analysis of philosophical works which he was studying—Dugald Stewart's "Essays," Enfield's "History of Philosophy," and Drummond's "Academical Questions." Of the preface to the last-mentioned book the young soldier remarks: "Though tainted with a little schoolboy pedantry, it is the most energetic and eloquent apology for the study of metaphysics that I recollect to have seen." Enfield's "History" he notes as "an abstract freely drawn from Brucker's work on the same subject. The book is not characterised by much philosophical depth, but the author displays a mild and liberal spirit truly edifying in a theologian. He now and then discovers the cloven foot in his attempts to enforce Dr. Priestley's modification of Christianity, but in a manner very different from that of his arrogant principal. I was much pleased with the clear statement given of the sceptical doctrines advanced by Pyrrho and his followers."

Critical in his judgment of others, he was still more severe

upon himself. After composing certain reports, he observes : "The style of these papers, though laboured with great care, was stiff and monotonous. Indeed, whatever I write is wanting in copiousness and simplicity. The only excellences of my style are clearness and precision."

These early memoirs show that John Austin's vital energy was insufficient for the rough work of the world. Later on in life the physical troubles which must, even in youth, have been dormant in his constitution, manifested their presence in chronic depression and hyper-sensibility. Making enormous demands upon himself and others, refusing to acknowledge any work except of the most perfect quality, he exhausted his nervous strength in preparations, and stumbled repeatedly upon the very threshold of great undertakings. The travail of the brain reacted on the digestive organs, produced sickness and fever, and culminated in excruciating headaches which laid the powerful thinker and eloquent orator prostrate, before the thoughts with which his mind was teeming found their channel of relief in expression.

On the death of his second brother in 1812, John Austin obeyed the earnest request of his parents and resigned his commission. Friends had already strongly urged him to quit the military profession for one more suited to his studious tastes, and after due reflection he determined to study for the Bar. Till the end of his life my grandfather retained a strong love and respect for the military character ; as his wife says : "The high and punctilious sense of honour, the chivalrous tenderness for the weak, the generous ardour mixed with reverence for authority and discipline, the frankness and loyalty which were, he thought, the distinguishing characteristic of a true soldier, were also his own ; perhaps even more pre-eminently than the intellectual gifts for which he was so remarkable." [1]

[1] Preface to the "Province of Jurisprudence Determined," p. v.

Lord Brougham, Sir S. Romilly, and Sir W. Erle have all told me that the eminent lawyers under whom John Austin studied, as well as his fellow-students, were astonished by the force and clearness of his mind, by his retentive memory, and the scholarly aptness of his language. All were confident that he would attain the highest place in the profession. In 1818 he was called to the Bar, being probably spurred on to considerable effort by his passionate attachment to Sarah Taylor, who became his wife in the following year.

After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Austin inhabited part of a house in Queen's Square, Westminster, for some years. The windows looked into Mr. Bentham's garden, and just round the corner lived Mr. James Mill. This close neighbourhood, and a strong congeniality of tastes and opinions, led to a great intimacy between Bentham, the Mills, and the Austins. J. S. Mill became as one of their own family, reading Roman law with John Austin and learning German from his wife. Of my grandfather J. S. Mill writes: "On me his influence was most salutary. It was moral in the best sense. . . . There was in his conversation and demeanour a tone of high-mindedness which did not show itself as much, if the quality existed as much, in any of the other persons with whom at that time I associated. My intercourse with him was the more beneficial, owing to his being of a different mental type from all other intellectual men whom I frequented, and he from the first set himself decidedly against the prejudices and narrowness which are almost sure to be found in a young man formed by a particular mode of thought or a particular social circle." [1]

This coterie was the foundation of the Westminster School of Utilitarian Philosophy, which afterwards led to important results.

After John Austin was called to the Bar he went the Norfolk

[1] J. S. Mill, "Autobiography," p. 75.

Circuit, but I never heard that he held a brief. The attorneys were afraid of him, and he was apt to be too late for a consultation. The singular thing was that the extraordinary eloquence which he displayed in private deserted him in public, and he felt great difficulty in addressing the court.

I imagine that the legal studies to which he dedicated his powers when he left the army were injurious to a man of his peculiar temperament. They rendered him even more fastidious about the exact poise and verbal nicety of phrases, still more scrupulous in searching after that "clearness and precision" which he recognised to be the leading qualities of his style. Of this he seems to have been conscious, for he wrote as follows to his future wife about the influence of his training in a lawyer's chambers: "I almost apprehend that the habit of drawing will in no short time give me so exclusive and intolerant a taste (as far, I mean, as relates to my own productions) for perspicuity and precision, that I shall hardly venture on sending a letter of much purpose, even to you, unless it be laboured with the accuracy and circumspection which are requisite in a deed of conveyance." This precision of expression gives to his style something of an archaic and severe tinge; but his command of vigorous and apt language is remarkable, and the very reiteration to which some might object tends to impress his meaning on the mind of his reader.

His habitually calm and dispassionate judgment was allied to a naturally enthusiastic character, which found vent in severe blame or in generous admiration, and even veneration. As when he speaks of Locke to praise "that matchless power of precise and just thinking, with that religious regard for general utility and truth, which marked the incomparable man who emancipated human reason from the yoke of mystery and jargon;"[1] and again in the masterly vindication of Hobbe.[2]

[1] "The Province of Jurisprudence Determined," vol. i. p. 150.

[2] Ibid., vol. i. p. 448, note.

John Austin was as intolerant of confused habits of thinking, or of unmeaning expression, in himself as in others, for we find him referring in one of his lectures to something he had stated in a former lecture, and which J. S. Mill (who was one of his class) had questioned. "I find that a negative servitude might be *jus in rem*, if it were possible for any but the owner, or other occupant, to violate the right. But that remark was absurd. For as Mr. Mill very truly observed," &c., &c.[1] Again, with characteristic self-refutation he remarks: "I said in a former lecture that an obligation to will is impossible. Why I said so I am somewhat at a loss to see. For it is quite certain that the proposition is grossly false, and is not consistent with my own deliberate opinion."

The legitimate hopes entertained by all who knew John Austin were soon doomed to disappointment, for the constitutional peculiarities which lay at the root of the maladjustment between mental faculties of the highest order and their natural outcome in action or expression, assumed in middle life the form of a real, though apparently intangible, malady. The pride and lofty standard which he cherished as an ideal rendered him incapable of doing rough and ready work, and after a painful struggle he gave up practice at the Bar in 1825.

At this time the foundation of the London University occasioned the opening of a School of Jurisprudence, and by common consent John Austin was chosen to fill the chair. He determined to spend the interval between his appointment and the commencement of his duties in improving his knowledge of Roman law and jurisprudence by some months' study among the German lawyers. For this purpose he resided for a time at Bonn. There was probably no man in England at that time who had studied Roman law with so much care as John Austin; he was a master of the science. This German visit made him acquainted with the works of Von Savigny and Mittermair;

[1] "The Province of Jurisprudence Determined," vol. iii. p. 128.

the former afterwards became a personal friend. It also led to the warm interest taken by Mr. and Mrs. Austin in German literature which they contributed to make known in England.

In the *Law Magazine* (May, 1860) Lord Brougham wrote: "For a teacher his (John Austin's) qualifications were most eminent; profound learning, great reach and force of mind, and a wonderful faculty of exposition. . . . His lectures were admired by all, but mostly by those whose knowledge and sagacity made their approval of greatest value; and everything seemed to promise a continuation of the success with which his labours began, and which conferred upon the college a reputation in this department even beyond expectation. But in spite of the brilliant commencement of his career as a professor, it soon became evident that this country could not afford such a succession of students of jurisprudence as would suffice to maintain a chair, and as there was no other provision for the teachers than the students' fees, it followed of necessity that no man could continue to hold that office unless he had a private fortune, or combined some gainful occupation with his professorship. Mr. Austin, who had no fortune, and who regarded the study and exposition of his science as more than sufficient to occupy his whole life, and who knew that it would never be in demand amongst that immense majority of law students who regard their profession only as a means of making money, found himself under the necessity of resigning his chair in 1832."

The "Province of Jurisprudence Determined" was published in the same year, and gradually became a recognised text-book on law.

In 1833 John Austin was appointed a member of the Criminal Law Commission, "but," to quote again from Lord Brougham, "it soon appeared to his colleagues that his views were too abstract and scientific, they desiring to prepare a more practical report. Further, he differed from his colleagues as to the mode in which they were attempting to perform their duties;

and the opinion, indeed, of Mr. Austin has been justified by the event. It is deeply to be regretted that an arrangement could not have been made for his forming a complete map of the whole field of criminal law. He was, of all others, the man most capable to do this."

From every meeting of the Commission he returned agitated by the notion that he was receiving public money for work which would be of no public utility. To his wife he said: "If they would give me £200 a year for two years I would shut myself up in a garret, and at the end of that time I would produce a complete map of the whole field of crime, and a draft of a Criminal Code. *Then* let them appoint a Commission to pull it to pieces."

A few blotted and much-corrected sheets in my grandfather's bold handwriting, and the beginning of a Criminal Code, which are among his papers in my possession, show the painful struggle that was going on in his mind between a lofty sense of duty to the nation and a natural disinclination to sacrifice the well-being of his wife and child. Duty won the day, and he resigned his place.

The Society of the Inner Temple had for some time desired to make an attempt to teach the principles and history of Jurisprudence, and in 1834 John Austin was engaged to deliver a course of lectures. This appointment could only be regarded as an experiment; the demand for anything like scientific legal education had to be created, and he was by nature disqualified from tentative or temporary work. Depressed by failure, bestowing an amount of labour hard to be appreciated on all he did, and harassed by anxiety about the future of his family, his health broke down completely, and he determined to abandon a conflict in which he had met with nothing but defeat. "I was born out of time and place. I ought to have been a schoolman of the twelfth century—or a German professor!" he exclaimed.

The Austins had been living at Boulogne for a year and a half when he was appointed a Royal Commissioner to inquire into the grievances of the Maltese. Sir George C. Lewis (then Mr. Lewis), who had been his pupil at London University, went with him as Second Commissioner. To this day his name is revered in the island ; justice and humanity were inherent parts of his nature ; he had small sympathy with the insolence of a dominant race, and at the same time was too sagacious to be imposed upon by groundless complaints. Every measure he proposed was adopted, and Sir James Stephen used to say that the reform of the tariff which was accepted by the Government on John Austin's recommendation was the most successful piece of legislation he had seen in his time. Mr. Lewis having been recalled to England, my grandfather was about to apply himself to legal and judicial reform when he was abruptly recalled. He had been appointed when Lord Glenelg was Colonial Secretary, whose removal was as abrupt as his own, and whose successor probably thought that the termination of the Commission was the most acceptable report he could give of it to the House of Commons.

Residence at Malta had not improved John Austin's health, and he was advised to try the waters of Carlsbad. From 1840 till 1844 he passed the summers there, and the intervening winters at Dresden and Berlin. He used to tell with great gusto how once, when travelling in Germany with his wife, they came to a country inn. Mrs. Austin felt tired, and went early to bed, setting, as is the custom, her shoes outside the door. (She had very small and beautiful feet.) John Austin went out for a walk, and on his return found that a party of students had arrived. As he entered the dining-room they were at supper, and drinking with many "Hochs" and great enthusiasm the health of the unknown owner of a little shoe which one of them had picked up in the passage and was holding aloft.

In 1844 the Austins settled in Paris, where shortly afterwards he was elected by the Institute a corresponding member of the Moral and Political Class. During the revolution of 1848 my grandfather was in Paris, and in a long letter to his daughter, Lady Duff Gordon, I find a remarkable passage :—

"It is important to recollect that the present revolutionary tendencies are social rather than political ; aiming at equality of possessions, or an equal distribution of the national revenue, rather than the mere establishment of democratical constitutions. This is the alarming feature in the present condition of France. In England, socialist opinions and feelings have not, as yet, a definite shape ; they are rather dispositions, or tendencies, than distinct theories or *formulas*. But in consequence of the vast inequalities of our social positions, these dispositions, though yet latent, are probably more strong and general than in France ; for in this last country a large proportion of the people are small landowners, and have a visible and urgent motive to respect the properties of the rich. The only remedy is the education of the people, especially the diffusing amongst them a knowledge of the natural causes which determine the distribution of the products of labour and capital. This knowledge, if diffused amongst them, would cut up revolutionary tendencies by the roots ; for this last revolution has proved (what I always believed) that they arise from popular ignorance and not from popular envy. . . ."

Convinced that permanent tranquillity was not to be looked for in France, Mr. and Mrs. Austin took a cottage at Weybridge, and there the last ten years of my grandfather's life were passed in retirement and content.

I am not sure that I have not unwittingly painted him in too sombre colours. The few people still left who knew him dwell on his extraordinary eloquence. One writes, "It was beyond anything I ever heard, and it was of all kinds. A touching incident—a humorous situation—a satirical description—all were equally good."

Phrases which struck my fancy when as a child I walked by my grandfather's side over the purple heather, still recur to my mind, and I seem to see his erect figure, his white hair, and his large dark eyes, as with his musical rich voice he told me that it was most important to think distinctly and to speak my thoughts with meaning. Edmund Burke and Jeremy Bentham were names I learnt to revere as a very small girl—long before I knew who they were ; indeed I have an idea I thought they had something to do with the Bible.

It is very difficult to present a fair and accurate view of such men as John Austin ; the unintelligent bystander is apt to blame as a fault in them that which was the trial of a high and noble character, and because we cannot see the physical disorder which unnerved them for action, we are only too ready to dismiss it with some flippant phrase expressing disbelief in their having been distinguished by more than average ability.

Mrs. Austin brought out her "Characteristics of Goethe" in 1833, and "Selections from the Old Testament," besides writing articles for various periodicals ; as she said to a friend, "I think I am the busiest woman in the world."

The chief interest of her life was Popular Education ; she had been for some years collecting facts about the primary schools in other countries, and she wrote to her friend Victor Cousin :—

Sarah Austin to Victor Cousin.

[Translation.]

"26, Park Road, *March* 5, 1833.

"Very dear Friend,—Your reports will I hope be a blessing for England as well as for France. My husband and I are always talking of them. I almost cried when I read them, to the infinite amusement of my friend Jeffrey (the Lord Advocate), who is enraged at my being touched by a report. Oh

no, my dear friend, I am not a Radical, far from it ; but read the description of our factory children– unfortunate victims of our commercial greatness—and then mock at me if you dare, for being dissatisfied with a Government who permits so many innocent creatures to be condemned to nothing but suffering. Mr. Babbage, our great mathematician, quietly told me the other day, that calculations showed that in the manufacturing towns a whole population exists who are '*worked out*' before attaining thirty years of age ! Such words make me shudder. Is it possible to speak thus of our brothers ; of human beings born with brains, hearts, and souls ? But I am persuaded that the remedy will not, cannot come from the people. How many and what cultivated intellects it needs to throw some light on this question ! To return to the reports. Can you send me a few more copies ? It is important to get *The Times* to notice them. I have lent all mine to members of Parliament, who promise me that they will mention them in the House. I have spoken to a publisher, and we intend to bring out a translation —a cheap one—so that the people may see what is being done elsewhere.

"I write in great haste ; my husband is ill and I am overworked, but always

"Your affectionate,
"S. AUSTIN."

Sarah Austin to Victor Cousin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"*April* 2, 1833.

"You are an *ingrat* not to write to me and send me copies of your Reports. If you did but know how I am working for your glory ! 1st. There will be a slight notice of them in a note in the next *Edinburgh*. 2nd. I have met Barnes, the omnipotent editor of *The Times*, and have preached to him ; ditto the editor of the *Examiner*. 3rd. I have written an urgent letter to Edward Strutt, M.P. for Derby. Bickersteth, Empson, and Romilly, all the men of any note that I know and have mentioned it to, say there cannot be a better man that Strutt. He has my copy of the 'Prussia ;' after him it goes

to Empson ; then to Sir W. Molesworth, the young member for Cornwall, whom I have converted—not to Radicalism, but the reverse—to the opinion that the people must be instructed, guided—in short, governed.

"We still think of going to reside at Bonn. People all exclaim and regret, and are *au désespoir*, and I am quite 'the fashion'—but that will not enable us to live. Did you see Charlatan Brougham's speech throwing up National Education entirely. I told his friend Jeffrey what I thought of it. God bless you, my dear friend, for your good works ! certainly the education of the people is the one all-important duty of rulers. Brougham's reputation is sinking faster than it ever rose. Ten thousand pities—he had such capabilities, everything but—sincere earnestness.

"We are all well, write and tell me how you are, and believe me ever

"Affectionately yours,
"S. Austin."

Thomas Carlyle, whom she had known before through the Bullers, and introduced to several of her friends, writes :—

Thomas Carlyle to Sarah Austin.

"Craigenputtock, *June* 13, 1833.

"My dear Mrs. Austin,—A hurried word is all I can send you in return for your kind, good letter, which spoke to us, as all your letters do, like the voice of a Friend. Many things remind us of you ; to my Wife I believe you are literally the best of all womankind ; neither for me is there any figure in that huge city whom I can remember with purer satisfaction. This, if it be a comfort to you in your brave life-fight, is a quite genuine one. Continue to bear yourself like a brave, true woman, and know always that friendly eyes and hearts are upon you. On my own side, too, I will say that the interest you take in my poor, small, and so sorely hampered toils is a great encouragement, a great increase of strength to me. It is something surely that the words out of my heart speak sometimes into such a heart, and find response there ; that you find

them not utterly vain, and my little Life a kind of Reality and no Chimæra. Could I one day so much as resemble that Portrait you possess of me, and persist in calling like! But alas! alas! However we will be content; *alle Frauen*, says Jean Paul, *sind geborene Dichterinnen*, bless them for it, most of all, when their art comes our own way!

"Your Falk, which has long been expected, will prove a most welcome present; the extracts I see in the Newspapers whet my curiosity. I might have had the original in Edinburgh; but waited for your English with the Notes.

"We have heard often of your purpose to leave England, a thing sad to think of, to hear confirmed as near at hand. Yet how shall one gainsay it? Your view of the case is most probably just and accurate; your resolution on it the best. Let us not add lead to the bravely buoyant; rather than think of you as lost, I will lay schemes how we may cross the Channel ourselves, and pass some winter beside you! Were that not a scheme? After all, more unlikely things have come to pass. We shall see; we shall hope, and to the last keep hoping. *Der Mensch*, says F. Schlegel almost pathetically, *in dieser Erde ist eigentlich auf Hoffnung gestellt;* this is called the Place of Hope. Will you then, in that case, undertake to 'do the hoping' for us all?

"My own course is utterly dubious at this moment; the signs of the times are quite despicable in England, nothing but a hollow, barren, jarring of Radicalism and Toryism for unmeasured periods, likely enough to issue in confusion and broken crowns; in which struggle I as one feel hitherto no call to spend or be spent. Alas! it is but a sowing of the wind, a reaping of the whirlwind. The stern destiny and duty of this and the next generation; for which duty, however, there is enough and more than enough volunteering to do. Meanwhile Literature, one's sole craft and staff of life, lies broken in abeyance; what room for music amid the braying of innumerable jackasses, the howling of innumerable hyænas whetting the tooth to eat them up? Alas for it! it is a sick disjointed time; neither shall we ever mend it; at best let us hope to mend ourselves. I declare I sometimes think of throwing down the Pen altogether as a worthless

weapon ; and leading out a colony of these poor starving Drudges to the waste places of their old Mother Earth, when for the sweat of their brow bread *will* rise for them ; it were perhaps the worthiest service that at this moment could be rendered our old world to throw open for it the doors of the New. Thither must they come at last, 'bursts of eloquence' will do nothing ; men are starving and will try many things before they die. But poor I, *ach Gott!* I am no Hengist or Alaric ; only a writer of Articles in bad prose ; stick to thy last, O Tutor ; the Pen is not worthless, it is omnipotent to those who have Faith. 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, thou shalt find it after many days.' And so we look into this waste fermenting Chaos without shuddering ; and trust to find our way through it better or worse.

"In any case, fail not to tell us what you decide on, consider us as deeply interested in whatever befalls you. On the whole I have still a hope that somehow you will not go ; at least not till we have met again.

"The Faust, second part, had reached Edinburgh before I left ; I read it there with such interest as you may fancy. Several years ago I had occasion to study Helena, and particularly noted that Chorus you mention. I consider the whole Play now completed as a thing wide, wide before me, and deep ; into which I have not seen half way. Some new scenes bear traces of feebleness, many are very beautiful ; happily the Plan, the noble Idea, can be deciphered there, not feeble or old, but young for ever.

"Charles Buller is the Free-carrier of this letter ; pray tell me of him and his, for he never writes. And now, dear Friend, *Gott befohlen!* My wife joins me in all kind salutations to Lucykin and to Mr. A. and you.

"Ever your affectionate,

"T. CARLYLE."

Thomas Carlyle to Sarah Austin.

"CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *July* 18, 1833.

"MY DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—Your three beautiful Volumes were here sooner by your conveyance than they could have

been by mine.[1] We have all read them, with pleasure, with eagerness; for me, I could not skip even what I knew in German already, but must have it taste for me a second time in your fine clear-flowing English.

"A Book more honestly put together I have not met with for many years. A discreet gentle feminine tone runs through it, with quiet lookings nevertheless into much, much that lies beyond the English horizon; no compromise with error, yet no over-loud assertion of the truth; unwearied inquiry, faithful elaboration; in a word, the thing *done* that is pretended to be done: what other praise could I wish to give you?

"I perceive that Falk has been the root or nucleus of the whole, yet so much better than Falk have you made it, I almost regret you had not left him out altogether: a dull *undiaphanous*, semi-diaphanous kind of man; one cannot see Goethe through him, only see a *huge singularity*. Some of the speeches, especially that about Schulze, I must endeavour to consider as mis-reported not a little. However, you, with your appendages and fringings, have done wonders, and actually almost (with such a deft, assiduous needle) *worked* a silk-purse out of what the Proverb says will never make one. Had but a Boswell stood in Falk's shoes, there had been a task worthy of you!

"Leaving Falk (which was worth turning into English too), I find nothing else that is not instructive, much that is gracefully so; of your doing, nothing, as I said, that is not well done. You have fairly and clearly (and in your case almost heroically) stated the *true* principle of Translation; and what is more, acted on it; I hear the fine silver music of Goethe sound through *your* voice, through your heart; you can *actually translate Goethe*, which (quietly, I reckon) is what hardly three people in England can. And so let me heartily wish you all manner of success; and scientifically *promise* you as much as in these strange days almost any Book merely artistic in character can hope for. Finally, I said several times in words, and here again say in ink, that you may find a higher task one day, than Translating; though I praise and honour

[1] "Characteristics of Goethe, from the German of Falk, with Notes."

you much for adhering to that as you now stand, and keeping far from you all ambition, but the highest, that of living faithfully. *Das weitere wird sich geben.* Stand by that ; there is nothing else will abide any wearing, let the voice of the Reviewer be high or low, and millions of caps or none at all leap into the air at your name.

"I have very little time this evening ; and no business to devote so much of it even to you ; but the Pen must on. We shall eagerly expect news within those three weeks ; Jane says, the Letter is to be *hers.* She farther declares, with that promptitude which so well beseems the female intellect, that you ought to come *hither!* There is an excellent house and garden to be let (for almost nothing) within few miles of us ; and no cheaper country can be found in the whole world. Then there is such abundant room in *this* house of ours ; and it were so easy for you to come and investigate the whole matter and see us to boot. In this latter part of the proposition, I too must heartily give assent and encouragement ; it is all literally true about *room ;* about the welcome there is still less doubt ; and then the journey were no unpleasant thing ; the rather if you held John Mill to his word, who has as good as promised to see us here this autumn. After all, what if you should really take thought of it ?

"In the meantime, again accept my thanks and friendliest wishes ; may all Good be with you and Lucykin and the heart to conquer all Evil !

"Ever affectionately,

"T. Carlyle."

CHAPTER IX.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Sir W. Hamilton on Popular Education—Insufficiency of English legal education—Mr. Austin lectures at the Temple—Mr. Carlyle on British Reviewing, on house-hunting—Prof. F. W. Carové, author of "The Story without an End"—Mr. R. Southey on Mrs. Austin's translation of Cousin on Instruction in Prussia — The Provost of Eton to Mrs. Austin—Mr. Charles Buller to Mrs. Austin.

Sir William Hamilton, whom Mrs. Austin had asked for books and annotations on popular education, writes :

Sir Wm. Hamilton to Sarah Austin.

"Edinburgh, *Jan.* 14, 1834.

"My dear Madam,—I expect some books from Hamburgh on the primary education of different countries of Germany, but from the rapidity with which it will be obviously proper that you bring the *Rapport* out, there is little probability of their being here in time to be of any use. The Elbe will be frozen for some time yet. My stock of pedagogical works apply chiefly to the higher departments—the learned schools and Universities of Germany. In regard to my co-operation, you may command any little assistance I can lend. But I am sensible that it must be too unimportant to allow me to take advantage of your prepossessions in my favour. If anything I can do is worth mention at all, a word in your preface will be honour enough. In fact I do not recollect any topic on which I could say anything in the way of annotation, unless it be a few pages on the history of popular education. Even on

that subject I am not *well* prepared ; and I do not know where any good account is to be found. I know, however, the ordinary sources, and have a few notes taken in my reading. These I will either send you (who would do this far better) or work them into a kind of narrative myself. Perhaps, however, M. Cousin is to perform this—that would be best of all. If, therefore, you persevere in your plan, you may depend on anything I can do. I quite agree with you in thinking that your translation should be made a cheap book ; nothing goes down now that is dear, and it is in the present case desirable that the public should be as generally interested in the question as possible. The subject has already apparently taken hold of attention, and nothing can ensure success so much as the diffusion of such information and reasoning as the *Rapport* contains. Believe me, my dear madam, with much regard,

"Ever truly yours,

"W. HAMILTON."

The insufficiency of the legal education of the country had for some time attracted the attention of the more enlightened part of the profession ; and it was determined in 1834, by the Society of the Inner Temple, that the principles and history of Jurisprudence should be taught. Among the most earnest promoters of this scheme was my grandfather's friend, Mr. Bickersteth, afterwards Lord Langdale.[1] John Austin was engaged to deliver a series of lectures on Jurisprudence at the Inner Temple. Had this appointment been made under different conditions it was one he would have preferred to any other, however distinguished or however lucrative. Unfortunately it was not of a kind to give him the security and confidence he wanted. He was invited to undertake the dis-

[1] See "Greville Memoirs," vol. iii. p. 138. "Melbourne said, 'Bickersteth was a Benthamite, and they were all fools.' I said, 'The Austins were not fools.' 'Austin? Oh, a d——d fool; did you ever read his book on "Jurisprudence"?' I said I had read the greater part of it, and that it did not appear to be the work of a fool. He said he had read it all, and that it was the dullest book he had ever read, and full of truisms elaborately set forth. Melbourne is very fond of being slashing and paradoxical."

couraging task of trying to establish a new order of things, without the certain, even if distant, prospect which usually cheers the pioneer in such an enterprise. The uncertainty weighed upon him from the first. He was disqualified by nature from all work of a passing and temporary sort; and in order to labour with courage and animation, he needed to see before him a long period of persistent study, and security from harassing anxiety. His precarious health and depressed spirits required support; and he was but too easily disheartened at what he thought the want of confidence in the scheme, or in him, evinced in a merely tentative appointment. The severe feverish attacks to which he had always been subject, became more frequent, and at length his wife induced him to abandon his lectures and go to Hastings to try and recruit.

During the winter, Sarah Austin published her translation of Carové's charming "Story without an End," dedicated to her daughter, whose favourite book it was.

Thomas Carlyle to Sarah Austin.

"CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Jan.* 21, 1834.

"Many thanks, my dear Mrs. Austin, for your kind messages and memorials: two Notes, through the Advocate, then the dainty little book,[1] with another Note; all of which have now arrived safe, the last only this day week. It is an *allerliebstes Büchlein*, graceful in spirit as in embodiment and decoration; and we all participate in Lucie's love of it; but fancy there will be children enough (of six feet high and lower statures) in this "envy of surrounding nations" to ask: What does it prove, then?

"I have learned lately, by various cheering symptoms, that British Reviewing had as good as died a natural death, and the Lie lied itself out; that the most harmonious diapason from the united throat of universal British Criticism would hardly pay its own expenses. Rejoice, my dear Friend, that you can

[1] "The Story without an End."

now sit apart from the distracted gulph of abominations ; and pray for those that must still swim for their life there.

"We learned long ago through Mill with the truest satisfaction what turn affairs had taken with you ; that the Labourer, at length, was found worthy at least of *some* hire. The greater is now our regret and apprehension when Jeffrey informs us that Mr. Austin's health again threatens to fail. Your own health too, it seems, is bad ; you have to complain of dispiritment, now when you have need of all your strength. 'Rise, noble Talbot, this is not a time to faint and sink : force faltering Nature by your strength of soul,' &c. Alas ! it is so much easier said than done ; and yet in Life one must often try to do it. For on the whole, my dear Heroine, there is no Rest for us in this world, which subsists by toil. 'Rest ?' said the stern old Arnauld, 'shall I not have all Eternity to rest in ?'

"You speak playfully of coming hither to see us. Would it were in earnest ! I think there were few faces welcomer here to all parties interested. If the Sun were north again, and the days bright, what if you should actually put it in practice ! I do not think you ever in your life saw such a solitude as this : the everlasting skies and the everlasting moors ; the hum of the world all mute as Death, so distant is it—till Wednesday nights arrive, and the Letters and Newspapers, and we find it is all going on as distractedly as ever. Come and see it and try it.

"As for myself I think I have arrived at a kind of pause in my History, so singular is the course of things without me and within me. I have written very little for a year ; less than for any of the last seven. I stand as if earnestly looking out, in the most labyrinthic country, till I catch the right track again. A kind of *Enfant Perdu*, I believe, at any rate, yet who would so fain *not* perish and leave the breach unwon ! We shall do our best.

"Write to us soon ; my wife says you still owe her a long letter : there is so much we *need* to hear. And so good-night, dear Friend,

"Yours affectionately,

"T. CARLYLE."

Thomas Carlyle to Sarah Austin.

"Craigenputtock, *March* 20, 1834.

"My dear Mrs. Austin,—My date, you perceive, is the 20th, and your letter did not reach us till late in the evening of the appointed 19th. We have at the utmost only two Post-days weekly here—in general, only one (the Wednesday, which answers to your London Monday); and though last week, as it chanced, both Post-days did their duty, your Express unhappily fell between them; and so here we are. My whole soul grows sick in the business of house-seeking; I get to think, with a kind of comfort, of the grim house six feet by three which will need no seeking. In return, I ought to profess myself humble in my requisitions as to that matter. I must have air to breathe, I must have sleep also, for which latter object, *procul, O procul este*, ye accursed tribes of Bugs, ye loud-bawling Watchmen, that awaken the world every half hour only to say what o'clock it is! Other indispensable requisition I have none.

"The house which Lucykin and you describe so hopefully seems as if it had been expressly built for us. Our answer is at once, secure it for Whit-Sunday, if it be still attainable. Till we hear otherwise, we will still have a kind of hope that it may. If you do so prosper, there will be various other inquiries to trouble you with, various minor arrangements to tax your kind discretion with. For example, what *are* the fixtures, beyond grates? We have window-curtains, Venetian blinds, &c. &c., which will be useless here, which might chance to fit them. The measured dimensions of all the rooms and windows (if you can procure them) will bring the whole matter before us. The general outline of the Housekin I already have, by assurance of Imagination; a sunk story, three raised ones, the little bed-quilt of garden before the house or behind it, as it shall please the Fates. You must, on the whole, consent to consider us as a Brother and Sister in this matter; and pray lend us your head as well as your affection.

"My Dame bids me say that as to carpets (since those here, not indeed of great value, will go waste if left) nothing can be decided till we know the sizes, and, according to your judgment,

the quality and cheapness. The only thing that will be certain of that sort is, perhaps, a fixture already—some sort of wax-cloth for a lobby.

"I look to London with bodings of a huge, dim, most vexed character. Never shall, with my whole heart, have as much of the 'Hoping to do yourself' as you can undertake. In me is little Hope, or only Hope of a kind that I call 'desperate'—a Hope that recognises all earthly things to be *Lug und Trug;* and yet under them, and symbollically hid in them, are *Ewiges und Wahres;* of this same desperate Hope I have for many years (God be thanked for it!) never been bereft, nay, on the whole, grown full and fuller of it. For the present, I lie quite becalmed. Not *calm*, alas! that is a very different matter. I am doing, and can set at doing, nothing, or as good as that. No line have I written for months; only reading whole heaps of Books, with little profit. In any case, befall what may, I see it to be the best of the Unseen Guide that I shall come to you, so I come *getrosten Muthes*. You, my dear Friend, and your kind, hopeful, and helpful words, fall like sunlight through the waste weltering chaos. May the Heavens bless you for it!

"And so with all manner of good wishes, and as much of Hope, 'desperate' and other, as may be,

"Ever yours affectionately,

"T. CARLYLE.

"My wife, full of cares, tumults, and headaches, and I doubt also of indolence, bribes me to write this letter, not unwillingly, which you are to take as hers, and her love with it."

Carové, the author of the "Story without an End," to whom Mrs. Austin sent a copy of her translation, wrote her a very characteristic letter, full of high-flown German sentiment, which it is difficult to render in English.

Prof. F. W. Carové to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"FRANKFURT, *May* 23, 1834.

"MOST HONOURED LADY,—The beautiful little book which you have so kindly sent me was a most agreeable surprise.

The 'Story without an End' is one of the few wild flowers which I have been able to pluck in a pleasant oasis in my journey through life. I almost blush to see it so daintily adorned, as a lily of the valley would hang its head if it were transported into a richly-gilt vase. But when I read your touching and charming dedication to your child, when I see the kindly words you address to the writer of the little tale, I envied the wild flower. To be plucked by such hands and planted by the love of a mother in the pure heart of a child: it has attained its highest and best destiny. To encourage children's hearts to love the beautiful and the good, to feed them on the flowers which fall on starlit nights like manna from the skies, caught by gentle, poetical hands and distributed to children by the light of day—this is the task you have set yourself, and it is worthy of a true and happy mother. The stars are reflected undimmed and brilliant in the crystal hearts of children; they assimilate beautiful and noble things into their very being: later, they would only receive more or less deep impressions. I feel proud that you thought my story worthy of translation into your language. I have compared your work with the original, and see with delight that by your art my tale has had the same good fortune as Goethe's 'Faust,' translated by Mr. Hayward. One is tempted to think the translations are originals, and if placed side by side, they might be hailed as twins.

"Your ever devoted,
"F. W. Carové."

The same year Mrs. Austin published "Reports on the State of Public Instruction in Prussia," translated from Victor Cousin, with a Preface. Sir W. Hamilton writes: "The execution of your task has done justice to its paramount importance. You must be altogether sick and surfeited with praise, but just let me say that I am entirely of your opinion in *everything* you say in your Preface."

Robert Southey to Sarah Austin.

"KESWICK, *June*, 1834.

"DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—I have just received your translation of M. Cousin's Report, and with it your note. Our wishes and views on the momentous subject seem to be entirely accordant. I shall enter upon it fully ere long in writing the life of my poor old friend Dr. Bell.

"Would that I could see how it were possible to restore the sense of duty, and the principle of religious contentment, in this distracted and corrupted nation, where the whole tendency of public life (in its widest sense) is to counteract the best principles that can be inculcated on education! Would I could see what is to save a nation from destruction, when the prevailing opinion is that our duty to God and to our neighbour may be dispensed with, and that every one's duty is only to himself!

"I shall read your book with great interest. I have never been in Prussia, but what I have seen of the Prussians impressed me much in their favour. There was a national feeling about them which promised well for the strength and stability of their country; and their government, according to all that I have been able to learn concerning it, seems to have the welfare of the people at heart, and to be doing everything for their improvement that circumstances render possible.

"You, I trust, will live to see something done by our Government in the same spirit. But there must first be more regard to religion and morality in its counsels, and then there must be men in authority who know that it is folly, or worse than folly, to erect an edifice upon the sand.

"Farewell, dear madam, and believe me, with sincere respect,

"Yours,

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

The following letter from the Provost of Eton relates to the translation from the German of a book, which Mrs. Austin undertook at his suggestion. She alludes to this book in writing to Mr. Murray (Dec. 26, 1834), as "Grecian Antiquities, or Illustrations of the Religious, Moral, Civil, and Domestic

History and Manners of the Greeks, for the use of Schools, by Dr. Heinrich Hase;" and to Rev. Mr. Howes (translator of Horace, Persius, &c.) she writes :—

"I have not put my name to it, but have no objection to tell my friends that it is mine. For the Greek I am not responsible. The proofs have all gone through Dr. Hawtrey's hands, as well as those of my friend Dr. Rosen. The original is written in the worst of bad German styles ; I hope I have succeeded in making it more readable."

Rev. E. Hawtrey to Sarah Austin.

"Eton College, *May* 26, 1835.

"Dear Mrs. Austin,—I quite approve of your and Hase's idea about the burning, and have inserted your alteration in the proofs, which I had from Murray.

"The only thing in the book which I am out of conceit with is my translation of the 'Swallow.' I do not say this to draw you into giving it praise which it does not merit, but merely because it seems to me to be put forward in too naked a way where its presence is not excused by the insertion of any other translations. It is too late now to leave it out, without cancelling a sheet. I should have kept it for the end, had I not thought Mr. Sotheby's translation of 'the Home' were to be inserted. I have seen a great deal of M. de Beaumont, and think him more like a gentleman than any Frenchman I ever met. Generally speaking, I think the French (except the good old *aile de pigeon noblesse* and *abbés*) are as unlike gentlemen as possible.

"I hope you like Coleridge's 'Table Talk.' Henry Coleridge seems to have done his work very well ; but if the judge had had the same opportunities, he would have done it better. It is surprising to read so much sound practical sense from a man who was all his life the victim of capricious and over-indulged sensibility.

"I am just now going to Cambridge to endeavour to persuade my college to give me a living, to which I have all the claim which seniority, and the established custom of giving

those which fall vacant to the next in rotation, can give. But it seems that twenty years' hard work at Eton, instead of the same number of years doing nothing in college, is considered an objection.

"The narrow-mindedness of college idlers perhaps exceeds that of any other class of men existing.

"I shall send for Cochrane's review, and read it with great interest.

"Pray make my best compliments to Mr. Austin, who, I hope, finds Hastings as beneficial as at first. My sister sends her kindest regards to you and Lucie, and I am,

"Dear Mrs. Austin,

"Yours very sincerely,

"E. HAWTREY."

Charles Buller to Sarah Austin.

"LONDON, *June* 11, 1835.

"MY DEAR PROFESSORIN,—My speech on the Ballot was indeed most successful. The rascally reporters burked me—merely through indolence, I believe—so that I have not got my due credit in the country; but in the House the effect was most favourable, and will do me permanent good there. Molesworth's speech was singular, but the House liked its manliness very much. Grote's was capital, in his cold, correct style. Ward's and Strutt's were also good. Nothing could be worse than our opponents'—all of them, especially Lord John's, Stanley's, and Peel's.

"When Mr. Austin comes to town, I hope he will come and see us. I don't say now that we can offer him a bed; but the old Cove dines every day at three, and Mr. Austin will every day be welcome. I am very sorry to hear from you so bad an account of his health. Do you think Hastings agrees with him? I wish these d—d Whigs would give him a pension, or some good appointment; but they are a spiritless, heartless *canaille*.

"Believe me,

"Yours most dutifully,

"CHARLES BULLER, JUN."

CHAPTER X.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

The Austins go to Boulogne—Lord Jeffrey on Mrs. Austin's Prospects—Rev. Sydney Smith on Sir James Mackintosh's Life—Wreck of the *Amphitrite*—Rev. Sydney Smith on Paris—M. de Tocqueville on French Manners, &c.—Mr. Austin appointed Royal Commissioner to Malta—Lord Jeffrey to Mrs. Austin.

Mr. Austin had for some time determined to leave England, and seek an obscure and tranquil retreat on the Continent, where they might live upon their very small means. Boulogne was selected, and there the Austins lived for more than a year, Mrs. Austin busily occupied translating Von Raumer's "England in 1835," which came out the following year.

Lord Jeffrey to Sarah Austin.

"*July*, 1835.

"I take offence at you, my best and brightest! You do not think it possible, and you *know* that it is not. I have never felt anything for you but thankfulness for your kindness, and admiration for excellencies which it did me good to think of. If I spoke too lightly of your trials, it was but in a mistaken purpose of comfort, and partly in hope of making you think lightly of them too. One of the cures for despondency is to look on life as but a poor play, and it is a remedy, or at least an ingredient in the remedy, and no way dangerous to those whose temperament is not misanthropical. Rest assured, my most dear Chit, that before you are threescore years of age, and have bowed under the load of the successive bereavements which must be encountered in such a course, aye, and have risen again

from the blow, and felt the inextinguishable spirit of love and humanity reviving in the crushed heart, and looking ahead with its old affections on a new earth and a new heaven, you will learn to smile, though more in pity than in scorn, at this unsubstantial pageant of existence; and feel how much a deep and habitual sense of its nothingness can soften the sense of its ills. Have you not health and a great intellect, and a good conscience, and a kind heart, and devoted friends, and a fair measure of fame and admiration, and a generous disposition, and a pure taste, and a relish for all pure and elegant enjoyments: and a power of engaging love and respect wherever you go, and of valuing the sentiments you inspire? How dull this writing is! I think I could talk soothingly to you, if we were sitting in the clear sun on the green downs near Hastings, or in the soft shade of my dear Kensington, for then I could see your deep grand eyes and your moving lips, and know when to stop or how to go on. But now I may be distressing you, or at all events tiring you to death. Pray forgive me—I have done.

"I wish anything to prosper in which you take an interest. But no *radical* publication or radical scheme will prosper in this generation. In mere numbers and physical strength they are far weaker than their opponents (at least as long as wages are tolerable), and taking the wealth, union, and intelligence of the other party into view, the disparity is incalculable. Even in reasoning I think they are the weakest, whatever such dogmatists as your Mill and Roebuck may pretend. For my part I think the Quakers are better political reasoners than they are, and yet nobody, I suppose, seriously expects that we shall all become Quakers. They all forget that one man's political happiness is not another's, and when the Benthamites say that it is mere ignorance and prejudice that prevents their standard from being universally adopted, they forget that some dozen of other more numerous sects say the same thing, and are quite as sincere and confident that theirs is the great truth, and that it alone must prevail. As to the desirableness of meat, clothes, and fire, they are all agreed, but differ widely enough as to the best means of making them easily accessible, and will differ, as well as to the relative value of the higher elements of enjoy-

ment for five thousand years to come. You think all this very poor and shallow, and I dare say it is, but it is not the less true that the Radicals are in a great minority, especially among the reading classes, and consequently that no Radical review will prosper or be able to pay its contributors from natural resources for five quarters.

"You know I am a little heretical about education, or sceptical rather, for I do not disapprove of most of your practical views—I only distrust their effects, especially on the morality, good order, and manageableness of society. I agree, however, that education should be as much extended and as much improved as possible. Not because I believe it will promote those objects—for I rather apprehend its effect will be the reverse—but because I believe it will increase the range of enjoyment of individuals, far more than it will endanger those objects.

"Ever most affectionately yours,

"F. JEFFREY.

"P.S.—Which of your many portraits had most success in the Exhibition? I must have mine back by and by."

My grandmother had asked Mrs. Sydney Smith to get her an English maid, which elicited the following characteristic note from Mr. Sydney Smith.

Rev. Sydney Smith to Sarah Austin.

"COMBE FLOREY, *August* 28, 1835.

"DEAR MRS AUSTIN,—Many thanks. The damsel will not take to the water, but we have found another in the house who has long been accustomed to the water, being no other than our laundry-maid. She had some little dread of a ship, but as I have assured her it is like a tub, she is comforted.

"I think you will like Sir James Mackintosh's Life; it is full of his own thoughts upon men, books, and events, and I derived from it the greatest pleasure. He makes most honourable mention of your mother—whom I only know by one of her productions—enough to secure my admiration. By the by,

what an atrocious attack upon Mackintosh is made by Mill. Cannot Bentham and Utility be defended with urbanity? Can it be generally useful to speak with indecent contempt of a man whom so many of sense admired, and who is no longer in the land of the living? It is impossible to read this violent pamphlet without siding with the accused against the accuser.

"Hayward came to stay here for a day; you know he is very black—and as he lives at Lyme, I gave him the name of *Carbonate of Lime*. Pray excuse the liberty taken with the personal charms of your beau. I should not scruple to draw upon your good nature if I had any occasion to do so, but as to my French journey, the only use you can be to me is to be as amiable and agreeable when I see you at Boulogne as I have found you on this side of the water. But at Boulogne I can only say a few winged words and leave you a flying benediction, as I am going by Rouen and mean to see a good deal in a little time. Oh yes, I want to find a good sleeping-place between Rouen and Paris, as I want to arrive at Paris in the day, to have time enough to find good quarters.

"Love to Lucie. God bless you, dear Mrs. Austin, my best wishes attend you always.

"SYDNEY SMITH."

At Boulogne Mrs. Austin made many friends among the fishermen and their wives. From the first "la belle Anglaise" was extremely popular, but her gallant conduct when the *Amphitrite* was wrecked one stormy night on the Boulogne sands made the whole *matelote* population adore her. The *Amphitrite* was going to Botany Bay with female convicts, and Mrs. Austin, with the extraordinary energy and determination which always distinguished her, stood the whole night wet through on the beach, receiving the few survivors, and seeing that they were cared for. She saved one woman's life by dashing into the sea and pulling her to land. One of the pilots, "Henin," greatly distinguished himself, and when he went to Paris to receive the Cross of the Légion d'Honneur from the King for his gallantry, Mrs. Austin gave him a letter

to the Says. There Henin could talk of nothing but "la belle Anglaise" and her dear little girl and their courage. The Royal Humane Society gave Mrs. Austin a diploma[1] for saving life, and one of the poor convicts presented her with a book which was washed up from the wreck and found on the sands. A curious book it is to have been in a convict ship, "The Mirrour of Magistrates." It was sadly torn and battered, but has been pieced together as skilfully as could be managed.

Rev. Sydney Smith to Sarah Austin.

"Hotel de Londres, Place Vendome,
"*October* 11, 1835.

"Dear Mrs. Austin,—We lost a day in coming from London by a refractory wheel, and another day at Dover by losing the first day. We were delighted with the Hotel of Dessein, and admired the waiter and chambermaid as two of the best-bred people we had ever seen. The next sensation was at Rouen. Nothing (as you know) can be finer. Ships, mountains, trees, churches, antiquities, commerce. Everything which makes life interesting and agreeable. I thank you for your advice which sent me by the lower road to Paris. My general plan in life has been to avoid low roads and to walk in high places—but from Rouen to Paris is an exception.

"We are well lodged in an hotel with a bad kitchen. I

[1] "At a Committee, holden September, 1833, Benjamin Hawes, Esq., F.S.A., in the chair.

"It was unanimously resolved—That the grateful and sincere thanks of this Committee are justly due, and are hereby presented, inscribed on vellum, to Mrs. Austin, for the lively solicitude which she manifested for the fulfilment of the important objects of this Institution, on the occasion of the calamitous wreck of the British convict ship *Amphitrite*, off the port of Boulogne-sur-Mer, on the night of the 31st August last; when, by her presence of mind, perseverance, and humanity, in conjunction with that of Mrs. John Curtis, she had the happiness, under Divine Providence, to recover three of the mariners of the above vessel, who were washed on shore by the violence of the gale, and taken to the Marine Hotel in a state of insensibility.

"(Signed) Northumberland (*President*).
"Benjamin Hawes (*Chairman*)."

The "Humane Society's Report" for 1834, page 79.

agree in the common praise of French living. Light wines, and meat thoroughly subdued by human skill, are more agreeable to me than the barbarous Stone-Henge masses of meat with which we feed ourselves. Paris is very full. I look at it with some attention, as I am not sure I may not end my days in it. I suspect the fifth act of life should be in great cities; it is there in the long deaths of old age that a man most forgets himself and his infirmities, receives the greatest consolation from friends and the greatest diversions from external circumstances.

"Pray tell me how often the steamboats go from Boulogne, and when will the tides best answer so as to go from harbour to harbour in the week beginning Sunday, 25th October? Pray excuse the trouble; I have always compunctions in asking you to do anything useful. It is as if one was to use Blonde lace for a napkin—or to drink toast and water out of a ruby cup. A clownish confusion of what is splendid and what is serviceable. Love to Lucie. I remain always, dear Mrs. Austin, sincerely and respectfully yours,

"SYDNEY SMITH."

Alexis de Tocqueville to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"CHÂTEAU DE BAUJY, *Nov.* 26, 1835.

"I should be inexcusable, dear madam, not to have answered your charming letter before, but it waited at Paris for my return from a short journey. I now hasten to reply and to say how much I wish to present Madame de Tocqueville to you. I hope with her to enjoy two things not easily found united in this world—a busy intellectual and a tranquil calm home-life. Such is my dream; and in order to make it a reality, I have had the audacity to choose my wife for myself. Now that the thing is done, a good many people think I acted wisely. But I do not aspire to revolutionise our habits; many a year will pass by ere marriage, generally speaking, will cease to be anything but an '*affaire*.'

"What you say about M. R. and men of his condition is perfectly true. In France, simple and elegant manners are only found among the scions of old families. Others are either vulgar or too particular and careful. This comes, I fancy, from the state of revolution, which still endures; it is a crisis we must pass through. In the confusion which subsists, new men do not know how to distinguish themselves. Some conceive that rudeness and pushing will make them remarkable; others, that minute attention to the smallest detail will cloak their low origin. Both are uneasy about the results of their attempts, and their uneasiness is betrayed by affected assurance. Men who are born and brought up with the habit of being by *right* in the first society, do not think of these things; they have a natural ease of manner, and, without thinking, attain the goal the others strive for in vain. But I trust that a time will come when a model will be established of good manners and good taste, to which you will see all well-educated people conform, just as among the aristocracy there is a certain code to which all bow without discussion, and I may say, without being aware of it.

"You see, dear madam, that I preserve my democratic tendencies in spite of your observations. I am an adherent of democracy without being blind to its defects and its dangers; I may say I am so because I see them clearly. I am thoroughly convinced that nothing will prevent its ultimate triumph, and that it is only by going with the current, and trying to direct it is as far as possible towards progress, that the evils may be diminished and the possible good be developed.

"I must ask your forgiveness for turning a letter into a dull lecture of political philosophy, but it was you who first started the subject, and you must take the consequences. However, let the world go as it pleases, and let me talk a little of ourselves. You say you are not coming to Paris; I am sorry and surprised. Do you really mean to spend the winter on the sands of Boulogne? Do you not know that a provincial town is the most impossible place in the world, and that there is no medium between a capital city and a desert? The climate of London does not suit Mr. Austin, dulness will drive him from Boulogne, and wherever you go you must pass through Paris.

So I shall expect you, dear madam, and hope soon to tell you *de vive voix* that I am always

"Yours sincerely,

"ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE."

In 1836 a proposal was made to Mr. Austin, as I have already mentioned in the short sketch of his life, to go to Malta as a Royal Commissioner, to inquire into the nature and extent of the grievances of which the natives of that island complained. He accepted an appointment for which he was peculiarly fitted, and returned to London to prepare for sailing to Malta. It was not thought advisable to take a young girl to so hot a climate, and Lucie Austin was entrusted to the care of a Miss Shepherd, who kept a school at Bromley Common.

I have heard that my grandmother's personal merits were taken into account in this nomination ; she is not forgotten yet in Malta, for a well-known and popular Maltese, Sir Adrian Dingli, writes to me :—

"Your grandmother was very popular with my countrymen, and contributed largely with Mr. Austin and Mr. Lewis to break down a barrier raised by a clique of old English residents who had for many years successfully worked to keep the *natives* at a distance from the Government and from the so-called society. She took a leading part in the reform of the primary schools, and is still regarded here as a friend."

Lord Jeffrey wrote, on hearing of the appointment to Malta :—

Lord Jeffrey to Sarah Austin.

"EDINBURGH, *August* 31, 1836.

"MY VERY DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—I am so sorry you are going to such a distance ! We thought it bad enough when you spent a summer at Boulogne, and now you are embarking for Malta ! It is difficult to get over that—and I saw so little of

you this spring! And where or what shall I be by the time you return? Yet, if you like it, it is folly to repine, and if you think it your duty, ought we not all to cheer and applaud you? Yes, we shall all come right, if you will only give pledges that you will be safe, and not stay away too long. I have not yet heard how long you expect to be; and what is short at your age, may well be long at mine. But do let me know, and assure me (of what I do not doubt), that neither Turks nor Grecians, nor Knights Templars nor Corsairs, nor Italy nor Egypt or Palestine shall ever divide you from the love of your own dear England, or make you forget those who there love and remember you. No, no; you are not of that order of beings, though I've basely doubted you of late, and feel this desertion as a sort of judgment on my little faith. As I *must* be forgiven before you go, I am bound to confess my transgressions, and shall therefore state that I have been murmuring to Empson against you, and trying to seduce him from his allegiance, by insinuating that you were leaving your true friends for lords and ladies, and giving up your heart (though large) to vanities and vexations of the spirit—nay, saying in my jealous bitterness, 'Let her go to her President of the Council, her canons residentiary, her dandy pedagogues, her wits, flatterers, and keepers of human menageries, and see what comes thereof in the end!' It was worse, and I am bound to add that Empson resisted the infection, assured me I was mistaken, or at all events that we were sure to have you back again when the little experimental course was over, and that I tried to believe him, and had in good faith succeeded, when this fatal Maltese dispensation came entirely to humble my pride, and open my eyes to what I ought always to have seen. Pray pardon me therefore, and let this be penance and humiliation enough. I shall never again relapse into such a heresy.

"I have not yet seen your Greek book, and our Bœotian booksellers cannot tell me whether it is published or not. I should have liked better to have something more characteristic of you, to look back to in your absence—your account of the Boulogne sailors, for example; but that interesting little sketch is thrown aside, I fear, in the fever and bustle of your present preparations. At all events I have your picture, and I cannot

tell you how much I prize it. I wish you had something more worthy of you to do than these translations. I shall be curious to see your 'v. Raumer,' though I have a notion that he knows more of past times than of present, and has been too little in England. Do not forget us. Empson and I shall help each other to keep you in dear remembrance, and so farewell, Brightest and Best.

"Faithfully yours,

"F. JEFFREY."

CHAPTER XI.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Letters to Mrs. Reeve from Malta—Rev. Sydney Smith to Mrs. Austin—Mrs. Austin to Mr. Nassau Senior—Cholera and its ravages—Rev. Sydney Smith on Constitutions—Mrs. Jameson's opinions of America—Mrs. Austin to Mrs. Senior on the action of the Government—Mrs. Austin to M. Victor Cousin on Malta.

THE following letters, written during Mrs. Austin's sojourn in Malta, to Mr. and Mrs. Senior, and to her sister Mrs. Reeve, will tell of her life better than I can :—

Sarah Austin to Susan Reeve.

"LAZARETTO, MALTA, *Oct.*, 1836.

"DEAR SISTER,—Nothing can be more improving, animating, beautiful, and unlike the rest of existence, than the first sight of the interior of an English man-of-war ; the first day or two passed in her in the midst of all her pomp and glory, her orderly tumult, her difficulties and her power ; but the weariness that comes on after some days is indescribable. Accordingly, after a ten days' passage from Marseilles on board the magnificent frigate *Vernon*, nothing could exceed our impatience at the calm which kept us hanging off the coast of Malta, nor the joy with which we saw the steam-frigate *Medea* coming out of the harbour to tow us in. I shall never forget the effect which her rapid undeviating course had upon me, after ten days of tacking, watching, longing for winds that would not blow. It was like the course of a man who asks no help but of his own judgment and his own inflexible will, compared with that of a weak and dependent woman shaping her way by every changing

mood. In an hour from the time she took our towing rope we were in the great harbour of Valletta. No description, and I think no painting, can do justice to the wonderful aspect. In the first place the many harbours, the way in which the rocky points throw themselves out into the sea ; then the colouring, the points a rich yellow white, the bays deep blue, and both lying under a sky which renders every object sharp, and every shadow deep and defined. The fortifications which grow out of all these headlands are so engrafted on the rocks, that you cannot see where the one begins and the other ends. The high massive walls overlap and intersect at so many points, that there can be no monotony. In the bright sunlight the shadows of all these angles cut the earth or the sea just as variously as the solid walls do the sky. Above all rose the city with its many churches. The most striking objects seen from the port are the splendid Albergo di Castiglia, the lighthouse on Fort St. Elmo, and the Barracca, a row of arches standing on a lofty point and surrounded with trees—the only ones visible. Imagine these walls and bastions, this Barracca, and every balcony overlooking the harbour crowded with people, whose cheers as we entered the harbour rang across the waves and re-echoed from side to side, with an effect that to me, who expected nothing, was quite overpowering. Till this moment I had hardly been conscious of the awful task committed to my husband ; I felt those cheers, eager and vehement as they were, as the voice of the suffering calling for help and for justice. While the officers around me were gaily congratulating me on a reception so flattering, I could say nothing, and turned away to hide my tears.

"Innumerable Maltese boats were flitting about the harbour, all painted bright green and red. Their build is peculiar ; the prow rises like a swan's neck. Most of them have a little flag, those belonging to the Lazaretto being distinguished by a yellow one. They are rowed by two men standing, who at every stroke bend forward and throw their weight upon the oar. Most of them wear the long red woollen shawl, which they get from Tripoli, girded round the loins ; their dress is a blue jacket and blue or white trowsers, and the flat straw hat of our sailors. Nothing can be gayer than the appearance of

these boats, while darting through them might be seen all the varieties of man-of-war's boats, with all the characteristics of their nation about them—steadiness, precision, order, promptitude, neatness, and quietness.

"As the sun sank in the cloudless sky, the guns from all the ships were fired, and the bells and hum of the city were distinctly audible. The *Vernon's* barge took us into the Quarantine harbour, which lies on the other side of the tongue of land on which stands Valletta. At the Lazaretto we found Mr. Greig, the superintendent of Quarantine, waiting to introduce us to our rooms, for we are supposed to be infected, as the *Vernon* came from the Levant to fetch us at Marseilles. The stillness of this very comfortable prison contrasted strongly with the scene we had left, and was a great relief to wearied travellers.

Sarah Austin to Susan Reeve.

"VALLETTA, *Nov.* 4, 1836.

"DEAR SISTER,—If you see Lucie, she can give you a description of our entry—triumphant, I might call it, were it not rather the result of expectation of what is to be done than of satisfaction at any results. Indeed, we all felt it to be very affecting and even oppressive.

"I greatly fear that all this popularity will vanish when the poor Maltese find the Commissioners don't make bread cheap and give them work ; but we shall see. Their first act was yesterday to send for the leaders of the complainants.

"I have already a strong persuasion that much of the disgust and discontent arises from the insolence, prejudice, and want of breeding of the English. If they bully where they are on sufferance (as on the Continent), what will they do where, as the Marchese di Piro said to me, *chaque petit employé se croit un roi.* The result is that the noble Maltese families, poor and proud, depressed and insulted, have entirely retired from the society of the English, and the most complete hatred and *éloignement* prevail. Such are the elements out of which I have to make my society.

"The English have all left their cards, because they must.

The Commissioners are the third persons in the island, having precedence of all but the Governor (when he comes) and the Archbishop. As Sir H. Bouverie has no wife, I take precedence, if I choose to claim it, of every woman in the island ; and though you may believe I shall never assert this, yet I suspect the great ladies know it, and like me accordingly. The Maltese, with few exceptions, stay away, because, as the Marchese di Piro said, they tremble at the thought of being repulsed. I have told Sir Ignatius Bonavia, the intelligent judge, to be my mediator with them, and to assure them how flattered I shall be by their visits or how happy to visit them. He and the di Piro family declare that they will be honoured, delighted, touched, &c. ; all which I believe, because they are used to such different conduct. But then how will the English ladies bear this—so strong a censure, though a tacit one, on their conduct ? Very likely there are causes of disgust on both sides ; but I suspect intolerance of all foreign manners and habits, combined with the *prepotenza* of masters, have been carried to great lengths, and have done as much mischief as any acts or system of misgovernment. You may imagine that I am not on roses. I regard my Maltese servants as (probably) spies. I *know* that every word we utter, and every act we do, is watched and reported with the intense interest of hope and fear. So, my dear sister, my grandeurs have their usual concomitant of *gêne* and anxiety. I hope by implicit civility, caution, and kindness, to get through my difficult task ; but it *is* difficult."

Rev. Sydney Smith to Sarah Austin.

"33, CHARLES STREET, *Nov.* 30, 1836.

"MY DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—Your reception at Malta was just what it ought to be everywhere, for I have no doubt all the *vivats* were intended for you and not for the philosophers. Doubtless the two disciples of Bentham thought that the Maltese were hailing Liberal principles and transcendental Benthamism, whereas it was the joy at seeing Donna Amabile Inglese.

"You may depend upon it all lives out of London are mis-

takes, more or less grievous—but mistakes. I have been here the whole of November, dining out as usual every day. No political news; the Whigs have had bad luck in Spain and Portugal, but I see no probability of a change. We had a great run at Combe Florey this year of the learned and the fair, and I passed not a disagreeable summer; but nobody is more agreeable than you, so pray come home as soon as you can, and don't ruin your constitution in order to give a Constitution to Malta. The Maltese can live without Liberty, but how can I live without you? So come, or I positively will book myself for Malta, and perspire with you for a couple of months, as I would freeze with you under the pole. What more of gallantry can an aged priest add?

"Yours affectionately,

"SYDNEY SMITH."

Sarah Austin to Nassau Senior.

"VALETTA, *Jan.* 12, 1837.

"DEAR MR. SENIOR,—We should be very glad to afford two or three intelligent, inquiring men here an opportunity of referring to some of the English Parliamentary Reports, particularly any on Pauperism or Education, or any of the subjects from which they can expect useful suggestions. You will do Malta and the Commissioners a great service. Mr. Lewis has lent Dr. Sciortino, a very clever advocate and leading *Liberal*, your 'Preface to the Foreign Reports.' No country can stand in greater need of enlightenment than this, where marriage is so criminally and disgustingly early and so dreadfully prolific. I have seen a husband of fifteen; mothers, under twenty, of four or five children are not rare; and the recklessness seems to increase with the misery. One cause seems to me that domestic servants are almost all men; in our house, five out of six are men, and I cannot help it. As the cotton spinning and weaving has so greatly declined, there is no employment for girls, and mothers strive to marry their daughters at all events. One said to me, *Ma che farò delle mie zitelle? Con un marito mangiano un pezzo di pane, o bianco,*

o nero. Se no, prenderanno la cattiva strada.[1] All this is true except the *pezzo di pane*, which even *nero* is not always to be got, especially for eight or ten new-comers. I was told to-day that a boy of fourteen who was going to be married had given it up on hearing that the Commissioners had made a law against marrying under twenty. I said, 'I hope you didn't undeceive him.'

"Tell Mr. Stephen I received his wife's kind note, and thank both him and her cordially. Tell him I am assured by several Maltese gentlemen that they think the people would not refuse to emigrate if they could be sure that they would have priests, doctors, &c., with them, and live under the same government and protection as here. It seems they have always imagined they were to be abandoned to their fate. Even these gentlemen seem to have no other notion of colonizing. They call emigrating leaving wife and children for an indefinite time, and going to Egypt or Greece to find work. They are so quiet, sober, frugal and docile, that I should think they would make excellent settlers, if willing.

"Such a state of extreme and hopeless destitution can hardly be conceived. The failure of the cotton manufacture—partly caused by the exclusion of Malta cotton from Spain, partly by the introduction of English here—has taken from the people of the Cazals their only means of living, save agriculture; and how insufficient that must be, you may guess. Lewis and I had half a mind to write to some influential or rich men in England to get up a subscription with a view to allay the present intense suffering. It would have a very good effect on the minds of the people here, as a proof of sympathy; but Sir H. Bouverie, when I spoke to him, objected, certainly on the soundest principles, to do anything to keep up the habit of depending on Government or others for aid. I still think, however, a voluntary subscription would do little harm in this way, the Government always steadily refusing succour, as it ought.

[1] "But what am I to do with my girls? With a husband they will at any rate eat a bit of bread, either white or black. Otherwise, they will go to the bad."

"A Maltese told me the other day he did not believe it possible that *any Englishman* could have gained the confidence of the people to the degree Mr. Austin had gained it. I allow for flattery; but yet it is clear they have confidence in the Commission.

"The moral and intellectual destitution of the people is dreadful. No schools in the Cazals, no *tolerable* education for the middling classes; an university whose first professor receives £25 a year, and to which no attention is paid by the Government; no press, no place for discussion, no intercourse with the English of an amicable and instructive kind—what wonder if they are ignorant and childish?

"The only thing I *cannot* understand is how life is sustained under such circumstances. What I remark is this, When it is a question of laughing at the Maltese, no words can be found contemptuous enough for their poverty. When it is a question to inquire seriously into their state—to give at least pity, attention, reflection, if not aid, then it is all exaggeration; they are not worse off than the Irish, perhaps not than some of the English. Their landlords ought to help them. The Maltese gentry won't support their poor—reasons for stopping the ear and steeling the heart. I am afraid it is too true that many of the pretty, graceful girls we see about are very insufficiently fed. I find many striking resemblances to the Irish; there is one great difference—all will suffer any privation to appear decently dressed at church and in the streets; and this laudable feeling disguises their poverty.

"I ventured to send through my sister a petition to Mrs. Senior on behalf of some of the poor girls who make lace. I hope by another packet to send her a little specimen of their embroidery, the beauty and cheapness of which may recommend it. It is chiefly done by daughters of decayed families. Pray give my kindest regards to her. Let us hear of you all, and don't forget your little knot of friends here. Can you tell me anything of John Mill? Remember how precious news of our friends is to us. Our very best regards to Mr. and Mrs. Stephen.

"Yours ever,

"SARAH AUSTIN."

Sarah Austin to Susan Reeve.

"Sliema, Malta, *August* 9, 1837.

"Dear Susan,—Heat interruptions, but above all a shock that really unfitted me for anything, have kept me from writing. I must tell you this tragical history. One of the persons whom I know the best and like the best here is a Mrs. Sammut, wife of a Dr. Sammut, whom I never saw, he having, for the sake of securing a small pension, gone on board an English man-of-war as surgeon two years ago. They had just lost a beautiful little girl when we came, and Mrs. Sammut only began to recover enough to go out. She had eight children. The two eldest daughters, both married, had been the most admired girls in Malta; the grown-up single daughter was an excellent and charming girl. From the first appearance of cholera, poor Mrs. Sammut was overwhelmed with terror; her daughter, Mrs. Dedminno, and she came together to see me one evening, looking like spectres, and I said then, 'If they are attacked, they will die.' The daughter was attacked, struggled a week, and died, leaving a baby. Last Monday, what was my horror (knowing the mother) at hearing that Carmela was attacked and dying. On Wednesday morning she died. But imagine that on Tuesday, the father—the most doting of fathers—returned, after his two years' exile from his family! I had sent on Tuesday to ask Mrs. Sammut to send me her two little children, and I cannot describe to you how affecting it was to hear them talk of the presents papa had brought from England for mamma and Carmela. Poor Carmela said on Tuesday, 'As soon as I am up again, I shall take papa to see Mrs. Austin.' From the first, I have endeavoured to make my large house and fine situation useful to convalescents, and thus I have had two young men who had just escaped, and several poor girls, who had been passing the last two months under the combined influence of rigorous confinement to the house, insufficient food, and incessant fear and gloom. This feeble, abject terror, this inability to look death in the face, was always despicable to me; it is now odious. Under its influence I have seen mothers refuse to go near their children, husbands their wives. I have seen one of eight brothers (in the upper classes), not *one* of

whom would approach their father's death-bed. In short, every variety of atrocious selfishness. These are the people who die. For myself I never feared ; I am not very solicitous to live, nor do I think myself very obnoxious to this sort of complaint. As to cure, it is anything, everything, nothing. Nobody knows. Everything succeeds—everything fails. I have kept on my course, eating the same, riding in the much-dreaded *sereno* every evening, bathing in the sea (prohibited most emphatically, I cannot guess why) every day—in short, altering nothing ; and but for the dreadful heat I should be perfectly well. To-day is terrific. You have not the faintest idea what *sun* means. The rocks in my little bay where I bathe, if only a hand's-breadth is out of the water, are so hot you cannot touch them. Yet it is seldom stifling as in London. You sit still, and the perspiration runs off in a continued stream. Then the sea-breeze comes, rustling the leaves and rippling the sea, and you are refreshed. The trying days are those of the *scirocco* or the *libeccio ;* and once in a few years they are reminded that Malta is in Africa by a blast of the simoom.

"*August* 15.

"I add a word to say that we are all alive. We have lost about four thousand people off our little rock ; you may think how thankful I am Lucie is not here—God help her ! I trust she is gone, or going, to Coed Dhu. The thought of the wood and the river makes me *thirsty*. But I must not forget our oranges, figs, melons, water-melons, peaches, nectarines, grapes, all so fine, so plentiful—and our boats on the blue sea. If made the most of, Malta might have many attractions. This is a sad letter ; pray send me something cheerful."

Rev. Sydney Smith to Sarah Austin.

"33, CHARLES STREET, *Nov.* 9, 1837.

"Ah, dear lady, is it you, and do I see again your hand-writing ?—and when shall I see myself, as the Irish say ? I am alone in London, without Mrs. Smith, upon duty at St. Paul's. London, however, is full from one of these eternal dissolutions and reassemblings of parliaments, with which these latter days have abounded.

"I wish you were back again. Nobody is so agreeable, so frank, so loyal, so good-hearted. The Whigs will remain in; they are in no present danger. Is the code of laws nearly finished? They say the Isles of Sark, Alderney, and Man, are jealous of the legislative opulence bestowed upon Malta, and are determined to have a constitution from Austin, Lewis, and Co. Have you any little constitutions to spare?

"I do not think I have made any new female friends since I saw you, but have been faithful to you. I have not seen your friend Jeffrey for these two years; he did not come to town last year. I hear with pleasure of his fame as a Judge. I am going back to Combe Florey the end of this month till the beginning of March, and then in London for some months, when I sincerely hope to see you. If I do not I will not survive it, but fling myself from the top of an omnibus on the pavement below, crying out, 'Austin! Austin! Malta! Malta!'

"Ever affectionately yours,

"SYDNEY SMITH."

The following letter from Mrs. Jameson, who was an intimate friend of Mrs. Austin, is interesting:—

Anna Jameson to Sarah Austin.

"PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 27, 1837.

"This, my dearest friend, is the third letter I have written to you since I received yours, dated last March. Now until I reach England I have no chance of hearing from you or of you, or where you are or how you are. The hope that when I arrive in London I may meet you there, comes over me sometimes with a feeling of delight which makes me dread disappointment. I must not give way to such a hope, for which, in truth, I have no foundation, except the expression in your letter that it was not likely you would spend another winter in Malta. How much we shall have to tell each other—what histories! My budget is full of all manner of things in *my* way—and yours? Your path is among deeper waters: I go paddling about among sunny shallows, afraid of venturing beyond my

depth ; and *you* launch into the wide sea of human interests, politics and governments, fearless and assured in principle, and when earth is left behind, looking to the stars of heaven. What have you been doing—you who are *never* idle, and who continue to crowd into a given time more good to others and yourself than any one I have ever known ? Wherever you are, however you be, and whatever you do, how I wish I were with you ! I am preparing to cross that wide, dark, wintry Atlantic, and shiver a little at the thought ; but the thought of home, my own dear people who make my home, and dear familiar faces and firesides, and hearts on which the aching head can rest itself—all these rise up before me, and the voyage, with all its manifold miseries, seems but a step across a summer brook. I left Toronto before the breaking out of the disturbances, luckily ; for though I think the lamentable folly of the people in being led by a few men into premature resistance could end no otherwise, yet I have sympathies with them. There has been much error and misrule on the part of our Government, and the magnificent capabilities of Canada seem, as yet, little understood. If any one can do good, it will be Sir Francis Head, a truth-telling, large-minded, strong-headed man, the first, I apprehend, whom they have had in the Upper Country that united liberality and decision. Sir John Colborne, whom I also know, I admired as a fine, true-hearted soldier ; as for Lord Gosford, I must own I rather wondered how the deuce he got *there*.

" After all, Harriet Martineau has left little to say ; her book, as far as I can judge, is the truest of books, though I do not always agree with her views—which may, indeed, proceed from my own ignorance. There are people here who would willingly roast her before a slow fire and eat her up afterwards, I believe ; but among candid and intelligent people there is but one opinion—that the book is a fair book, though containing some mistakes in facts. I have no idea myself of writing anything, except on the only subject I do understand, *i.e.*, the state of art in this country, which is more interesting than you could easily imagine. This, and my tour among the Indians, will be the subject of my next perpetration. I am now staying with Fanny Butler, who is certainly the most gifted creature it has ever been

my lot to meet with, take her altogether. Health and strength, intellect and genius, the most robust temperament, the most fearless, uncompromising love of truth. Put these together, with youth, riches, happiness : don't you think this is a group of bright ideas ? That there may be some little flaws, that in this '*superflu d'âme et de vie*' there should be, at times, a little *too muchness*—all this, though it makes me tremble a little for her future, takes nothing from the admiration with which I regard her, for thus in the consistent, complete *human* being, it must be, and ought to be, and it will be all *fined* down in due time. Her child, though fair, has a Kemble face, and is a little curiosity—doted upon, of course, and not less admirably managed. This is all I will allow myself to say at present, for I feel as if I were talking to you, and pour all out as if my paper were boundless and my time infinite. My dear, dear friend, how I wish I could but know how you fare ! But however that may be, you love me still, and do not forget me—of that I am as certain as of my own existence and my true affection for you. God bless you and keep you, my dear and good friend !

"I am,

"Yours affectionately,

"ANNA."

Sarah Austin to Mrs. Senior.

"VALLETTA, *March* 7, 1838.

"DEAR MRS. SENIOR,—My commissions for silk and mittens are so numerous and business so thriving that I need not encumber you with anything more unless you wish it. The Queen's commission for eight dozen pairs long and eight dozen pairs short mits, is more than I can get executed with the perfection I wish while I am here. Lady Lansdowne and others are always writing for them. As to the turban, Lady L. admires hers so much that she has written to order a dress for Lady Louisa. That, with a scarf for the Queen, will keep my best hands occupied.

"Mr. Senior's letter was a great treat. You can have no idea how barren society here is of all that makes society worth having. I shall find myself ages behind in everything relating

to books and news when I come among you. But I hope we are of some use, and that is the best thing.

"Tell Mr. Senior our revenue is very flourishing. I send him an answer to an attack on the Commissioners, which appeared in *The Times*, and was reprinted here. This answer is by Dr. Sciortino,[1] an advocate, altogether the ablest and best man we have found here. He was one of the leaders of the *extrême gauche*. He, even in England, would pass for a man of great ability, of course cramped by want of advantages.

"I cannot understand the course adopted by 'our friends the Radicals' in England. Above all, I wonder at Mr. Grote. I cannot imagine what Molesworth can mean by his motion about Lord Glenelg. Is it to please Lord Brougham? At this distance it looks like madness—particularly to us. A Maltese *ultra-Liberal*, to whom I mentioned it, said if it were carried it would be the greatest calamity for Malta, for that Lord Glenelg was the first Colonial Minister who had shown a disinterested regard to the good of the island.

"I want to get something in the way of a statistical table, as I have a notion of getting the village schoolmasters to keep a kind of register. Births, deaths, and marriages *are* registered; but I want to see the number who emigrate, who go to school, &c. If Mr. Senior has anything that would serve as a pattern, I should be very thankful for it. The Commissioners are too busy.

"Ask Mr. Senior to tell Mr. Stephen (to whom I have not time to write to-day) that 1,100 Maltese have emigrated since last November, all, or nearly all, I imagine, to the opposite coast. The people are much more occupied, beggars diminished, the island generally more cheerful. Governor's Carnival Ball the fullest ever known. I am very busy (as usual) with schools, workpeople, artists, &c.

"I bore you with Malta, but what can I say else, except that I am always,

"Yours faithfully attached,

"SARAH AUSTIN."

[1] Sir W. Reid (when Governor of Malta) said, "I know no society in which Sciortino would not be a distinguished man."

Sarah Austin to Victor Cousin.

[Translation.]

"Valletta, *April* 25, 1838.

"Dear M. Cousin,—I take advantage of Mr. Lewis's departure for London to break a silence which has lasted far too long. He will tell you of us, and of our little island, which owes so much to him, and of our reforms; but he also wants to hear you talk of Plato and Greek literature, of philosophy and politics. Make him tell you about his translations of Müller's 'History of the Dorians,' and Boeckh's 'Athenian Public Economy.' If you want to know about the political and administrative reforms my husband and his colleague have effected here, you must ask Lewis; I shall only mention my *Fach* (speciality), which is, as you know, my dear and venerated master, public instruction. It did not exist at Malta. There was one school for boys and one for girls in the town of Valletta. In obedience to the recommendations of the Commissioners, twelve more are to be established in the villages, six for each sex. Your famous book serves as our guide,[1] but we follow humbly at a distance. I am occupied in making an abridged translation (into Italian) *al uso di Malta*. Alas, what concessions we are forced to make; it is impossible to make the Maltese pay a *grano*[2] a week; they would not send their children to school. The remedy for this—compulsion—is not to be thought of. As to the obvious and economic system of sending young children of the two sexes to the same village school, equally impossible. You must know Malta to understand what *il nostro decoro* means. It is an obstacle to everything except vice.

"Then, my dear Councillor of State, image the condition of a people forced to learn four languages—(1) Maltese, a kind of bastard Arabic, which has never been reduced to any system or written down, so they conceived the brilliant idea of teaching children to read in a foreign language (Italian), and the conse-

[1] "Report on the State of Public Instruction in Prussia," by M. V. Cousin, translated by Mrs. Austin (with a Preface).

[2] Three granos make one farthing.

quence is a whole generation who read fluently without understanding a word. (2) Italian, the written language used in the courts, the pulpit, the theatre, &c. (3) English, the language of the governing class; I need not tell you how necessary a knowledge of this is to all who are not absolutely independent of us. (4) Arabic. This island swarms with inhabitants, and emigration is perpetual. The opposite coast of Africa and the Levant offer the easiest and most profitable outlet, for though the poor Maltese are far behind us in civilisation, yet they are in advance of Africa or Asia.

"So you see what we have to do. But I have never been discouraged; the Maltese are very docile, sharp and intelligent. How much there is to say about this little half-Arab nation—corrupted and degraded to the last degree by the worst government in the world, that of the Order; neglected and despised by the English, ignorant, superstitious, and devoured by every kind of prejudice! They must not be left in such a condition. Good-bye, my dear friend and master.

"Ever yours,

"S. Austin."

CHAPTER XII.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

The Austins return to London—Letter to M. Victor Cousin on education in England—Translation of Ranke's Popes—Mr. Gladstone on popular education—Mr. Macaulay's review of the translation of Ranke—Mrs. Austin on the change of Ministry, and her daughter's engagement.

In July, 1838, Mr. and Mrs. Austin left Malta, the Commission having been brought suddenly to a close by Lord Glenelg's successor. No reason was assigned, nor was Mr. Austin's abrupt dismissal accompanied with a single word of recognition for his services. He had, however, the satisfaction of seeing every measure he recommended adopted by the Colonial Office,[1] and he always looked back with great satisfaction to his connection with two men for whom he entertained so sincere a respect as Lord Glenelg and Sir. James Stephen.

Sarah Austin to Victor Cousin.

[Translation.]

"4, Queen Street, Mayfair,

"*December* 31, 1838.

"It is a great pleasure to me, my dear friend, to see those *pattes de mouches* which I have missed for so long. Another pleasure has been reading your admirable speeches in the

[1] Sir W. Reid (when Governor of Malta) said, "All that is valuable in the code of Law here was done by Austin and Lewis."

Morning Chronicle of to-day. I recognise you, and I recognise all the sentiments that I am so proud to share with you. It is in vain, dear friend, to try and uphold religion, her own ministers are her assassins. To find oneself between bigots or atheists provokes despair, and one does not know which to hate the most. Let us talk about schools. You know that an absence of two years has broken the thread of my knowledge of schools here. But I do know that there is a remarkable movement to which I want to call your attention. There is a certain party of young men (clergymen and others), all Tories and High Churchmen, who have, it seems, had the sense to see that the schools of the National School Society (which as you know have long represented the bigoted party) are bad enough and ridiculous enough to discredit their supporters. From what I hear they are going to try and reform the church schools, to insist upon better instruction, and to try and place them on a par with the best liberal schools; always retaining religion (Anglican of course) as the principal thing. These gentlemen appear to me to have faith in their religion, and not to be afraid of a little secular teaching. The man who is at the head of this movement is Mr. Gladstone, a Member of Parliament, who is regarded as the probable successor of Peel, *i.e.* the leader of the Tory party. I believe that he and I shall suit one another. But I have a strong idea that this is only part of a whole. The Radical party is evidently effete—not two of them are of the same mind—they all want to act according to their own private notions—they will accomplish nothing. But by incessantly menacing the Tories they will, *through them*, attain what they would have been powerless to do by themselves—and what the Tories never would have done without their threats. By the first opportunity I shall send you the last report of the Poor Law Commissioners. You will find two interesting papers; one by Dr. S. Smith on the causes of fever in large towns, and one by Dr. Kay, on the workhouse schools. I believe that they will become the best schools in England, for the evident reason that their managing board has not to attend to the recommendations of a parcel of idiots. As to my little island; there it was not a question of writing, but of acting. And I acted. I will not tell you how I worked, but the fact is

that there are now ten village schools, where there was not one. I believe things would have remained as they were, had I not searched for and found the masters, and opened the schools in person. My poor little *Saraceni!* we could only smile and gesticulate to one another. Since my return I have been trying to get a professor of English for the *Liceo*, and have insisted on his being a Catholic. I gained the complete confidence of the Maltese as soon as they found that I did not aim at converting them. They generally distrust Protestants, and I must confess they are not far wrong.

"At this moment I am translating Ranke's 'History of the Popes.' It has been done so badly into French that Ranke was forced to disavow it. I suppose the translator was an ultra-Catholic, but he cuts a poor figure.

"Good-bye, dear friend, keep well for the good of humanity.

"Your faithful friend,

"S. AUSTIN."

During the winter of 1838–39, Mr. Austin was very ill. Mrs. Austin was busy in collecting facts concerning Education. She wrote to Mr. Gladstone, asking for documents; and he answered:—

W. E. Gladstone to Sarah Austin.

"6, CARLTON GARDENS,

"*February* 16, 1839.

"DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—Together with Mr. Horner's translation of Cousin's 'Report on Holland,' for which I beg to offer my best thanks, I send to you two sets of papers which will show a good deal of light on our recent proceedings with regard to popular education. One of them I thought you might wish to forward to M. Cousin. I have to regret that a paper on Diocesan Training Seminaries is out of print, and that I am therefore unable to forward copies.

"Allow me to request your continued and, if possible, active interest in furtherance of these designs.

"I remain, dear Mrs. Austin,

"Your faithful Servant,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

Sarah Austin to W. E. Gladstone.

"*February* 18, 1839.

"DEAR SIR,—I am extremely obliged to you for the documents you have sent me, and yet more for accepting the sympathy and good wishes—in default of better things—of so humble a fellow-labourer in '*la sainte cause*,' as Cousin always and truly calls it. If my co-operation were worth anything, it might not be loss of time to try to convince you to how great an extent you might count upon it, and where I should hesitate, and why. But these would be fruitless discussions. All I *can* do (and that belongs to my sex) is this, To try to persuade some who think differently from you, and who fancy that you are parted from each other by walls of adamant and not by slender and partial partitions, to give an attentive, respectful, and *grateful* ear to your projects, and to see whether it is really demanded by the cause of rational education to reject so much zeal, charity, and knowledge.

"I had the pleasure of making two inexorable Liberals waver, and at last confess that, indeed, there was a great deal that was good in the scheme.

"My fear is, my dear Mr. Gladstone, that your own earnest and, to me, affecting view of the duties and rights attached to the character of Christian teacher, leads you to over-estimate, and, alas! greatly, the aid we have to expect from the clergy. Shall I say more?—that they will thwart you—not all, God forbid, but many. Having lived much among Radicals and 'Liberals' of all sorts, I shall find it difficult to persuade you how sincerely it has long been my conviction that a Church, such as you conceive it, is really the nursing-mother of all its children, and its clergy the natural, inevitable, and desirable heads of instruction; but have we not seen them at work? and after that, can we trust them? If you are strong enough to provide motives and checks, you may do two blessed acts—reform your clergy and teach your people. As it is, how few of them conceive what it is to teach a people.

"With regard to the thing which makes the great clamour—the exclusion of Dissidents—I think little of that; that is not your affair, or the Church's. If the State gives money, that is

another thing. It must give to all, and for all, from whose pockets it is taken. That is just. The time was over too long before you or (even) I were born, when the spirit of faith had given place to the spirit of questioning, for us in our day to find any remedy. And the remedy will not be found, at any rate, in the sort of ignorance which now lies at the lowest bottom of our society. *All* must be taught. But I am preaching a sermon to you—of all things the least needed. The subject is most tempting.

"You must think of the poor girls—and pity them. I think a girl can hardly, save by a miracle, escape destruction from bad training ; a boy may struggle through it. If either wants to be specially sheltered and fortified and restrained, it is those who are weak. You must lay this matter to heart. Pray excuse me.

"Most truly yours,
"SARAH AUSTIN."

Sarah Austin to Victor Cousin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"LONDON, *February*, 1839.

"DEAR FRIEND AND MASTER,—There is not time to collect all I should like to send you by M. C., but here is a book that will interest you, and above all a report by Dr. Kay. He is a most useful man about public instruction. I think I told you that I went with him to one of the workhouse schools. There were 1,100 of these poor little creatures very well lodged, and taught by five Scotch masters, who seemed to me to do their work admirably. It is well worth seeing.

"My schools at Malta are flourishing, about 1,000 boys and 500 girls are being taught, where before our arrival there was not one. This is consoling. And in truth I need consolation. My husband's health is worse than ever, and I cannot describe my life to you, never an instant of repose. I am surrounded by friends and acquaintances who esteem me, and I have my daughter, a handsome and talented girl ; but I dare not think of the future.

"Do send me your 'Abélard.' Have you seen the notice in the *London and Westminster Review?* I send you the speech of Lord J. Russell (last night's debates). It will interest you. I have seen young Gladstone, a distinguished Tory who wants to re-establish education based on the Church in quite a Catholic form.

"He has, however, clear ideas, zeal and conscientiousness. We get on extremely well together; he was with me for two hours, for I am regarded as quite an authority about public instruction, and am friends with all who take that subject to heart. Send me everything you can about your normal schools, Lord Granville will forward the packet.

"Ever yours,
"S. Austin."

Besides writing on Education, Mrs. Austin was hard at work translating L. v. Ranke's "History of the Popes," which had been so badly done into French that, as she says in her Preface, it "is not only full of particular inaccuracies arising from ignorance or carelessness, but is infected with the sectarian spirit from which the original is so remarkably and so laudably exempt." Professor Ranke wrote to Mrs. Austin :—

"My book needs to be set right in the eyes of all but German readers, after the unconscientious treatment it has received at the hands of a Catholicising French translator. I look to England to redress the wrong done to me in France."

Macaulay, who was to review the original book, asked Mrs. Austin to let him have her sheets to read.

"I am," he says, "prompted purely by selfish motives. Being but indifferently skilled in German, I wished, in reviewing a most important German work, to have the help of a very good translation. I shall be exceedingly obliged to you for the sheets whenever it may be quite convenient to you. I am very slowly reading Ranke's book a second time, at the rate of ten or fifteen pages a morning while I dress. The movement

and din of this strange whirlpool, London, allows me no more time for German, and having once got some hold on the language, I do not choose to let it go."

The following letter is written to a Maltese lawyer for whom both Mr. and Mrs. Austin entertained a great friendship :—

"*May* 10, 1839.

"Dear Dr. Sciortino,—I was going to condole with you on the change of Ministry and on the appointment of Lord Stanley as Colonial Secretary. Now all is changed again, or rather all is in suspense and confusion. Before this reaches you, you will know the result by the French post. My notion is that the country will not like to see the Queen, poor child! oppressed, and that she will show the firmness that is in her blood. Perhaps this may end in a re-organization of a Whig Ministry. Certainly some change is wanted. I am now interrupted by the entrance of Lewis's cousin, Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, to tell me that one of my anxieties is over—that my husband is paid. The sum fixed is £1,500 a year, consequently £3,000 ; and this is paid by England, my dear friend, as it ought to be. Without this, though in my conscience I think Malta might well have thought it due to him, I could not have enjoyed it ; for poor Malta is very near my heart, and I could ill bear any good fortune at her expense. So the Commission has cost you, dear people, only our expenses ; and how moderate they were I need not tell you. I must tell you how new and strong a motive I have for some little aid to our small means. This same Alexander Gordon has fallen in love with my dear child, and Alexander has nothing but a small *impiego*, his handsome person, excellent and sweet character, and his title (a great misfortune). This £3,000 will enable us to help them when they marry. Now you will understand my anxiety when I heard the Tories were coming in—the Tories who hate all such men and such reformers as my husband. On the occasion of Lord Brougham's attack on my husband, the ferocity of which I cannot describe to you, I went (my husband being ill) to Lord Glenelg, to talk to him about the social and

religious state of Malta. He behaved like a true man of conscience, humanity, and enlarged sympathies, and confirmed me in all I thought of him. Lord Normanby, too, behaved very well, and my excellent friends, Lord and Lady Lansdowne, of course. He studied the Ordinance, and comprehended the whole case. In short, I had great consolations. But my poor husband was made so ill he could not leave his bed, and I had to do strange things for a woman, *contro il nostro decoro* (against our decorum), certainly; but a woman fighting for her husband is always in the right."

CHAPTER XIII.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Correspondence with Mr. Gladstone on National Education—Prof. v. Ranke on the translation of his book — Poland and the Greek Church — M. Michel Chevalier to Mrs. Austin.

THE following letter to Mr. Gladstone preceded the publication of the pamphlet "On National Education." Mrs. Austin never cared about appearing before the public in her own person, and although often pressed to "give us something of your own" by her many friends, was generally content to translate.

Sarah Austin to W. E. Gladstone.

"*May* 27, 1839.

"DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,—I am going to take the strangest liberty with you, which, however, if you can understand the feeling that prompts it, will not, I trust, displease you. About four years ago I received from Paris a quantity of official documents relating to public instruction, which, being both unpublished and extremely unattractive, appeared to me most unlikely to reach the eye of any English readers. I was therefore tempted to give such an *aperçu* of them as I could, in the form of an article in a review. The review in question ('Cochrane's Foreign Quarterly') died at its birth, and my article was buried with it. Some people interested in the subject have from time to time urged me to reprint it separately, a suggestion I never attended to till very lately; when, on looking it over again, it seemed to be that there were suggestions in it worth preserving,

and that the result of the deliberations of the French Chamber was a thing to be regarded, if not imitated.

"I therefore gave it to Mr. Murray, and have been adding a few notes. But now, seeing the violence and bitterness with which the subject is, I will not say discussed, but handled, by the Press, I take fright. I have always shrunk from appearing before the public in my own person or behalf, as the author or champion of any opinions whatever.

"It is, I truly assure you, no feigned humility when I say that I never felt that I had the least pretension to instruct the world, nor the least call to amuse it. On the subject of the education of the people, I did indeed once venture on a few words, but only under cover of a great name. If I spoke then, it was out of a heart filled with sympathy for those on whom lies the burden of the heat of the day, with indignation at all who neglect, at all who delude them, and seeing no remedy but this. I think for the same cause I would bear martyrdom if it would do any good; but I am, after all, a woman; and I cannot bear, without a good reason, the coarse and disgusting hands of the daily press to be laid upon me. I feel that I am *not* a partisan, nor a bigot, nor an infidel, but I may and must express opinions which may be misstated and distorted to any or all of these forms of evil, and my courage is tottering. In this state of mind I can think of nothing but the comfort it would be to me to have one word of advice from you. You will not agree with all I have ventured to say, but you will, I trust, find little to object to, and that little not offensively urged. Will you read the few pages which I will ask Mr. Murray to send you? Will you tell me whether the party to which you in a wide sense belong are likely to attack me with the sort of rancour I see and hear now so much afloat on all sides. God forbid I should confound you with those who use such poisoned weapons. I judge you as I wish to be judged by you, and I look to you and the small knot of friends with whom you act with an anxious hope you can hardly imagine. But you will know better than I what may provoke less candid judgments than yours.

"You will see a sort of prophetic longing for that very movement in the Church which you have excited, and, if I do

not flatter myself, some notions of the duties of a minister of religion not wholly unlike your own.

"Forgive me, dear sir, for this (I repeat) strange appeal to your kindness. After it, need I say with what sentiments and respect and trust

"I am yours,

"SARAH AUSTIN."

W. E. Gladstone to Sarah Austin.

"6, CARLTON GARDENS, *June* 18, 1839.

"DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—I much regret the delay which has taken place in returning your proof sheets. Those up to page 112 came to me almost immediately after your note, and I read them immediately, and waited for the remainder. I received them only last evening.

"Let me now make a remark on the note, in which you have alluded to suggestions made by me, in very kind and flattering terms. I fear it would be of little use if I were to remark that they are much beyond my merits ; but on one particular point I am about to suggest a modification. As the admission of candidates into holy orders is the sacred and sole prerogative of the governors of the Church, we, or any inferior agency, can hardly be said to look to *procuring* their entrance : but this we hope, to raise men to such proficiency and merit that the bishops may find them fit for the ministry.

"After this observation let me say that I find your point of view upon the whole subject is different in a considerable degree from mine, and that perhaps the chief part of my duty towards you consists in saying whether you have so handled your subject, in your own sense, as to entitle you to the most delicate and respectful treatment. To such a question I can have no hesitation in replying affirmatively.

"I cannot quite prevail on myself here to close my letter without adverting to the general subject ; and yet, besides my general dread of its controverted parts, I am at present more than ever disqualified from doing justice either to you or to my own impressions. But the very great sympathy with which I receive most of your sentiments induces me to say a word.

You are for pressing and urging the people to their profit against their inclination : so am I. You set little value upon all merely technical instruction, upon all that fails to touch the inner nature of man : so do I. And here I find ground of union broad and deep-laid, and I should indeed rejoice to see a portion of your benevolent energies lent, as I am sure they would freely be, to aid in the work of popular education within the bosom of the Church.

" As to that subtle and ulterior question which respects the duty of the State at a moment when it seems to be losing in great measure the capacity and even the idea of duty properly so-called, I can tremble and hope, but little more. I more than doubt whether your idea, namely that of raising man to social sufficiency and morality, can be accomplished, except through the ancient religion of Christ ; or whether, overlooking what severs professing Christians, we can secure a residue such as shall produce an adequate effect upon the heart and affections of man ; or whether, the principles of eclecticism are legitimately applicable to the Gospel ; or whether, if we find ourselves in a state of incapacity to work through the Church, we can remedy the defect by the adoption of principles contrary to hers. On these questions, or forms of the same question, I am quite unable to fix myself in the affirmative conclusion.

" But indeed I am most unfit to pursue the subject ; private circumstances of no common interest are upon me, as I have become very recently engaged to be married to Miss Glynne, and I hope your recollections will enable you in some degree to excuse me, and

" Believe me, with much regard, most truly yours,

" W. E. Gladstone."

L. v. Ranke to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

" Berlin, *Oct.*, 1839.

" Honoured Madam,—I must thank you for sending me the sheets. I have now all but the Introduction. The great care

with which you have translated my book gives me the greatest satisfaction. I hear myself speak English much better than I could ever have learnt it. I see that you have used the latest edition. Of course I have not yet been able to compare everything, but wherever I have opened the pages I perceive care and conscientiousness, and I am well satisfied. My journey to Brussels and Paris has delayed the publication of the third volume of the new edition, but it will appear almost immediately. I beg you to observe this, as I have added a good deal in the third volume. I send you the academic treatise which you have heard about : it will probably be too long to add to the Appendix, already very bulky ; but perhaps may be turned to some other purpose. At the end you will see that I touch upon the debated question of Tasso's relations to Leonora d'Este. Since then some pamphlets by Count Alberti have appeared, dealing with this subject, which may lead to other results. As far as I have yet seen, in those that have reached me, I perceive nothing which changes my opinion in the least. Pray thank Mr. Milman and Mr. Hallam for their kind messages, and accept my best thanks and high esteem.

"Ever yours,

"L. v. RANKE."

Sarah Austin to Dr. Sciortino.

"CARLSBAD, *August* 19, 1840.

"DEAR DR. SCIORTINO,—We have made some interesting acquaintances here, among them General Leysser, the President Speaker of the Lower Chamber of Saxony, who, on occasion of the little revolution of Dresden, took the command of the insurgent peasants, kept them in order, and mediated with the Government. In short, preserved the public peace. He is an enlightened, humane man, and much attached to his admirable little country and its mild rulers. It grieves one to see such a country so utterly at the mercy of its powerful neighbours, especially that country which all others abhor in proportion as they know it—Russia. I never believed, as you know, that the Maltese could desire to transfer themselves to

Russia, but now that I know more of both, the idea would drive me mad. You know, dear friend, whether I was blind to the misconduct of my country and countrymen! But I assure you the worst of us are angels compared to these remorseless savages, who have no idea of truth, honour, or humanity. Here I have had an opportunity of hearing *details* from Austrians, Russians, Saxons, and above all from their victims, the wretched Poles. Countess Potocka, a most noble woman, who reminds me of a Roman matron, said to me, 'The most cruel thing is that their barbarities so far exceed the imaginations of civilised people, that the simplest relation of our woes seems falsehood and exaggeration. You *cannot* believe us.' I give you one example. The Emperor is forcing the Greek Church on the Poles, who are fervent Catholics. The poor women who refused to conform have been prevented from giving suck to their infants till they would go to the Greek Church! Just analyse the head and heart that could conceive this infernal measure. Education studiously withheld and prohibited, all the Polish universities shut up, young boys suddenly seized and carried off to remote parts of Russia, leaving not a trace. There are many mothers of the first families in Poland who have thus been robbed of their sons, and cannot gain the smallest tidings where they are. Name, language, religion—all changed.

"The people here have the mild, good-natured, and somewhat indifferent (*molle*) character of their nation—very honest, dull, and without aspirations. The censorship on books is complete; that is, *all* are forbidden except those specially allowed—an *index expurgatorius* reversed. But foreigners can get permission for any; and the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, a most excellent paper, circulates freely. The truth is, there is no demand for more than the Government grants. General Leysser told me that occasionally, when Austrians come to Dresden, he has proposed to them to go to hear the debates in the Chamber. They said, 'That must be excessively dull; are there no gambling-houses here?' . . ."

Michel Chevalier to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

Paris, *Nov.* 15, 1840.

"Dear Madam,—I have returned to Paris. I adore this Babylon for the sake of its inhabitants, the *élite* of France, who after all are so charming, although they have cut off their lace ruffles and cuffs, and diminished their high red heels. Your letter awaited me, a charming letter such as only a Frenchwoman can pen, and which has delighted me by proving that I am right in claiming you as a countrywoman. You say you are attracted by suffering, that feeling was the loadstone to my heart. Men, generally speaking, are not attracted by sorrow; that is reserved to your sex; that it is that converts noble women into humble sisters of charity, and makes of you *la petite mère* of humanity. In this also the Frenchwoman is superior to all others—another reason for your being one.

"But allow me to say, that from the first time I saw you, I was drawn to you by an unconquerable instinct which attracts me towards superior natures, towards those angels who occasionally descend to our earth. This has been, madam, a source of great and pure pleasure to me, but it has also caused me much pain and raised me many enemies. This very love, this search for privileged nature is, in me, inseparable from a contempt for the vulgar and common herd. I wish them well, I work to promote their interests; in France I even pass for a democrat. The little I have written bears the stamp of devotion to the cause of the amelioration of the people. But on the understanding that the populace should have nothing to do with my life, and that mediocre men (and women) should not annoy me by their contact. That class of people are to me as though they did not exist, and I let them see it. I admit that this is a fault, and one I have in vain sought to subdue. But when I see a really fine character, I not only esteem, I adore. You see now what made me seek to know you, and why I was so happy in your company; I confess this fault in my character which has made me so many enemies, and will make me many more. One must confess to somebody.

Catholicism was far-seeing in instituting such a practice. Confession lightens many a burden and makes life easier, but the only confessor I admit is a woman ; and when the canons of the Church refused to you ladies the right of exercising this function, they showed a singular misconception of human nature. Do you remember that I told you at Carlsbad we should not have war ? I still think so ; only Lord Palmerston must not send us any more notes like that of the 2nd November. The English Cabinet should not pour oil on the fire when we try to throw water. The note of the 2nd is the work of a fool or a madman.

"Ever yours from my heart,

"MICHEL CHEVALIER."

CHAPTER XIV.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Mrs. Austin's "Fragments from German Prose Writers"—Letters to M. Guizot on behalf of some inhabitants of Boulogne—Sydney Smith's opinion of Guizot's "Washington"—M. A. de Vigny to Mrs. Austin —Mrs. Austin undertakes translation of Ranke's "History of the Reformation."

MRS. AUSTIN was all the autumn preparing her book, "Fragments from German Prose Writers: with Notes." Her husband, who derived considerable benefit from the Carlsbad waters, went to Dresden, and she, in February, to London, to see her daughter.

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

3, PONT STREET, BELGRAVE SQUARE,

Jan. 29, 1841.

"I should hardly venture to trouble you again, dear M. Guizot, but I have a petition to present. And now, perhaps, my excuse is worse than none. But you shall hear, and you will forgive me.

"When I lived in your city of Boulogne, my only friends were my poor neighbours on the port, the *matelote* population, pilots, fishermen, and their wives. I was admitted into all their *fêtes de famille*, and into all their sorrows, and it is enough to say that I found in their admirable qualities and in their cordial attachment, compensation for what we call civilised society. I have just received a touching proof that neither years of absence, nor all the bad efforts of bad or evil men

to make us believe we are born to hate and injure each other, can efface from the heart of one woman the memory of the tears another had shed with her and for her. One of the most unhappy and forlorn of wives and mothers has recollected her old friend in England. You saw the account of the sad accident at Boulogne, by which eight persons out of a boat's crew of eleven perished. The boat belonged to a man named Delpierre (but always called Caton), the *doyen* of the pilots, a man upwards of sixty (I think), *décoré* for his many services, lame in consequence of having broken his leg in the performance of his duty, brave, quiet, sober, good-natured, an excellent husband and father. Even when I was there (in '35) he was almost worn out in the service, and, at his earnest request, I had the impertinence to add my poor solicitations to M. Cousin to try to get him a *débit de tabac* as a *retraite*. Alas, poor fellow, he has found rest in the element he had braved so long. He and his son, a fine, brave, handsome boy of nineteen, perished together. I cannot tell you with what anguish I think of the wretched wife and mother. She was so passionately devoted to them. I remember once standing with her alone at the end of the pier, when her husband and this very son, then a child, went off to Dover with despatches, in a frightful sea, just at sunset in a December evening. I stayed by her to watch the little boat as long as we could descry a trace of it on the dark and stormy waters, and her face is before me now, as she turned away and said to me, 'C'est tout ce que j'ai au monde.' I was so alarmed at her state that I went home and stayed with her almost all night. The other pilots' wives whom I begged to go to her only said, 'Madame Caton ne sait pas se faire une raison. Elle est toujours à se tourmenter.' And now all her blackest misgivings are verified. Strange how these dark shadows rest for years on the soul! She was the only woman I saw possessed by these terrors.

"But, dear sir, what am I doing?—Writing as if you had nothing to do but to read my womanish letters. Well, what I *want* to say is, that she sends to ask me if I have any friend at Paris who would solicit for a pension for her. She is very ill and quite forlorn. I do not think, with her passionate temper, she can live long.

"Can it be? and can you spare one minute from graver things to recollect it? She would think it a homage to the virtues of 'Monsieur Caton,' as she always called him, with a sort of veneration I honoured in her. I used to show that *ménage* with such pride to all my English friends—the pretty, neat cottage, and the *décorations* and medals under a glass case, carefully displayed by the wife. And as if death had not weapons enough in his armoury to strike us and those we love, we must forge them for him!

"I hope you are satisfied with Sir Robert Peel's speeches, and, tolerably, with the Duke's. I can assure you they have excited unutterable joy and satisfaction here. Depend upon it, Sir Robert speaks the language of the whole middle class of England—of nearly *all* England. Nobody but partisans, bound hand and foot, ever attempted to defend the Note of the 2nd November. Miss Berry, who sees everybody of all parties, told me she had heard but one opinion—one feeling of indignation. We all pray for you, revere you, and love you. That is the real *English sentiment.* Will you believe me? You know I do not flatter my countrymen; but there is, I am confident, no rancour against France here; and if that dear, naughty child, the French nation, would have made a little less noise, this would have been more evident.

"In Germany, indeed—*ah, c'est une autre affaire*—but even that will wear out. The French can conciliate any people if they will.

"Forgive me, dear sir, this torment of impertinence. At least let me not add to it, or allow you to think that you are bound to take the least notice of it, except for my poor suppliant's sake; and even for her, if I have trespassed too far, forgive me, for the sake of my loyal attachment to France, and allow me to add of my affectionate and profound respect for her best son and citizen.

"SARAH AUSTIN."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"*Feb.* 19, 1841.

"DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,—The benefit you have conferred on the sorrowing wife and mother is so great that it seems

almost impertinent to say anything about the unspeakable pleasure you have given *me*. And yet I must thank you for myself as well as for her. How often have I lamented as you do, how often declaimed with even female impatience on that fatal ignorance of each other which renders nations obnoxious to all sorts of exasperating influences and mischievous prejudices! But, alas! we must wait. The great stream of knowledge will not roll on the quicker for our regrets, be they ever so passionate; for our labours it will. Do not laugh at my 'our.' I mean it to comprehend, not only the best and wisest of statesmen and the person who would form a very ridiculous *dual* with him, but the humbler creature that cherishes a kindly feeling to his 'foreigner' brother, that tries to allay an evil passion, or to clear away a noxious prejudice.

"God be praised! we have some such brethren and fellow-workers, and in time shall have many more. The periodical Press, that awful engine, will in time find its level; at present its authority is wholly factitious, exaggerated, and false. The Press is so imposing; men naturally believe in it implicitly for a long time. But they *find it out*. Nothing but truth stands. There remains, however, with nations as with individuals, the great difficulty, the passions. There are states of mind, or rather of temper, in which truth cannot be heard; even facts are not seen, not looked at; and here the demons of the Press *attendent les hommes;* into these burning hearts they pour their infernal combustibles. However, we *have* made great progress. The old idea of *a Frenchman* is really extinct, and though we see that they have some faults, and perhaps believe they have more, we *all* recognise their grand and charming qualities. Your *jeunesse* seems to me difficult to *put into harness*. It seems to me (if it is not presumptuous to say so) that it does not make any rational estimate of life. What life *is for?* What it *can* and what it *cannot* give? What to aim at? What to acquiesce in? Your young heaven-stormers do not settle these points with themselves so well or so soon as our less vivacious and less ambitious youth. So it seems to me; and here is a great element of disquiet.

"Poor Madame Caton and I will pray for you; and you will not disdain her prayers, though they should be addressed to

the Mother of Mercy. Thank you for your kind expressions to myself. If the most cordial and respectful attachment can deserve them, I do.

"Yours, dear sir,
"S. A."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"*Feb.* 22, 1841.

"Dear Monsieur Guizot,—I have sometimes been inclined to retort upon you your '*C'est une méprise*,' and to tell you you were an Englishman. But *on se trahit*, and the grace with which you added a delicate kindness to a substantial benefit, forces me to renounce all claim to you as a countryman. I need not attempt to describe the pleasure you gave me, because you understood it when you wrote those few most kind lines which arrived after I had sent my letter. Of course, I sent off the letter to Boulogne instantly.

"Now I must give you a message from that jovial son of the Anglican Church, Sydney Smith. He said with great earnestness and emphasis, 'Tell M. Guizot that I have just read his "Washington," and that in my life I never read anything evincing more taste, tact, sense, judgment; and that is precisely Lord Grey's opinion.' I don't know if this is worth much to you, but they are fastidious critics, and you may like to hear their opinions. I dined on Saturday at Lord Langdale's. I had seen him last at the House of Lords, where I heard the Queen's Speech, and we looked with blank astonishment at each other at the *omission*.[1] He spoke of it again on Saturday with great contempt. We talked of you, and he said, 'Tell M. Guizot it is not the fortifying Paris—nobody would care about that—it is the armament, the seeing France put on a war establishment. That is what makes people uneasy, and will keep them so.' I tell you this, dear sir, because you may like to know what is thought by friends of peace and of good

[1] Lord Brougham in the Upper House, and Messrs. Grote and Hume in the Lower, referred to the omission of all mention of France in the Queen's Speech, and censured the manner in which that Power had been treated by our Government during the late complications. See W. N. Molesworth's "History of England," vol. ii. p. 43.

government. But *nobody* accuses you—nobody thinks you a '*barbare*' Everybody sees that it would be impossible to govern the chafing, impatient courser without allowing him some rein. I assure you that there is the most universal confidence in your intentions and in your wisdom, and that the extreme calmness of the English people rests mainly on that confidence. Everybody believes that you will do *the best you can*. As to the character of those you have to manage, people differ widely according to the strength of their prejudices. You may like to know that my brother, Philip Taylor, who has long been established as an engineer at Marseilles, writes that every opinion he hears is pacific, and that the citizens of Marseilles complain bitterly of being misrepresented by the Press. All his workmen are Frenchmen, *and even Provençaux* (I hope you accept the compliment), and it is impossible to find greater harmony and attachment. I am sorry M. Cousin talks about '*le bas empire*.' All that is nonsense. Who can find the least shred of analogy? Who does not see that France cannot move hand or foot without shaking Europe from end to end? Who doubts her enormous power to do mischief to all her neighbours? I dislike these attempts to pique the *amour propre* of individuals or nations by allusions and phrases, especially when they are false and absurd. Pardon: these are hard words for a woman; but when the welfare of millions is at stake, I am subject to *emportements*, which are not pretty. Again and again accept my most cordial thanks, and believe me, with the most respectful attachment,

"Yours,

"S. Austin."

Rev. Sydney Smith to Sarah Austin.

56, Green Street, Grosvenor Square,

March 5, 1841.

". . . . But will you come to a Philosophical breakfast on Saturday, ten o'clock punctually. Nothing taken for granted. Everything (except the Thirty-Nine Articles) called in question —real Philosophers.

"God bless you, affectionately yours,

"Sydney Smith."

The author of "Cinq-Mars" writes one of those inimitable French *billets* which are so hard to render into any other language :—

Comte A. de Vigny to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"Paris, *March* 26, 1841.

"Most assuredly, Madame, it is impossible to find more charming coquetry than that of England as represented by you, and there is no Syria one would not abandon with delight for a person who becomes so amiable after succeeding in all her desires. She exactly resembles that lovely lady of the Court of Louis XIV., who sent a message to her lover, 'Let him understand that I have been unfaithful to him, but I do not bear him any malice.'

"It has taken time to find the coat-of-arms of Bayard. They were only discovered in the Royal Library the day before yesterday ; and I wished to draw them for you myself. As an artist I am not, like Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*, but you will not be able to reproach my exactness. Mr. Reeve will tell you that Barbier, whom he will see at my house this evening, is ever your true and loyal friend. I always see your portrait hung above any other in his room, and we often talk of the absent one it represents.

"Your devoted

"A. de Vigny."

Mrs. Austin wrote to Professor Ranke, intimating a desire to translate his "History of the Reformation." He answers :—

Prof. v. Ranke to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"Berlin, *April*, 1841.

"Honoured Madam,—When, last summer, I had your translation of my book on the Popes lying before me, I undertook to compare it with the original, and to write fully

to you on the subject. I read the end last, that being fresher in my memory, and was delighted to hear my thoughts speak in the ringing tones of the purest English. This change, for which I must thank you, caused me a kind of illusion. It appeared to me almost as though I had written it myself. I did not carry out my intention. It has been said with truth that it is *my English self;* and who cares to study himself, when the world for so many centuries offers so much that is infinitely greater? Again, my University labours, and the new and large work I am engaged in, engrosses all my powers and all my attention.

"In the meantime, the notices I have seen, and particularly the intention of Mr. Murray, which you tell me of in your last letter, give me extreme pleasure. I am as glad as though the reception were personal to myself, and shall for ever remain grateful to you, my honoured friend, who have been the means of procuring such a reception of my book. I admire the courage which prompts you to desire to translate the book on the Reformation. You will have to face five, perhaps six, volumes, in which German interests are entirely preponderant. But I cannot deny that I should like you to undertake it. Everything must be studied from its source. If the great development of the Reformation is to be understood, people must be at the pains to study the conditions of Germany at that time, without which it would never have been accomplished. This includes an appreciation of the whole history of that period which reacted upon the conditions of Germany."

Sarah Austin to Harriet Grote.

"CARLSBAD, BOHEMIA, *Aug.* 24, 1841.

". . . . Our visit at my beloved Tetschen afforded us many opportunities of learning something of the *statistiques* and condition of the country. To judge from Count Thun's own dominions, one would be inclined to judge very favourably of the state of the country. The cottages are better, cleaner, and more adorned than in almost any part of Germany I have seen; the roads good, and great appearance of activity. But they all

tell you, and wherever you go you hear, that '*Unser* Graf stands alone.' He hardly ever goes near Vienna, lives among and for his *Unterthanen* (subjects), and you meet him miles from the castle, in all weathers, on foot, wearing a blouse and bareheaded, yet looking always a most imposing *ritterlich* (knightly) man. His son, my dear Francis, is still more beloved—indeed adored; and no wonder. Combined with his father's sense of what is *due* to his dependents, he has a truly Christian or, if you will, democratic feeling of brotherhood with the meanest—a persuasion that they are not where and what they ought to be; and this gives to his manner to them an ineffable sweetness and benignity. His mother said to me, 'If there is a child or a dog in the house, it will not quit Franz.'

"The younger son, Leo, struck my husband extremely. As he is in the judicial career, he and the Professor 'cottoned' together, much to their common satisfaction. Countess Thun told me that Leo wrote about Austin with unwonted satisfaction. This is one of the many occasions which make me feel bitterly what a great teacher is lost to the world. To see that noble-minded young man, full of knowledge and of high aspirations towards a useful career, drinking in his words, was to me nearly as melancholy as agreeable. A few—and how few!—will know, and when it is too late will say, what it was to hear him expound. His audience here is of the feminine gender—Lady William Russell, Mademoiselle Schopenhauer, and Mrs. Hamilton Gray. Cummer, dear, we are certainly *looking up!* These women have beaten all the men who have been here out of the field for general knowledge and powers of thought and conversation. Mademoiselle Schopenhauer and my husband discussed the *light* questions of the 'existence of evil' and the 'eternity of the world,' as soon as they met; last night came Lady William to ask him to throw light on the Schelling and Hegel controversy, which she is looking into.

"What you say, dear Cummer, is very true: life is, to most, an uneasy pursuit. I, however, have been so disciplined in living *au jour la journée* that I have not even a place to hanker after; I go where the winds and the waves drive, and

try to make the best of the spot where I am. Generally speaking, I succeed pretty well. I am glad you like my book.[1] It has great success in Germany.

"Your ever affectionate

S. A.

The Rev. Sydney Smith to Sarah Austin.

"56, GREEN STREET, *Oct.* 23, 1841.

"MY DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—It grieves me to think you will not be in England this winter. The privations of winter are numerous enough without this. The absence of leaves and flowers I could endure and am accustomed to, but the absence of amiable and enlightened women I have not hitherto connected with the approach of winter, and I do not approve of it.

"Great forgeries of Exchequer Bills in England, and all the world up in arms. . . . I am a holder of Exchequer Bills to some little amount, and am quaking with fear.

"Mrs. Grote is, I presume, abroad, collecting at Rome for Roebuck and others anecdotes of Catiline and the Gracchi. She came to Combe Florey again this year, which was very kind and flattering. I have a high opinion of, and a real affection for her. She has an excellent head and a honest and kind heart. I am living in London this November, quite alone and dinnerless. No members—at least, no Whig members and Lady Holland at Brighton. Pity me, and keep for me a little portion of remembrance and regard.

"Your affectionate friend,

"SYDNEY SMITH."

[1] "Fragments of German Authors."

CHAPTER XV.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Diary of Mrs. Austin in 1841—The Rhine—Dresden—Anecdotes of the Emperor Paul—Second Sight—Letter to M. Guizot on the Affairs of Europe—Mrs. Austin to M. Victor Cousin.

In Germany Mrs. Austin began to keep a diary for the amusement of her daughter, Lady Duff Gordon. Unfortunately she did not continue it for any time, or at all regularly. Part of the diary appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1877 ("German Society Forty Years Ago").

"*June*, 1841.—In the steamer from Mainz to Bonn was—*inter alios*—an individual of the genus *Rath*. He sat opposite to us at dinner on the deck, and first attracted my attention by the following reply to his neighbour, a man who appeared to entertain the profoundest admiration for him: 'Oh, yes, there are lots of *theorists* in the world, only too many. *I* represent *den gesunden Menschenverstand*' (sound common sense). Delighted at this declaration, I raised my eyes, and saw a face beaming with the most undoubting self-complacency. He went on to detail certain schemes of his for the good of his country—Oldenburg, as it seemed. My husband began to interrogate him about Oldenburg, and I said all I knew of it was from Justus Möser. The worthy Rath looked at me amazed, and said this was the first time he ever heard Justus Möser mentioned by a lady. I said so much the worse; there is an infinity of good sense in his writings. Yes, but he never expected to hear of his being read by a lady, and that I was

evidently the second representative of sound common sense in the world, 'worthy to be *my* disciple,' added he with emphasis.

"*Sept.* 1841.—In Dresden I met the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, who told me the following anecdote on the authority of his mother-in-law the Empress of Russia:—When Paul and his wife went to Paris, they were called, as is well known, le Comte and la Comtesse du Nord. The Comtesse du Nord accompanied Marie Antoinette to the theatre at Versailles. Marie Antoinette pointed out, behind her fan, *aussi honnêtement que possible*, all the distinguished persons in the house. In doing this she had her head bent forward. All of a sudden she drew back with such an expression of terror and horror that the Comtesse said, 'Pardon, madame, mais je suis sûre que vous avez vu quelque chose qui vous agite.' The Queen, after she had recovered herself, told her that there was about the Court, but not of right belonging to it, a woman who professed to read fortunes on cards. One evening she had been displaying her skill to several ladies, and at length the Queen desired to have her own destiny told. The cards were arranged in the usual manner, but when the woman had to read the result, she looked horror-struck, and stammered out some generalities. The Queen insisted on her saying what she saw, but she declared she could not. 'From that time,' said Marie Antoinette, 'the sight of that woman produces in me a feeling I cannot describe, of aversion and horror, and she seems studiously to throw herself in my way!'

"The Grand Duke told very curious stories about a sort of second sight; especially of a Princess of S——, who was, I believe, connected with the House of Saxony. It is the custom among them to allow the bodies of their deceased relations to lie in state, and all the members of the family go to look at them. The Princess was a single woman, and not young. She had the faculty, or the curse, of always seeing, not the body actually exposed, but the next member of the family who was to die. On one occasion a child died; she went to the bedside and said, 'I thought I came to look at a branch, but I see the tree.' In less than three weeks the father was dead. The Grand Duke told me several other instances of the same kind. But this faculty was not confined to deaths. A gentleman

whom the Grand Duke knew and named to me, went one day to visit the Princess; as soon as she saw him she said, 'I am delighted to see you, but why have you your leg bound up?' 'Oh,' said her sister, Princess M——, 'it is not bound up; what are you talking of?' '*I* see that it is,' she said. On his way home his carriage was upset and his leg broken.

"*Nov.* 1841, *Dresden.*—I went to see Figaro's *Hochzeit*, not *Le Nozze di Figaro*. If you have a mind to understand why the Italians can never be reconciled to Austrians rulers go to see Figaro's *Hochzeit*. A Herr Dettmer, from Frankfurt, did Figaro, a good singer, I have no doubt, and not a bad, *i.e.*, an absurd, actor. But Figaro, the incarnation of Southern vivacity, *espièglerie* and joyous grace! Imagine a square, thick-set man, with blond hair and a broad face, and that peculiar manner of standing and walking with the knees in, the heels stuck into the earth and the toes in the air, which one sees only in Germany. I thought of Piuco, a young Maltese, never, I believe, off his tiny island, whom I last saw in that part. I saw before me his *élancé* and supple figure, his small head clustered round with coal-black hair, his delicately turned jetty moustache, his truly Spanish costume, the sharp knee just covered by the breeches tied with gay ribbons, and the elastic step of the springing foot and high-bounding instep. What a contrast!—and what can Art do against Nature in such a case? Then the women; I have seen Ronzi de Begnis in the Countess. What a Countess! What a type of Southern voluptuous grace, of high and stately beauty and indolent charm! Imagine a long-faced, lackadaisical-looking German woman, lean and high-shouldered, and with that peculiar construction of body which German women now affect. An enormously long waist laced in to an absurd degree, and owing its equally extravagant rotundity below to the tailor. 'Happy we,' says Countess Hahn-Hahn, 'who, with so many ells of muslin or silk, can have a beautiful figure.'

"Now as a set-off I must say what Germans can do; and what I am sure we cannot in this our day. I went to see Schiller's *Braut von Messina*. I expected little. The piece is especially lyric rather than dramatic. The long speeches, thought I, will be dull, the choruses absurd. The sentiments

are pagan. What have Spanish Sicilian nobles to do with a Nemesis, with oracles, with a curse like that on the House of Athens, with sustained speeches, the whole purport of which is *incusare deos*. Well, I was wrong. In the opening scene, Mdlle. Berg has to stand for a quarter of an hour between two straight lines of senators and to make a speech—*rien que cela*. Can anything be more difficult? Yet such was the beauty of her declamation of Schiller's majestic verse, such the solemnity, propriety, grace, and dignity of her action, that at every moment one's interest rose. I cannot at this moment recollect ever to have seen an actress who could have done it so well. Rachel, with all her vast talents as a declaimer, would have been too hard for the heart-stricken mother. Emil Devrient's *Don Cesar* was quite as good. His acting in the last scene, where Beatrice entreats him to live, was frightfully good. The attempts at paternal tenderness, instantly relapsing into the fatal passion ignorantly conceived, made one's heart stand still. One saw before one the youth vainly struggling with the hereditary curse of his house—the doomed victim and instrument of the vengeance of an implacable destiny. Anything more thoroughly heathenish than the play I cannot conceive, and I question whether an English audience would sit it out. We should find it our duty to be shocked. The audience last night were probably attracted by Schiller's name, and knew that such 'horrid opinions' once existed in Greece, and that a poet imitating Greek tragedy might represent Greek modes of thinking. In short, we did not feel ourselves the least compromised by the Queen of Sicily's attack upon the gods. The chorus is, as in duty bound, a pacificator; the amount of comfort, it is true, often is, 'It can't be helped;' but this is so nobly and beautifully expressed that one is satisfied."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"Dresden, *December* 20, 1841.

"Dear M. Guizot,—Never were men gifted with the spirit of large and enlightened humanity more wanted than now. Men's hands are at peace, but their hearts are full of bitter hate, jealousy, rancour, and envy. The explosion of last year

was *but* an explosion. The combustible materials were all there. The war-cry of Germany surprised some people in France ; it surprised not me, who could have predicted it exactly. I have ventured formerly to say what I knew of the temper of Germans towards France—to some Frenchmen. They took it as an offence offered by an Englishwoman. What can one do but hold one's tongue ? M. Thiers will not tell you, nor anybody, all he saw and heard, nor how he was repulsed, nor the immeasurable humiliations he had to undergo. Even the account of his interview with the King of Prussia, which I have read in the *Revue de Paris*, though not flattering, is a very different version from what I had from a lady nearly connected with the Royal Family of Prussia. That the Princes of Germany have made the most of this *Deutsch* and anti-French enthusiasm, was to be expected, and the *Rheinlied* and all that is become tiresome and absurd. But if the feeling had not been intense and universal, the Princes could have made nothing of it, and the *Rheinlied* would have appeared to everybody a very poor song. No, dear sir, years of moderation, of forbearance must efface the fatal impressions left by *a government of conquerors*, not worse, perhaps, than any other such ; but all such are bad, or at least galling and offensive, and *that*, as Princess Hohenzollern said to me, is what men never forget, though they do the physical sufferings of war. But if such are the sentiments of Germany towards France, they are not an atom more friendly towards England. The only difference is, that the hostility towards us is more one of locality and class ; being directed against our commercial preponderancy, it rages in the manufacturing districts and classes. In Austria one hears little of it, nor in what is called good society anywhere, rather the reverse. But the journals sufficiently show the bitter jealousy and animosity of the middling and industrial classes. They, for their misfortune and ours, are now taking up, with all the zeal of discoverers or proselytes, the anti-social doctrines on trade, which the majority in England so long professed and acted on, and which the ruling class still acts on. All the most perverse views on the relations of nations are put forth here as a sort of religion, and are called patriotism. The beautiful cosmopolitanism which so distinguished Ger-

many from the national bullies of France or England is decried as mean and abject. Every calamity that happens in France or England is enlarged upon with a sort of delight ; prophecies, in which 'the wish' was evidently 'father to the thought,' of decline and dissolution are continually put forth, and, as relates to England, are mixed up with the abundant exaggerations of her actual power and wealth. All this saddens the heart. Malignity and evil passions are bad enough, but the hopeless thing is to see the *reason* in such a state that an accumulation of capital and skill, which it must ever require ages to produce, should be regarded as a thing which men are interested in destroying ! As if they were not there for the world ! As if the very prosperity of a manufacturing country did not prove the wide diffusion of productions which all desire to have ! Alas, alas ! My husband is writing (to my infinite joy) an article for the *Edinburgh Review*, on a book by a Dr. List, which has made a great noise here. He is the apostle of the exclusive or, as it is called, protective system. To be sure we can only cry, 'Meâ culpâ, meâ culpâ !' So much more easy is it to propagate falsehood than truth ; so much more easy to excite bad feelings than good ones. I write to you—and that is the charm—as if France and England were one country, persuaded as I am that they have one interest, and that, whatever your countrymen may think, the English are the only people at the present time capable of appreciating them, simply because they are equals, and look neither up nor down. This constitutes an enormous difference from all other countries. Germany possesses a *class* of men superior in mental culture, *on a given point*, to all others. But not only is the range of each man limited, the *diffusion* of knowledge is not comparable to that with us. Above all (you will not laugh), the condition of women, their intellectual and moral station, is so immeasurably lower, that it must take a long time to bring them up to our level. Of course I use 'our' for our *two* countries. Imagine that here, in this courtly little capital, it is the universal custom in what they call society for the men to go into a separate room, or if there is none, to assemble in a corner, while the women sit round the table or in a circle. No man thinks of talking to a lady. I have told

them that I am not accustomed to be insulted in this way, and that after such men as M. Guizot have not disdained to speak to me as if I were not quite a fool, I will not take such an assumption of superiority at the hands of little chamberlains, &c. Not that I want to value their conversation, but my English blood boils at seeing myself so degraded. We in England are *oppressed*, but not condemned. The advantages attending these small states, this intimate and really paternal relation between princes and people, are many and striking : the harmony, for instance, between this good King of Saxony and his people is edifying ; *but* the vast and expansive life of Paris and London is wholly wanting, and with it, how much is wanting ! We, the advanced guard on the march of civilisation, have all the rough work to do. Among us the fearful struggle of suffering man with the world, which he thinks he can alter so as to suit it to himself, is going on, and must go on, till the matter is worked out by reason and experiment, and till he finds *what* he can change and what he *must* endure. In Germany, this is to come ; but it will come to all in turn. Meanwhile how fearful are its appearances with both of us ! Yet even for this, I repeat, we can better understand and appreciate each other. France and England are *men* of the same growth and strength. How much of the future destiny of the world depends on them and on their amity ! Here I feel it. In almost all companies and parts of Germany, I, 'the *natural enemy*' of France, find myself her defender — scolded and wondered at for being so. In Berlin, whither we mean to go, I expect to find even more of this, judging from the numerous Berliners I know. Prussia is a *new* power (relatively to us), and has the *susceptibilité* of a *parvenu*. They have a perfect right to estimate themselves very highly ; but they set no bounds to their pretensions, and are *offusqués* at those of all other nations. Their enthusiasm for their King has sadly declined. He committed the great blunder of talking too much, exciting vague and large hopes, and now they say he does nothing. They call him the *redselig*, as opposed to his father the *hochselig*. In Berlin this sort of *Wortwitz* is universal ; their *calembourgs* are poor and blunt attempts at imitations of French *mots*, which nobody can imitate. There is an ecclesi-

astical movement which will do the King no good. Bunsen is sent to England to concoct an Established Church, hierarchy, or something like it. It is a great pity, for everybody believes the King to be both good and *plein d'esprit*, but not wise nor firm. The poor Poles seem to hope something from him. What, they hardly can tell you. But they are in a state to catch at straws.

"I sometimes cannot help admitting to myself that, considering my husband's vast and peculiar powers, some way of making them useful to the public might have been found by a Government discerning of true and rare merit, though his health did not allow him to keep time in the routine of official business. These little princes, whom we call 'beggarly,' &c., &c., are ingenious in providing harbours of refuge where such men can work for the world, in whose vortex they cannot live. He would have been satisfied with the merest subsistence if he had been treated with the respect and deference he deserves. But which of those men of expedients, to whom philosophy is ridiculous, could be expected to imagine such a thing? What is to come I know not, but I think any change good that delivers the country from sneering sceptics of all that is too high and too great for them, like Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerston. I hope you have reason to be better pleased with the present people. Lord John closed his career with honour. He is a loss.

"Farewell, dear sir, with every sentiment of affection and respect,

"Yours,

"SARAH AUSTIN."

Sarah Austin to John Murray.

"DRESDEN, *March* 22, 1842.

"MY DEAR MR. MURRAY,— . . . You may perhaps have heard that a letter dated Weimar (as a blind), which appeared in the *Times*, and, I am told, attracted a good deal of attention in London, was written by me. If you have *not* heard it, I entreat you not to speak of it; I have no inclination to figure as a newspaper writer. But as several people guessed it, it may

perhaps have reached your ears. I have had very high compliments upon it. I have myself never seen it in print, but I hope a copy is kept for me. That, and many other things, will perhaps one day see the light in a more permanent form. I am much urged by the Germans to write upon Germany. This is a high compliment from them, for they are much dissatisfied with all that has been written, especially in France—more perhaps with the praise than the censure. M. de Brunnow, brother of the Russian Ambassador in London, and himself a writer, is very urgent with me.

"A few remarks on the Gallery which I sent to the *Athenæum*, and which people have guessed to be mine, were immediately translated, and inserted in one of the most considerable journals. In short, I am very conscious that my opinion has a weight here which it does not deserve. It would be more to *my* purpose if the exaggeration were as great in England. As I declined going to Court—my husband too unwell—the Queen sent for me. I had a private audience of two hours, and have seldom had a more agreeable conversation. Her kind and cordial manner put me in a moment at my ease, and her sense and information *forced* me to listen and to talk with interest. As I sat on the sofa by her side, discussing every kind of subject, I forgot all except that she was a very agreeable and sensible woman.

"Tieck and I are great friends. Pray remember me to Mr. Grüner; tell him he promised to write.

"In the next number of the *British and Foreign Review* you will see an article of mine (if you care to see it), some of which will, I think, amuse you. I am pretty far advanced with one for the *Edinburgh Review* on changes in manners in Germany. As to translating the 'Rome in 1833,' the idea was suggested to me by an exceedingly clever man, who lived there four years and married a natural daughter of Prince Henry of Prussia, who permanently resides there. He assured me that it was the *only* faithful and lively picture of *actual living* Rome. Of this I cannot possibly judge, but I *can* judge of Dr. Franck's capacity, and of that I think most highly; it is certain the English never get behind the scenes. It is a very small book, and my idea was to unite to it a new and much

admired work on Venice, called 'Sospiri,' and one on Naples and the Neapolitans by Dr. K. A. Mayer (2 vols.), also just published and greatly praised. One of the best journals says of the last, 'it introduces us into the varied life of the people, the Neapolitans, in their most peculiar and intimate ways of thinking and living, and contains information concerning preachers, churches, popular festivals, theatres,' &c. The author lived there many years. The three might make 3 vols. But I conceive the sort of disgust at the name of Italy, however good and however new the matter.

"Lastly, Dr. Liepmann, *ci-devant* historical tutor to the Czarewitch, came to me the other day to say that a Dr. Echtermeyer, of whom he thinks very highly, had a project of writing a history of German literature, expressly for England —at least, for foreigners (*i.e.* non-Germans)—and wished to consult me. I let him come, and gave him this advice: To write a view of his scheme, together with some account of his pretensions and former pursuits, and I promised that I would forward it to you. Perhaps it may accompany this. I have inquired about him; he is a young man, but there is a great persuasion of his capacity. Everybody to whom I have spoken says he would do it well—and he is not a Dresden man. If you agree about it, and it is good, I would, if you like, translate it.

"I have set a friend of mine (a lady) upon writing down her recollections of *what she saw* of the scenes of war in Dresden, especially in 1813. The anecdotes of Napoleon and his troops, of the King, &c., which she sat telling me one evening, made me feel that we islanders never have any idea of what passed under the eyes of these people, and I exclaimed: 'Why don't you write all this?' She said, 'Oh, no; she never thought of such a thing.' But two days after, she called and said she had resolved to do it, and to call the book 'Ein Kriegsjahr in Dresden.' I shall see what it turns out, and, if you like, will keep an eye on it for you. I thought of it for a magazine, but *nous verrons*.

"I must conclude this long scrawl. I am hoping to see my dear children and grandchild on the Rhine, which cheers me much. We are all in admiration of Sir Robert Peel. 'Staats

Minister' v. Lindenau made me a long visit yesterday, and we talked over English affairs, in which he is greatly interested. He is a truly admirable man, and worthy to estimate Peel, whom he greatly reveres. M. de Lindenau is very kind, and gives me every sort of information and documents about Saxony. I am going to have the wages and expenditure of labourers in every district of the kingdom.

"Pray regard this letter as strictly private, at least all about myself. What I tell you as a friend kind enough to be interested for me, would be ridiculous *self-glorification* to others. Best regards to Mrs. Murray and your family.

"Yours most truly,

"S. AUSTIN."

Sarah Austin to Victor Cousin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"BONN, *June* 5, 1842.

"We ought to have been here in April but—there is always a but in my life; I think I told you my husband intended to write a reply to a book which has obtained a great success in Germany, 'Über die National Oekonomie,' by Dr. List—a book containing everything that was most false, most anti-social, and detestable about the commercial relations of nations. Mr. Austin had commenced an article for the *Edinburgh Review;* it was announced and expected. The three first months of the year passed by (like so many others) in attacks of illness and fruitless attempts at work, so that at the moment when we ought to have started, he was obliged to work almost night and day, and I also, for I copied every word. However, here we are, though we only left Dresden on the 21st of May. We go to Carlsbad in August, and if my husband proposes to return to Dresden, I really think, for the first time in my life, I shall oppose his project. Is life so long that one can afford to throw away years? To vegetate, without any sphere of usefulness, any interchange of ideas, any society? Mr. Austin needs a different atmosphere. He talks of Berlin; and we have received very flattering invitations from there. But I

have a great dislike of the disparaging intellect and the bad puns that pass for wit in Berlin. How are you? Have you seen Mr. Grote? Write to me, and accept the best love of

"GROSSMÜTTERCHEN.
"(LITTLE GRANDMOTHER)."

Sarah Austin to Harriet Grote.

"*July*, 1842.

"DEAR FRIEND AND CUMMER,[1]—Thank you for your beautiful little '*Andenken*,' and more for thinking of me so far off and so long asunder.

"But I cannot accept any gift as indemnity for a letter, which I still look for with eagerness. I know how little a letter can contain of all you have to say, but that little will be very precious to your old friend. When we may meet again seems wholly uncertain. My husband will not hear of attempting to live in London on our present income, and though I long so much for a home and a resting-place that I would willingly try a cottage in the country in England, I fear it would not suit him, and I am not quite sure if, after all, it would suit me. Pleasures one cannot reach are better at a distance which make them wholly out of the question, and if I felt I *could* get at my children and my friends, perhaps my longing would be more painful, at least more *irritating* and less *stumpf* than it is now, when seas and mountains are between us. Mrs. Jameson made my mouth water by the mention of a cottage at Ealing for £22 a year. I wonder what it is like. We have been paying three times that for lodgings at Dresden, and not good ones—indeed, there are few good. Still I cannot deny the enormous differences on the whole, arising partly from the cheapness of things, and yet more from the habits of the people. I was there perfectly on a level with anybody you please—visited and received as well as the ladies of princely houses and royal alliances, and what did it cost? The whole winter not the price of one London dinner! Their blood and connections signify nothing, it is true, but I mean that as to

[1] "Cummer," a Scotch word, from the French *commère*, used by the two ladies in writing to each other as a familiar sign of intimacy.

society, one could go no higher, and some of them were charming, distinguished, accomplished women. The Queen, who was extremely kind to me, not the least so; Princess Reuss, a cousin of the Duchess of Kent, who lived exactly as I did, extremely lively, amusing, inquiring, and full of anecdotes; Madame de Lüttichau above all, a woman of incomparable nobleness, grace, and expansion of mind, and a heart full of all goodness. *She* is an acquisition for life and death, for there cannot come a time in which I shall not feel the better for having known her, loved her, and lived with her as I did. She has dreadful health—the fate of so many I love. But Dresden is utterly barren of public interests and of the sort of society they create. For my husband, there would have been absolutely nothing but for the accident of a very clever Prussian, Dr. Franck, being there; with him he walked and talked.

"M. de Lindenau is a Turgot, stunted and checked by want of space and of vital air; but he is hardly to be got at, and his calls on me were considered miracles. I have great hopes of seeing him here; he half promised me to come if he can get a holiday. We shall stay to the latest day consistent with my husband's taking the waters—of Carlsbad, I suppose. It is not certain, for Cousin has been taking enormous pains to persuade us that Emms or Plombières are as good. But my husband means to consult an eminent physician here about Plombières. Cousin wants to meet us there, and of course it would be a great pleasure to meet him, and a great advantage to be spared crossing Germany again now that we are on the Rhine; but it would be absurd to give up the unquestionable good of Carlsbad for a chance. If George Lewis could have gone there with us, as he intended, my husband would not have hesitated. I shall find there two of the people I love and honour the most—the Archbishop of Erlau and Lady William Russell—at least, I trust she may still be there, and he has written to me to ask me our time, that he may not miss us.

"Cousin's unwearying and uncooled friendship is extremely touching, and I have lived long enough to know all its rarity. Fourteen years ago we met here by chance, and since that time never has he varied from the most cordial attachment. Our adversity and absence from England has enabled me to take

the standard of many friendships, and this standard will abide with me.

"Among those who have come like the purest gold out of the furnace, I must mention my dear John Mill, and the excellent and *unprofessing* Lewis. I don't mean to say they are alone, but they are pre-eminent.

"I hope Mr. Grote will read my husband's article on List's book, and you, too, dearest Cummer, spite of petticoats, which in this country extinguish the idea of such inquiries. He wishes much to review John Mill's book when it comes out. I want him *first* to write an article, such as he, and only he, could, on Prussia. In this case, however, he says he must go and spend the winter at Berlin ; and this I cannot, spite of all invitations, compliments, and cajoleries, bear the thought of. Everybody (Germans included) hates Berlin, as the abode of every sort of false and arrogant pretension. Nevertheless there are so many *really* eminent men that there must be some good society.

"Your affectionate

"S. Austin."

W. E. Gladstone to Sarah Austin.

"Whitehall, *July* 25, 1842.

"Dear Mrs. Austin,—I regret exceedingly the cause which, as you give me to understand, has occasioned your residence on the Continent, though I should have reason to rejoice, so far as the public interests of this department are concerned, if one of the effects should be to lead you to become, or rather continue, an observer of the course and tendencies of feeling with regard to commercial policy abroad, and to give us the benefit of your information.

"As soon as I was able, after the appearance of the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, I read the article on List, which you had been so good as to point out, and I am much obliged to you for having led me thus to become acquainted with the interesting matter which it contains. I am very reluctant to press anything upon Sir Robert Peel, but if an opportunity should offer after the prorogation which is now

near at hand, I should be very glad to use it, and to recommend his perusing that article.

"It is truly lamentable to receive from such a witness as yourself statements so strong with respect to a jealousy and hatred of England now prevailing on the Continent, and even in Germany. It cannot be accounted for by reference to anything recently done by this country ; it may partly be founded on portions of our legislation in former times now more considered and better understood abroad than at the periods when they took effect, but I fear it is chiefly owing to the sense of rivalry and the collision of material interests. We may be put to great inconvenience by the consequences to which such sentiments may lead. I believe that England and common sense have allies in the men composing the government of Prussia ; and yet I am far from feeling easy as to what the conference at Stuttgardt may produce. I hope, however, that we shall be enabled and allowed to proceed steadily and consistently in the course which Sir Robert Peel has taken ; and I cannot but feel the most confident belief, that with anything like fair play our industry, in all its great branches, will long continue to show that it has lost none of its energy or its power to compete with that of other nations. In the meantime we have great cause for thankfulness in the prospect of that great national mercy—a good harvest. Together with the anticipation of abundance of our own growth, we have a very considerable stock of foreign grain in the country, so that there is now almost a certainty of plenty and comparative cheapness through the winter. Opinions differ as to the perceptibility of the symptoms of revival in trade. The Anti-Corn Law League men contend that matters go from bad to worse, and will continue to do so ; but I think the voice of the public press in general, however affected in its politics, testifies that there is a real, though as yet a limited, improvement ; and some persons of no mean authority contend that we have arrived at the commencement of a new period of prosperity. I should look forward with a lighter heart if we could get rid of our wretched Eastern wars, in which we ought certainly to be cowards if conscience could make us so.

"You will perhaps easily understand that I am too much

jaded by the work of the Session to be qualified at this time, even duly to thank you for the other very interesting parts of your letter which refer to education, to the Saxon Court, a beautiful picture indeed as you (doubtless truly) draw it, and to the position of Sir Robert Peel here. I should close with your most kind offer to send any information at any time, by saying that I shall feel myself deeply your debtor, for I shall be delighted to receive all information at all times—nor am I least obliged by your invoking the guidance of God upon the persons who bear the immense responsibilities of the Government of this country, and your remembering among them even one who can have but a secondary part, though more than enough for his measure and capacity, either in their honours or their cares.

"Believe me, dear Mrs. Austin,

"Most sincerely yours,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

Rev. Sydney Smith to Sarah Austin.

"COMBE FLOREY, *Oct.* 13, 1842.

"MY DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—You lay heavy upon my conscience, unaccustomed to bear any weight at all. What can a country parson say to a travelled and travelling lady who neither knows nor cares anything for wheat, oats, and barley? It is this reflection which keeps me silent. Still she has a fine heart, and likes to be cared for, even by me.

"You must have had great pleasure in meeting Lucie and the new creation. A first act of this kind Malthus himself was always willing to look over. What did you think of Lucie's daughter? I wonder whether we agree. I suspect she will turn out a very sensible, agreeable person, but I am not sure of it.

"Mrs. Sydney and I are in very tolerable health, both better than we were when you lived in England. But there is much more of us—so that you were only half acquainted with us. I wish I could add that the intellectual faculties had expanded in proportion to the augmentation of flesh and blood. I am afraid you have no good news to give me of Mr. Austin's improved

health. Have you any chance of coming home, or rather I should say, have we any chance of seeing you at home?

"God bless you!

"Yours affectionately,

"SYDNEY SMITH."

CHAPTER XVI.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Diary of Mrs. Austin in 1842 and 1843—Dresden—Berlin—Literary Society there—The Grimms—Ranke—Anecdotes of Berlin Society—of Niebuhr—Mr. Grote to Mr. Austin.

ANOTHER entry in Mrs. Austin's diary in Dresden is a funny illustration of German manners :—

"*Feb.* 1842.—Two days before we left Dresden, as I was dressing to go out, Nannie, my maid, came into my room and said two ladies wanted to see me. She said she had never seen them—they said I did not know them. I sent to say that I was sorry but I could not receive them as Madame de S—— was already waiting for me. Nannie came back with the answer that they would wait in the anteroom—they only wanted to speak to me for a moment. Annoyed at being forced to commit a rudeness, I hurried on my gown and went out. In the anteroom were a middle-aged lady and a young one. I broke out into apologies, &c. ; upon which the elder lady said in German, 'Pardon me for being so pressing. I only wished to give my daughter strength for the battle of life.' I was literally confounded at the oddness of this address, and remained dumb. It seemed her daughter wished to translate from the English. After a short explanation she turned to her daughter, and, pointing to me, said, 'Now, my dear, you have seen the mistress, so we will not keep her any longer.' And so they went. I threw myself into a chair, and, alone as I was, burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. This is as

good a piece of Germanism as is to be found in any novel. Even my Dresden friends thought it quite amazing."

In November, 1842, she writes at Berlin in her diary—

"*22nd.*—Tea at Schellings', a very agreeable party. Two Grimms and Mdme. Grimm, Ranke, Steffens, Countess Bohlen, Perz and wife, De Savigny, and others. I was more struck with the Grimms than with anybody. I talked to Wilhelm, taking him for Jacob. He told me of my mistake, and I said it did not signify, the brothers Grimm were one thing. Presently Jacob came and sat by me ; I told him I had been forewarned that he would run away from a stranger and a woman—an Englishwoman. On the contrary, he was polite, cordial, and willing to talk. He told me he was preparing a new edition of the German Mythology, and was especially occupied about spells. I mentioned to him the Indian spells given in Meadows Taylor's novels. His exterior is striking and engaging. He has the shyness and simplicity of a German man of letters, but without any of the awkward, uncouth, ungentlemanlike air which is so common among them. His is a noble and refined head, full of intelligence, thought, and benevolence. Wilhelm is also a fine-looking man, younger, less imposing, less refined, but with a charming air of good nature and sense. His wife is very pleasing. Ranke is a little, insignificant-looking man, very like a Frenchman—small, vivacious, and a little conceited-looking. It seems the audience expected a scene—we were to fall into each other's arms. On the contrary, we appeared to be of one mind—viz., to meet with the utmost coolness and indifference. Mdme. Schelling said he was, what he seldom is, abashed. He thought people were looking at him, and therefore he hardly spoke to me. Schelling was a most polite and effective host, and his wife did the honours better than any German woman I have seen. We women were not entrenched behind tables—fixtures against the walls, as is usual, while the men huddle into corners to talk. I was less plagued about my authorship than I expected : altogether it was pleasant, cordial, and promised agreeable things.

"24*th*.—Dr. Julius called. He is evidently extremely disgusted with Berlin and with all in it except the King, of whom he says the Berliners are not worthy.

"My maid Nannie told me a curious illustration of the position of servants here. The maid of our landlord has, it seems, a habit of running out and being gone for hours without leave. On Sunday evening last she had leave. Monday and Tuesday, ditto. Wednesday she took leave, and did not return till after ten. Her mistress asked where she had been, and she refused to answer: 'If I won't tell you, you can't hang me for it.' Another day, the master, who is lame, came down into the kitchen and asked her to run upstairs and fetch his spectacles for him. 'Oh, I am washing dishes,' said she. The droll thing is, that they say they are only too glad to have this steady and obliging person because she is honest—a thing almost unique here, as it seems.

"30*th*.—Ranke called to talk to me about the translation of his 'Reformation in Germany.' Strenuously resisted all idea of abridgment. His articulation is bad, his manner not pleasant nor gentlemanlike. He is not so good as his books. Some people are better.

"*Dec.* 17*th*.—Went to Savigny's. Nobody was there but W. Grimm and his wife and a few men. Grimm told me he had received two volumes of Norwegian fairy-tales, and that they were delightful. Talking of them, I said, 'Your children appear to me the happiest in the world; they live in the midst of fairy-tales.' 'Ah,' said he, 'I must tell you about that. When we were at Göttingen, somebody spoke to my little son about his "*Mährchen*." He had read them, but never thought of their being mine. He came running to me, and said with an offended air, "Father, they say you wrote those fairy-tales; surely you never invented such silly rubbish?" He thought it below my dignity.'

"Another story of Grimm's:—

"'When I was a young man, I was walking one day and saw an officer in the old-fashioned uniform. It was under the old Elector. The officers still wore pigtails, cocked hats set over one eye, high neck-cloths, and coats buttoned back. As he was walking stiffly along, a groom came by riding a horse, which he

appeared to be breaking in. "What mare is that you are riding?" called out the major with an authoritative, disdainful air. "She belongs to Prince George," answered the groom. "Ah——h!" said the major, raising his hand reverently to his hat with a military salute, and bowing low to the mare. I told this story,' continued Grimm, 'to Prince B., thinking to make him laugh. But he looked grave, and said, with quite a tragic tone of voice, "Ah, that feeling is no longer to be found!"'

"Savigny told a *Volksmährchen* too:—

"'St. Anselm was grown old and infirm, and lay on the ground among thorns and thistles. *Der liebe Gott* said to him, "You are very badly lodged there; why don't you build yourself a house?" "Before I take the trouble," said Anselm, "I should like to know how long I have to live." "About thirty years," replied *Der liebe Gott.* "Oh, for so short a time," replied he. "it's not worth while," and turned himself round among the thistles.'

"*Jan.*, 1843.—Berlin is too large and too small, too new and too old, too bustling and too quiet, dull and not venerable. I could go on multiplying these contradictions, but it is better to make them intelligible. It is large enough to make the distances inconvenient and costly in time and money. You cannot, as in Dresden, run all over the town in an hour. The distances, too, are wearisome—long, straight streets of shabby, monotonous houses. It is large enough to contain such a population as to furnish incessant interruptions and distraction—eternal visiting, a host of lions, all sorts of *devoirs sociaux*, &c., &c. On the other hand, it does not afford that most precious of heaven's gifts—liberty. If you have the smallest pretension to be *vornehm* (fine), you can only live Unter den Linden, or in the Wilhelms Strasse.

"Social life does not exist in Berlin, though people are always in company, and one is, as Ranke said, *gehetzt* (hunted). In the fashionable parties one always sees the same faces—faces possessed by *ennui*. The great matter is for the men to show their decorations and the women their gowns, and to be called *Excellency*. Generally speaking, it strikes me that the Prussians have no confidence in their own individual power of commanding respect. Much as they hold to all the old ideas

and distinctions about birth, even that does not enable them to assume an upright, independent attitude, not even when combined with wealth. Count G——, a man of old Saxon nobility, with large estates and the notions and feelings of an English aristocrat, tells me that he is completely *shouldered* in Berlin society, because he neither has nor will have any official title, wears no orders, and, in short, stands upon his own personal distinctions. The idea of going about the world stark naked as to one's mere name, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, Mr. Canning—a German would be ashamed!

"Till a man is *accroché* on the Court by some title, order, office, or what not, he may be fairly said not to exist. The Germans are becoming clamorous for freer institutions; but how much might they emancipate themselves! A vast deal of this servility is perfectly voluntary, but it seems in the blood. They dislike the King of Hanover as much as we do; but when Madame de L—— whispered to me at a ball, '*Voilà votre Prince et Seigneur*,' and I replied in no whisper, '*Prince oui, mais, grace à Dieu, Seigneur non*,' she looked frightened, and so did all the ladies round her—and why? He could do them no more harm than me.

"The other day I went up three pair of stairs to call on a nice little Professor's wife. Arrived at the top, I rang the bell, and out comes a great hulking maid, who looks down upon me from a height of three or four steps. 'Is Madame G—— at home?' Answer (stereotype), 'I don't know;' after a pause—'Do you mean the Frau Professorin?' 'Yes, Madame G——.' On this out rushes a second maid, looks half stupid, half indignant—'What, do you mean the Frau Geheimräthin?' The joke was now too good to drop. I said again, 'I mean Madame G——, as it seems you do not hear distinctly; take my card to Madame G——.' I was admitted with the usual words, 'Most agreeable,' and found the very pleasant Frau Professorin Geheimräthin, for she is both, whose servants seem ashamed of her name. Yet it is a name very illustrious in learning.

"*Jan. 18th.*—At a dinner-party we talked of Niebuhr, Varnhagen von Ense's article, &c. Von Raumer said, 'I went to his house one evening at Rome, and we *nearly* succeeded in boiling some water for tea, but not quite.' Niebuhr told him

that it was a serious thing to associate with Amati, the keeper of the Chigi Library and a great archæologist, because he frequented a wine-shop, the *Sabina*, where the wine was very dear.

"When the late King was at Rome, Niebuhr did the honours so badly that the King was quite impatient. He showed him little fragments of things in which he could take no interest, and none of the great objects. One day Niebuhr spoke of Palestrina. 'What is that?' said the King. 'What! your Majesty does not know that?' exclaimed Niebuhr in a tone of astonishment. The King was extremely annoyed, and turning round to some one, said, 'Stuff and nonsense; it's bad enough never to have learnt anything, without having it proclaimed aloud.'

"'Niebuhr's ideas about his own importance and his excessive cowardice were such,' said B——, 'that at the time of the Carbonari affairs, he actually wrote home to the Prussian Government that the whole of this conspiracy was directed against himself.'

"Dr. Franck told me a story of which I never heard before. Voltaire had for some reason or other taken a grudge against the prophet Habakkuk, and affected to find in him things he never wrote. Somebody took the Bible and began to demonstrate to him that he was mistaken. '*C'est égal*,' he said impatiently, '*Habakkuk était capable de tout!*'

"Bettina von Arnim called, and we had a *tête-à-tête* of two hours. Her conversation is that of a clever woman, with some originality, great conceit, and vast unconscious ignorance. Her sentiments have a bold and noble character. We talked about crime, punishment, prisons, education, law of divorce, &c., &c. Gleams of truth and sense, clouds of nonsense—all tumbled out with equally undoubting confidence. Occasional great fidelity of expression. Talking of the so-called happiness and security of ordinary marriages in Germany, she said, '*Qu'est-ce que cela me fait? Est-ce que je me soucie de ces nids qu'on arrange pour propager?*' I laughed out: one must admit that the expression is most happy. She talked of the Ministers with great contempt, and said, 'There is not a man in Germany: have you seen one for whom you feel any

enthusiasm? They are all like frogs in a big pond—well, well, let them splash their best, what have we to do with their croaking?' Some things she said about the folly of attacking full-grown, habitual vice by legislation, prison discipline, &c., were very true, and showed a great capacity for just thought. But what *did* she mean, or what did Schleiermacher mean, for she quoted him, by saying, '*Le péché est une grâce de Dieu*'? These are things said to make people stare. She read me an extract out of a letter of his, speaking of two people who had what one would call a criminal attachment for each other. He wrote, 'As I have always held that those whom God has joined, man should not keep asunder;' taking these words in the completely opposite to what we do, *i.e.*, that persons who don't love each other are joined by the world only, but those who do, by God. If this were known in England! And he so pious, so eloquent a divine!

"*Jan. 20th.*—M. and Mme. de Savigny came in, and the conversation fell on the Italians. Mme. de Savigny spoke highly of them, saying they were not more given to cheating than their neighbours, and had a fund of inexhaustible good-nature and obligingness, and *sehr gewandt* (very clever). M. de Savigny also said they found means to accomplish everything they desired. She spoke of a young Abbate who had been much with them at Rome, and of his serviceableness. Savigny said he had studied theology at the 'Sapienza,' and had the best testimonials to his assiduity and progress. His learning may be judged of by the fact that he believed the whole Bible to have been written by St. John. Somehow the Abbate got sent to Venice. He was enchanted at this; his curiosity was awakened, and he thought he would see the world. So he wrote to M. de Savigny to say he wished to come to Berlin. After making many inquiries about the relative dearness and cheapness of things, and many other particulars, he asked, '*E la prego di domandare al Vescovo di questa città, se trovero mezzo di vivere allegramente dalle messe per i defunti?*' (And I beg of you to inquire from the Bishop of that city whether I shall be able to live jovially on the proceeds of masses for the dead.)

"This strikes me as a charming story."

1842–43 was a busy year for Mrs. Austin. She wrote an article on H. Steffen's "Autobiography" in the *British and Foreign Review*; one "On Changes in German Manners," for the *Edinburgh Review;* many letters to the *Athenæum*, and one to the *Times* on Germany; an article on Ritter von Lang's "Memoirs," and one "On the State of Germany from the French Revolution to 1815." "Stories of the Gods and Heroes of Greece" (by Niebuhr), came out in 1843 under Mrs. Austin's name, but they were translated by her daughter, Lady Duff Gordon.

Mr. Grote writes to Mr. Austin from London :—

"London, *February*, 1843.

"Dear Austin,—I am very glad to hear that you are employed upon an article in the *Edinburgh* on the subject of Prussia. The English public is greatly misinformed upon the subject now, and you have the best opportunities for collecting such matter as will improve and rectify their views. I presume you will derive much assistance in the way of suggestions from this recent French publication which has appeared, so very virulent against the Government; it is a perfect *Prusso-mastix*. The difficulty in a country where the Press is fettered, must consist in finding out what can justly be objected to in the working of the Government. I have no doubt that the French book is very unduly vituperative.

"I have resumed my History, and find it the greatest object of interest and delight now remaining to me. The prospect of public matters, as far as present progress is concerned, presents little which interests me, and still less which I contemplate with any satisfaction, either in England or abroad. Intellectual curiosity and activity is now the great pleasure and occupation of my life, and is likely to become more and more so. In July next, I have determined to leave business altogether, and I shall then devote myself exclusively to the prosecution of my History, which I find a very long, though a very interesting, business.

"G. Grote."

CHAPTER XVII.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Letters from Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot on the state of Germany—Mrs. Austin to Mrs. Grote—Mr. Austin elected to the Institute—Revision of the "Province of Jurisprudence"—The Austins settle in Paris—Mr. Austin to Sir W. Erle—Rev. Sydney Smith to Mrs. Austin.

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"CARLSBAD, *April* 20, 1843.

"I COULD hardly believe my eyes, dear sir, when I read, in Henry Reeve's letter from Paris, that you wished to hear from me.

"He may perhaps have told you something of our wandering and chequered life. I often *come before myself*, as the Germans say, as if I were constantly acting Cinderella, alternating between our poverty and the privations it occasions, and the society of kings and queens, Court fêtes, and the strange necessity of being a sort of personage: ridiculous contrast! But I cannot help it. The Germans lay a sort of claim to me, and I cannot without affectation refuse their civilities. One thing at least I have gained—an insight into German opinions, habits, and character such as, I believe, few foreigners, and, indeed, few Germans, possess. I say *few Germans;* for, in spite of all the talk about German unity, one member of this vast family does in fact know very little and cares very little, except where his own interests are threatened, about the other. Dresden and Berlin are connected by a railroad—in ten hours you pass from one to the other. They are both members of the *Zollverein*,

both Protestant, both *northern* (which is much); well, you would never believe how totally ignorant I found such men as Savigny, Eichhorn, and other politicians of the character of the public men of Saxony; of the relation of the King to his people; of the character and training of the young Princes. Everything I told them seemed new; and the only time I ever heard a remark on what was going on in the neighbour country, was when Savigny said to me, 'Voyez-vous ce qui se passe en Saxe? *Les Chambres se forment.*' 'Si, je le vois,' said I, 'avec la plus grande satisfaction.' In Berlin this might be imputed to the arrogant pretensions and scornful character of the people, who affect to look down upon the rest of Germany as centuries behind them (and upon none more than some of their own fellow-subjects, the Westphalians for example); but it is not confined to Berlin. The subjects of each State, however small, have their eyes pretty much turned to their own Court and their own institutions. Not to talk of Austria, I am convinced that if I went to Stuttgart, all I have to tell about Berlin would be quite as new to nine people out of ten as if it were about London or Paris. Indeed, more so; and for obvious reasons. The only ground on which the German periodical Press enjoys any freedom is the foreign. From our papers and yours they extract largely; but very little information as to what passes at home is to be got from them. You have no doubt seen and deplored the strange and contradictory proceedings of the King of Prussia about the Press. These are indeed the 'fantastic tricks' which 'make the angels weep.' That one man should imagine he can play with the mind of a great nation as a boy plays with a bird he has tied to a string, now let it flutter a little way, then pull it back again, now toss it into the air, then bring it down to the ground! I accuse you in my heart of the downfall of Savigny. He saw that a man who had attained to the highest eminence in science and letters had become a consummate statesman, an unequalled minister. He mistook his vocation, and now, with the usual injustice of mankind, his great past merits are entirely forgotten in his present degradation. One of the evils of this sort of government is the bandying about of the blame attached to an unpopular measure. Every one of the ministers who signed

that *Ordonnance*, in private washed his hands of it. Is this loyal to their master? I trow not. But he *will* have all the power and all the merit—so there is no help. Enough, enough. I am sure you hear all this better from M. de Bresson. Only don't imagine I think the King ill disposed. I believe him to be kind-hearted, good-natured, impressionable, *spirituel*—in short, like a clever, excitable, amiable, vain woman. If you like to hear more, I will empty the whole sack at your feet next winter. The state of the public mind in Prussia is deeply interesting, especially in the provinces.

"We passed through Dresden a fortnight ago. We heard a debate on the Press in the Lower Chamber. It's the fashion to laugh at these miniature Parliaments. I looked at this one with great respect and a sort of *motherly* (English) tenderness. What is more, I ventured to speak up for it to one of the most excellent and judicious women in the world, the Princess Johann, mother of the future King. I had a long *tête-à-tête* with her, and one with the Queen. They are anxious, as well they may, for they must feel the *contre coup* of every shot in Prussia. I love and honour them and their husbands enough to feel it impossible not to speak out *the truth*. The Chambers are not always right, as you may suppose. 'Je le crois bien, Madame,' said I, 'mais enfin le peuple veut être écouté—la question est, Où et comment on les écoutera. Puisque je vous aime, je bénis Dieu que la Saxe ait une constitution. Elle a moins de chemin à faire.' I was surprised at my own audacity, but it is all true. I *do* love them. I *am* convinced that changes are coming, perhaps storms. I *do* think that those will fare best who have already a legal arena for discussion. Will you believe the end? I kissed her hand and begged her pardon, and she thanked me with tears in her eyes. With the Queen it was nearly the same. Good people, they desire nothing but to do right. But how is one to convince them that a King is no longer a father of a family of *children*—or a schoolmaster?

"I am just returned from hearing Mass and *Te Deum* sung in honour of the Emperor's birthday. Here indeed *unser Kaiser* has *beau jeu*. The devotion to the blood of Hapsburg, or rather to the progeny of Maria Theresa, is as unquestioning as their religious faith. There is something (*convenons en*)

touching, generous, self-forgetting in this *canine* attachment. The trifle that the Emperor is a helpless idiot makes no difference. Not that the people don't know it. But what then? He is '*unser armer Herr*.' I have had a surfeit of *Aufklärung*, dear sir, and am refreshing my spirit in the midst of Austrian good-nature, credulity, innocence, folly, and honesty. Do you not sigh for a dose? When I think what it is to govern restive English and restless French, who would not be Metternich? Ah, rather, who would? To have no better comfort at the close of such a life than to say, '*Après moi le délnge*'! What an empty, barren heart! what a yet unfledged soul! On what wings is it to reach Heaven? One word more about statesmen. I did not see an approach to one in Berlin. *Geschäftsmänner* as many as you please—able and sufficient. Out of England (which I always except for fear of partiality) I have seen three men who struck me as endowed, in a greater or less degree, with the sort of mind and character which are required in a statesman. Their names are Woronzow, Lindenau, Guizot. You must not be offended that I mention two comparatively obscure men with one so illustrious. By your side they are a sort of 'village Hampdens;' for what is a Governor of the Crimea, or a Minister of poor, weak, cramped Saxony, in comparison with *the* Minister of France? But these two men have the large liberal curiosity, the profound interest in all that is going on everywhere that can affect the progress of mankind; they have the unprejudiced view, the impartial judgment, which reminded me of *parts* of yourself—I say parts, for my dear M. de Lindenau is timid. However, such as he is, I saw nothing comparable to him at Berlin.

"We are coming to try if we can live at Paris. I am not without fears as to the result of the experiment. M. Cousin is encouraging; M. Chevalier represents Paris as very costly. I must try. I have never wanted luxuries, and now I want them less than ever. What I know is, that I had rather live ill at Paris than well anywhere else, except London. If it will not do, then I shall propose some place not far from England—perhaps in my favourite Normandy. Berlin is a *ville de province*—a very remarkable one, if you please, but nothing more. Where do you see Rhineland, Westphalian, or even

Silesian nobles? They go to Düsseldorf, to Münster, to Breslau, not to Berlin, unless they have special business.

"Farewell, dear Monsieur Guizot—*lieber Excellenz*, as we say. With the most affectionate respect,

"Yours faithfully,

"S. Austin."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"Boulogne, *June* 7, 1843.

"Dear Monsieur Guizot,—You won't be affronted when I tell you who is the important personage that has constantly prevented my writing to you—my little granddaughter. I am the most foolish of grandmothers, and am never so happy as when all my schemes are disconcerted and all my things thrown into confusion by this little creature. I have not yet finished the last of some letters which I have sent lately to the *Athenæum*, in the humble hope of clearing away a few national prejudices. I cannot—that is to say, I will not—write *a book* about Germany, because I could not *ignore* all the great social questions which that country suggests in such abundance, and I do not choose to betray or offend. But one subject is, in all countries, open, and in all, to my mind, far more interesting than any other—the condition, habits, and character of the *people*. More and more do I find all my sympathies going over to those upon whom the burthen of life rests so heavily; and not only *in spite* of their ignorance and their faults, but *because* of them. The absence of real active sympathy between the different classes of society in England must come to an end What that end will be—good or bad—He who can turn and soften hearts only knows. I find the same cordial welcome as ever from my 'Matelot' friends—rough hands held out, shouts from the boats, and, more than all, the touching confidence with which the bereaved and the unhappy came instantly to claim my sorrow and pity. They are a fine, energetic race, and appear doubly so after my good Germans, who are somewhat sleepy, it must be owned.

"As to the life you lead, I have the most lively conceptions of all its disgusts, which are a thousand times worse than its

fatigues. But I have such a profound persuasion that there is nothing which can give so much value to life as the fulfilment of great duties, the conscious obedience to a high vocation, that I can hardly regret it for you. It seems to me that Sir Robert Peel's position is much worse. I am sure you sympathise with him. How can men so placed *not* feel the deepest interest in each other? I am persuaded the difficulty of governing will go on to increase, both in extent and in intensity. How can it be otherwise? Traditional authority is gone, and Reason, which should replace it, alas! alas! how feeble is it still! Can you explain the sort of epidemy of nationality which now reigns? The Irish have almost ceased to talk of religion. The quarrel is Celtic and Saxon, as it seems. I am just come from reading and hearing a great deal about the various branches of Slavonic nationality, which are making themselves heard in the Austrian Empire—after centuries of dead silence. A new journal, published at Leipzig, *Vierteljahrschrift aus und für Ungarn*, gives one a curious insight into the conflicting Magyar and Slavonic nationalities there, their mutual hatred, and common hatred of their German masters. To what does all this lead? To improvement? or to new discords, wars, and consequently barbarism? I rather hope the former. It is, at all events, extremely interesting. France is perhaps the only country so perfectly incorporated as to have no fermentation of the kind to go through.

"With the most affectionate respect,

"Yours,

"S. AUSTIN."

Sarah Austin to Harriet Grote.

"BOULOGNE, *June* 10, 1843.

"Your handwriting and your welcome, dearest Cummer, were the first that greeted me on my arrival at this threshold of England, and gave me a home feeling I have long been a stranger to. How vividly the past came back to me! and how much and agreeably I was touched that this first welcome to very old haunts should come from you! I should have written instantly, before I slept, but, as usual, I was entangled in other

things, and did not like to write only a line to say 'Thank you.' My husband is delighted to be again in France, which is after all his *pays de prédilection*. I suppose we shall remain here till late in the autumn. I hope so, for I am in no hurry to undertake another move, and it is a great comfort to me to feel myself so near to England. You know more of Paris than I do ; my mind is in a state of utter suspense and doubt as to what it will turn out as a residence for poor people. I hear the most contradictory accounts, but there remains the fact that Guizot, Villemain, &c., lived upon 10,000 francs a year, or less ; married, and with children. By the by, I have had the kindest of letters from M. Guizot, to whom I had never written since our going to Paris was decreed, because I had a horror of seeming to lay claim to his recollection and attentions. The more charming was the cordiality with which he offered them. But of course one can see little of a man who has to manage France. My own wishes, however, point much more to *rest* and a cottage in England than to new experiments on society, new ground to take up in life. I have been not unlucky in that way, and am far from sharing my dear partner's disgust with mankind, odious as many sides of them are ; but I have had enough. As to my coming to England, matters stand thus. I shall certainly not leave Lucie, and she will probably stay here till the end of July. At all events I shall find you at Burnham or somewhere. What you say of reviewing the phases and the progress of one's own mind often comes home to me. How much should we have to interchange on this most interesting of all subjects ! knowing as we do each other's *points de départ*, and all that has since occurred to modify our opinions. Mine are greatly modified, partly by 'objective,' and partly by 'subjective,' causes. I remain, however, true to that intense sympathy with the obscure and suffering classes from which I have never in any moment varied. If I do not deceive myself, that is evident even in the slightest trifle I write, and gives, indeed, their only value to such things. . . .

"Your most affectionate,

"S. Austin."

Sarah Austin to Harriet Grote.

"London, *Oct.* 25, 1843.

" . . . I have had various treaties with booksellers on the carpet, which have ended in one, ratified with Longman, for a translation of Ranke's 'Reformation.' This is an awful undertaking, and I could doubtless gain much more money and fame by lighter work. But you know my dislike to encounter the public in my own person, my distrust of myself, and my liking for steady *respectable* work. I have therefore put my head into the yoke very willingly. I welcome the forced absorption in drudgery as a potent reason against painful meditations. My nouns and adverbs keep me out of myself, and the honest pride of earning is also a resource against the worst pictures of poverty, though indeed I feel them little in my own person. My views of life, dear friend, are very much carried out of and beyond this world—not indeed with any very defined dogmatic faith, but with a sort of reliance that encourages me in a thorny and weary path. How natural it is to take refuge *somewhere* from the world! Farewell, dear friend. Let us not forget all the thoughts and feelings we have shared, nor lose the hope of a tranquil retrospect of them together. . . .

" Your truly attached Cummer,

" S. A."

In 1844, Mr. Austin was elected by the Institute a corresponding member of the Moral and Political Class. Earnest appeals were again made to him at this time to publish a second edition of "The Province of Jurisprudence." Letters from friends, and even from strangers, arrived, lamenting the impossibility of getting a copy, and setting forth the ever-increasing reputation of the book. To give a mere reprint would have been easy enough, and it is what any one else so encouraged would probably have done; but Mr. Austin had discovered defects in it which had escaped the criticism of others, and with that fastidious taste and scrupulous conscience which it was impossible to satisfy, he refused to republish what appeared to him imperfections.

"It belonged to the nature of his mind to grapple with a question with difficulty, almost with reluctance. It seemed as if he had a sort of dread of the labour and tension to which, when it had once taken hold on him, it would inevitably subject him. He was frequently urged to write on matters which he had studied with an earnestness second only to that which he had devoted to his own peculiar science—such as Philosophy, Political Economy, and Political Science generally. He usually evaded these applications; but to the person with whom he had no reserves he used to say, 'I cannot work so; I can do nothing in a perfunctory manner.' He knew perfectly his strength and his weakness. He could work out a subject requiring the utmost stretch of the human faculties with a clearness and completeness that have rarely been equalled. But he had no mental agility. When he gave himself up to an inquiry, it mastered him like an overwhelming passion. Even as early as the year 1816 he spoke to me, in a letter, of 'the difficulty he found in turning his faculties from any object whereon they have been long and intently employed to any other object.' And for the same reason, when his mind had once loosened its grasp of a subject, it could with difficulty recover its hold.

"At the time when a second edition of his book was first demanded, he was occupied in the business of the public, to which it was with him a matter of conscience to consecrate his undivided attention. That he had long meditated a book embracing a far wider field I well knew, but I feared that this great work would never be accomplished, and would have gladly compounded for something far less perfect than his conceptions. But I saw that nothing could shake his resolution, and I never willingly adverted to the subject. Whenever it was mentioned, he said that the book must be entirely recast and rewritten, and that there must be at least another volume. His opinion of the necessity of an entire *refonte* of his book arose in great measure from the conviction, which had con-

tinually been gaining strength in his mind, that until the ethical notions of men were more clear and consistent, no considerable improvement could be hoped for in legal or political science, nor, consequently, in legal or political institutions."[1]

That my grandfather entertained the project of recasting his great work is apparent from part of a letter written in 1844, to Sir William Erle, the companion of his early studies, the beloved and faithful friend of every period of his life :—

". . . I shall now set to work in good earnest, and, if my unlucky stars will allow me a little peace, I hope I shall turn out something of considerable utility. I intend to show the relations of positive morality and law (*mos* and *jus*), and of both, to their common standard or test ; to show that there are principles and distinctions common to all systems of law (or that law is the subject of an abstract science) ; to show the possibility and conditions of codification ; to exhibit a short scheme of a body of law arranged in a natural order ; and to show that the English Law, in spite of its great peculiarities, might be made to conform to that order much more closely than is imagined. The questions involved in this scheme are so numerous and difficult, that what I shall produce will be very imperfect. I think, however, that the subject is one which will necessarily attract attention before many years are over, and I believe that my suggestions will be of considerable use to those who, under happier auspices, will pursue the inquiry. There are points upon which I shall ask your advice.

"Yours most truly,
"JOHN AUSTIN."

The Austins took an apartment in Avenue Marbœuf, and soon collected all that was most remarkable in Paris round them. Yet she writes to a friend : "I shall never feel at home in Paris—not even so much as in Germany. I see a

[1] Preface by Sarah Austin to "The Province of Jurisprudence determined."

vast number of eminent men, and, as far as that goes, it is interesting and amusing. But I shall never learn to breathe freely in the moral atmosphere of France. One main thing is the want of veracity, of which they all accuse one another —I fear, with reason. I never heard anything like what the public men say of each other. In all this Guizot stands alone. I see him often and intimately, with only his mother and children, and I respect and love him more and more. But how they abuse him!"

Rev. Sydney Smith to Sarah Austin.

"COMBE FLOREY, *Jan.* 23, 1844.

"Many thanks, dear Mrs. Austin, for your agreeable letter. You seem to be leading a happy life, making a pleasing exception to the generality of mankind who are miserable. Your list of French visitors is very splendid, but I am so ignorant of French society that they are, most of them, unknown to me. I should like more of a mixture. You seem to have too much talent in your drawing-room. Guizot seems to be a very able man and a great minister. . . .

"I am tolerably well, but intolerably old. Mrs. Sydney is also in better health than I have seen her for some time. Jeffrey is laid up with a bad leg, which is getting rather severe; have you seen his publication in four volumes and dedication to me? I told him it was the greatest compliment I had ever received in my life. I receive every day letters of abuse and of congratulation from America for my three epistles. I continue to think they will never pay, and I continue to love you very much, and I am very glad Mr. Austin is better. I beg you to accept my affectionate benediction.

"SYDNEY SMITH."

CHAPTER XVIII.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

A. Comte on Women and Social Philosophy—Baron Alexander v. Humboldt to Mrs. Austin—A. Comte and his Official Position—Madame Sophie Germain—J. S. Mill on A. Comte, Guizot, and the *Edinburgh Review*—Grammar and Plain Needlework—T. B. Macaulay to Mrs. Austin.

Among the eminent men who frequented Mrs. Austin's *salon* was the founder of the doctrine of Positivism, M. Auguste Comte. In 1832 he was officially attached to the Polytechnic School, and afterwards filled the post of examiner of candidates for admission. He was dismissed in 1844, and Mrs. Austin used her influence with M. Guizot to try and get him replaced. He writes to her :—

Auguste Comte to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"Paris, *March* 4, 1844.

"Madam,—On returning home late last night, I found the charming letter, a payment for my little packet which I certainly did not expect.[1] The attention which you promise to bestow on this work only augments my gratitude for your assiduity at my initial lectures.

"The important observation contained in your letter gives me, madam, an opportunity of clearing myself of a half-

[1] "Discours sur l'Esprit Positif," Févr. 1844.

reproach, which would grieve me if I thought I had deserved it—my supposed tendency to an insufficient appreciation of the value of women in general and yourself in particular. Although I am firmly convinced that the social status of your sex is essentially different from ours, for the eventual happiness of both, I nevertheless believe that I have rendered with the keenest satisfaction full justice to the moral as well as the intellectual qualities which are purely feminine. This subject, I may remark, will be more fully mentioned in the great special treatise on Social Philosophy which I am going to begin this year. The general condition of women in modern society, coupled with their peculiar organisation, renders them, in many respects, specially apt to appreciate a complete philosophical revolution. Indeed, one would be inclined to be extremely suspicious of any system of philosophy, particularly social, which was not profoundly sympathetic to women. Without going back farther than to our great Descartes, I can never forget that, in spite of the abstract and austere character of his leading conceptions, which do not sufficiently touch upon social questions, women were really the first to understand and to protect him. This arose from their being fortunately placed in a position at once impartial and less hampered with philosophic prejudices. Perhaps one ought not to count the celebrated Christina among these generous patrons, her conduct was probably determined by her rank as a sovereign ; but there can be no doubt about the constant zeal and the disinterestedness of the amiable Princess Palatine, who from the first fully appreciated the great mental revolution inaugurated by Descartes. As to myself, madam, I can honestly say that among the fifty persons, more or less, in Europe whose sympathy I have during twenty years been striving to obtain, as the principal guarantee and the noblest recompense of my philosophical labours, I have always counted on a large proportion of women. Besides this kind of general confession, I must tell you how much honoured and touched I am by the decisive approbation which you have thought fit to accord me, in spite of inevitable divergences of opinion. Although I have not had the pleasure of conversing with you as much as I should wish, I trust that you credit me with

enough taste and discernment to have already understood your eminent moral and intellectual qualities. I have thanked our dear friend, John Mill, for procuring me such a pleasant acquaintance, which has resulted in a noble and cordial exchange of thought and sentiments, at least on my part, with you and your illustrious husband. In spite of my very solitary life, I have had various opportunities of knowing some extremely distinguished women, but till now you are the only one, madam, in whom moral delicacy and mental elevation are so happily united. Hitherto the women whose intellectual superiority placed them above the rank of *blue stockings*, had a deplorable tendency towards the aberrations of *femmes libres*. Allow me, madam, to express the intense satisfaction it gives me to see the happy union of two qualities I regard as absolutely indispensable, but which to-day are always in contrast. This unfortunate alternative between two kinds of eccentricities, each equally repugnant, and arising from the conditions of our present social position, renders me the more disposed to admire that happy disposition which, without affectation, is free from either.

"Accept, madam, the assurance of the sincere and affectionate respect of your devoted servant,

"A. Comte."

Baron v. Humboldt, the old friend of Mrs. Austin's brothers, to whom she had written from Boulogne, on her way to pay a short visit to her daughter in London, answered her suggestion of a translation of his "Ansichten der Natur," in the following whimsical letter :—

Baron Alex. v. Humboldt to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"Sans Souci, *June* 7, 1844.

"I am extremely culpable, madam! While on your way through France, on your arrival at Bologne, you wrote me a most charming letter, as is your wont—without even being aware of it—a letter full of kindness for the antediluvian

traveller, who tells of the rocks whose formation he watched. You must think me a savage of the Orinoco, an inhabitant of those Asiatic steppes which I imagined I had described before I saw them. I have not answered your kind note before, because, in the first place, notwithstanding the celebrity of your name—of which you seem to be unaware—I did not wish my answer to be lost for want of a precise address. Secondly, because, after so much hesitation, I felt I deserved your anger. So I wrapped myself in silence, a stratagem which has the advantage of bestowing an appearance of graceful timidity. This subterfuge of old age availed me nothing; your indulgent kindness has recalled me to the paths of virtue, and I need not even have recourse to the commonplace excuses of hard work, or allege the disappointment of not having seen you in Paris. I will not invoke the mighty shade that they say still occasionally pays nocturnal visits to the tomb of the faithful dogs on the summit of the historical hill where I dwell. You know, madam, how to make life sweeter; I have your pardon, that great word has been pronounced by you in a letter written to the excellent Madame Alex. Mendelssohn. I am happy to be able to offer you my thanks and the affectionate devotion, which will only end with my life. As though the trouble which His non-puritanical but anti-papistical Holiness Von Ranke gives you was not sufficient, you want to plunge into my Savannahs, into my foaming cataracts, into the catacombs of that Indian nation whose language has only been preserved in the mouth of some old parrot or Aturis. Our historian, Ranke, since he has espoused a virgin of the Thames, has given up our language, without having made much progress in yours. This no doubt contributes to his domestic happiness. Honest Raumer, whose political tendencies agree better with mine, has landed safely in the land of Troll. I hope he arrived in time to enjoy the tremendous riot at Philadelphia, and to profit by the religious liberty proclaimed by the flare of incendiary torches.

"After Ranke should come 'Ansichten der Natur.' You will never find a book offering the same advantages, notes longer than the text, information how in the tropics rain is

followed by fine weather, and sentiment induced by the sight of sand, rocks, river-foam, palm-trees, and wild sheep. This Teutonic sentimentality, which has stood me in such good stead in my own country, would be ridiculous in the land of Positive Philosophy. I cannot believe that you wish to translate me, glad and pleased as it would make me. Luckily you can find no title for my pre-Adamite work. Alas! you have got some one in England whom you do not read, young Darwin, who went with the expedition to the Straits of Magellan. He has succeeded far better than myself with the subject I took up. There are admirable descriptions of tropical nature in his journal, which you do not read because the author is a zoologist, which you imagine to be synonymous with bore. Mr. Darwin has another merit, a very rare one in your country —he has praised me.

"If I tell you that the 'tyrant of these parts' never mentions your name without an expression of attachment and high esteem, you will think that I flatter my King, and that Bettina, savagely treated as she has been in the *Quarterly Review*, has every reason to call the chamberlains 'sneaking beasts.'

"Ever yours, with love and respect,

"ALEX. V. HUMBOLDT."

The following letter was written to Mrs. Austin in London. As soon as she returned to Paris in August, she invited Comte to come and see her, and, as will be seen by his answer and by Mr. J. Stuart Mill's letter, did what she could to help him :—

Auguste Comte to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"PARIS, *July* 22, 1844.

"DEAR LADY,—Although you have perhaps heard from Mr. Austin, whom I immediately informed of the decision on my case, or from our dear friend, John Mill, to whom I wrote a detailed account, yet I take the opportunity to recall myself to your memory. The Minister of War has exercised the admirable firmness he showed from the first, as I told you at Paris.

In vain he has exhausted, in my favour, every possible resource against the insufficient rules, which he had not time to change in order to protect me. In addition to the personal goodwill and esteem of the Marshal, whom I did not know before, I shall eventually, thanks to this crisis evoked by abominable malevolence, obtain the consolidation of my official position, which there is even a talk of making permanent, in order to preserve me from future cabals. But I do not conduct the examinations this year, my place being filled as though I were on the sick-list—although the Minister refused to dismiss me. The pecuniary loss is the same, but the results are far different, and everything points to the hope that in a few months I shall be safe from all danger, save the loss of a year's income, which will naturally go to my substitute who does the work.

"After having finished your business in London, I hope your family affections will have left you leisure to realise your project of translating the memorable 'Posthumous Discourse of Sophie Germain,' which should, it seems to me, inspire all you ladies with a strong fellow-feeling of interest, as being, I conceive, one of the finest works that have ever been produced by one of your sex, till now so little occupied by this elevated and rational philosophy.

"I have every reason to believe that M. Guizot has spoken to his colleague, the Marshal in my favour—I know that you asked him to do so. The Marshal was already well-disposed towards me, partly by his own appreciation of the iniquitous persecution which obliged me to invoke his official aid, partly by the unanimous declarations of my Polytechnical superiors, who all testified in my favour.

"Count for ever, my dearest lady, on the affection and respect of your most devoted,

"A. Comte."

J. S. Mill to Sarah Austin.

"India House, *January* 18, 1845.

". . . About poor Comte's affairs, he has himself written to me very fully, and informed me of the final close of the whole matter, so far as his restoration to the examinership is con-

cerned. I am glad on every account that you interested yourself with Guizot for him, and that you mentioned my name in the manner you did, although it would hardly have been warrantable in me to take any direct measure of the same kind, as my acquaintance with Guizot is so very slight. It may be useful to Comte on future occasions to have given evidence to Guizot of our interest in him. He himself seems to bear up bravely against his misfortune. I perceive he has considerable hope that when a vacancy occurs in any one of the several other Polytechnic offices, the opportunity may be taken of repairing the injustice done him ; and I hope the occasion may occur soon, as I have much doubt about the success of his other plans. The private lessons in mathematics may answer, notwithstanding their high price, but not, I fear, if he relies at all upon the rich English. What do you think of his Review project ? To me it seems a very doubtful one ; and I fear, too, he will be disappointed by the very little help I shall be able to give him in writing for it, although I will do all I can. About Comte himself I have formed very much the same opinion that you have, both as to his good and bad points of character. He is evidently (either from character or the tendencies of a solitary thinker, little appreciated by the world), most obstinately bent upon following his own course, regardless not only of giving offence (which might be a virtue), but of compromising his means of livelihood. He piques himself exceedingly upon being the only Frenchman who speaks out his opinions without any compromises or reserves, and he has gone so far in that course that I think he would do himself more harm than good now by swerving from it. At all events, I am certain he will not abate one jot of his 'franchise philosophique,' and therefore there is not much use in advising him to do so. He is a man one can only serve in his own way.

"What you say about Guizot and his family interests me exceedingly. A man in such a position as his, acts under so many difficulties, and is mixed up in so many questionable transactions that one's favourable opinion is continually liable to receive shocks, and I have for many years been oscillating in Guizot's case between great esteem and considerable misgivings. Nothing I ever heard of him tells so much in his favour as the

feeling you express about him after familiar intercourse. If he was an angel he would be sure to be misunderstood in the place he is in. I do not know whether to wish or to deprecate his being thrown out of it, which seems now so likely to happen.

"I have been chiefly occupied lately in writing an article for the *Edinburgh Review* on the 'claims of labour.' I never knew a time when so much nonsense, and mischievous nonsense, too, was afloat on that subject, and I thought it a most useful thing to enter a protest against the intolerable mass of pseudo-philanthropy now getting into vogue, and to commit the *Edinburgh Review* at the same time (if possible) to strong things in favour of good popular education and just laws. I am afraid, however, that some of the strong things I have said on both sides will frighten so timid a man as Napier, and that he will not dare to print them unmodified. He always, of himself, seems to like my articles, and evidently always hears so much said against them afterwards, by the octogenarian clique, Rogers, Sydney Smith, &c., whom he looks up to, that he has now, I think, a constant terror lest I should get him into a scrape.

"Is there any chance of the article on Prussia soon, or of a book rather than an article, or of a reprint of your husband's former book, with the second volume which he projected? I feel certain that a book with his name would be read by numbers of people to whom it would do good, and nothing but books seem to do good now. The time for writing books seems to have come again, though unhappily not for living by doing it.

"Ever affectionately yours,
"J. S. Mill."

The first two volumes of the translation of Ranke's "History of the Reformation in Germany" had come out in 1845, and Mrs. Austin was busily employed on the third.

Sarah Austin to her sister, Susan Reeve.

"Paris, *February*, 1845.

"With a bad cold, and a head heavy and weary with proof-

correcting, at past ten o'clock you will not expect much from me. I hope you will not *lâcher prise* of the governess affair. All the current notions are so insane, smatterings of this and that. Do you, my dear Susan, stick hard to English grammar and plain needle-work, two things now *untaught*, and the intellectual and moral effects of which are not to be over-rated. I think the taste for fancy-work very corrupting (to the exclusion of wholesome sewing). Why *don't* you write about these things? What is the use of sending your most excellent and true remarks to me—the most convinced of all people? Write, write I would, if I had one minute to spare. I will as it is; but just think what I have to do—500 pages still of Ranke; then things occur which I am obliged to *vent* on the *Athenæum*.

"On my last Thursday, Mrs. Hunter Blair, Madame de Triqueti, Baroness de Peyronnet, and Baroness Stockhausen (the three former English) walked in dressed for the Embassy ball. Two or three men from Vienna and elsewhere were absolutely confounded at their beauty; and really I don't think I ever saw four such handsome women together, and no other there save myself.

"Pray don't *cultivate* Hopie too much. Janet, I hear, continues deaf to all suggestions about learning her letters and the like. I must come and teach her, I think; indeed, I am nowise anxious about it—I mean the teaching; about the coming, anxious enough. I want to see my new grandchild and my dear girl with her two babes."

T. B. (afterwards Lord) Macaulay to Sarah Austin.

"ALBANY, LONDON, *Feb.* 27, 1846.

"MY DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—Many thanks for your kind letter. I must beg you to convey to M. Cousin my acknowledgments for his politeness. I have read his speech with great interest, though with less interest than I should, no doubt, have felt if I had been well acquainted with the history and system of the university. I am truly gratified to learn that so eminent a man thinks well of me. But I am afraid that I should sink fast in his estimation if he knew how little I have troubled myself about metaphysics since I was a lad at college, and how pro-

foundly sceptical I am about all the great metaphysical questions. You must be mistaken, I think, in saying that he owes me a grudge about Descartes. I could swear that I never wrote a line either praising or blaming Descartes. It would have been very foolish and presumptuous in me to do so. For I know scarcely anything of Descartes except at second-hand.

"I should very much like to visit Paris during the full season. I have often been there. But, as I could go only when our Parliament was not sitting, my visits have been paid in September and October. I therefore know the quays, boulevards, streets, churches, gardens, and coffee-houses extremely well. I am acquainted with every picture in the Museum. I have also a shamefully vivid recollection of the cookery and wine at the Rocher de Cancale and the Frères Provençaux. But of the society of Paris I know next to nothing. In general, I have been as much alone there as if I had been in the Isle of Skye. I used to put a book in my pocket and to sit reading four or five hours together in the garden of the Tuileries or of the Luxembourg. In fact, all my knowledge of good French society has been acquired in London. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to see, under your guidance, something of the interior of agreeable Parisian houses. I fear, however, that these are not times for such schemes. No English Member of Parliament must dare to think of a holiday before August. Again, thanks for your kindness. I need not tell you how much you are missed here, and by how many.

"Believe me ever, dear Mrs. Austin,

"Yours most truly,

"T. B. Macaulay."

CHAPTER XIX.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Letter from Comte A. de Vigny to Mrs. Austin—Education in France—Small Waists—Contempt for the King—Pope and Milton—Political Probity—Letter from Sir Robert Peel to Mrs. Austin—An Article on Germany—Belgium—Mrs. Hudson the "Railway Queen."

THE author of "Cinq Mars," already mentioned, wrote to Mrs. Austin, who had left her apartments near the Champs Elysées for one in Rue Lavoisier :—

Comte A. de Vigny to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"*June* 6, 1846.

"To begin with, your brother will not arrive to-day. Then, music is far more heating than the serious conversation of my friends, among whom is Barbier, who expects you. From all this I conclude that you can do nothing wiser than come to me, in those Elysian fields, which once you loved so well. I promise you draughts as cold as you can desire, and ice of every description, even in our conversation, which shall be consecrated to rigid Puritanism. If you desire it, we will believe you are eighty, and destitute of all charm or attraction. To crown all, I will say as many disagreeable things to you as you like. What can you want more?

"Should your brother by some extraordinary chance arrive, be so kind as to take his arm and introduce us to him, so that he may see whether we know how to love you. Mind you remember that to pass along the quays and over the bridges,

even in a carriage to go to the Faubourg St. Germain is the greatest danger you can encounter in such a torrid zone as this.

"Watch over your existence, and for prudence' sake come here at nine o'clock, and leave at four after midnight.

"Your slave waits. I am writing my wishes and my grave advice standing. Meditate on them.

"Yours with all my heart,

"A. DE VIGNY."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"ENVIRONS D'AGEN, *August* 10, 1846.

"DEAR MADAM AND FRIEND,—Since the 22nd July I have been here, and shall remain until the end of the month. I am entirely alone, save a visit twice a week from my friends at Agen. But I have Aristotle, and hope to finish the translation of another volume of Pyschology before returning to Paris; I have also Homer, Milton, and Pope, whom I admire for his excellent common sense, his delicate criticism, and the beauty of his language; and Aristophanes, who sometimes makes me blush, but to counterbalance his *gaillardise* I have some ponderous volumes of St. Thomas.

"Alas! among the people here, no one can write or read, save the little shepherd of fourteen years old. This is unfortunately the rule in France, in spite of the law of 1833. England is, in this, infinitely more advanced; statistics prove it. You have results and no laws; we have laws, but till now no results. Our two countries have an immense deal to learn from one another. All that has occurred during the last two months has filled me with admiration and respect for your statesmen and your political system.

"I am quite of your opinion about the stalwart Norman women, and I cannot express the horror and terror (I assure you the words are not too strong) with which I have always regarded the small waists one can span with two hands. I admire waists like the Venus of Milo and the huntress Diana,

and women who resemble them. Real grace can never exist without strength. One of the finest sights I ever saw was on a market day at Barfleur, near Cherbourg. Four or five hundred women were there, and certainly, without any exaggeration, two hundred were magnificently handsome. Without any wish to offend your patriotism, a great part of the beauty and strength which distinguishes your race came from our Normandy. What you tell me of the private life of M. Guizot is not new to me. I know his private and domestic virtues, but his political virtue! I do not wish to annoy you, but with the late elections he is continuing the career begun six years ago. I pity him sincerely, and I suspect that in his own heart he pities himself. The last assassination, real or pretended, is more deplorable than the others. It has become a kind of pastime to shoot at the King. The neglect to answer a letter is thus revenged, like Lecomte, or a bankruptcy is averted, as in the case of Joseph Henry. The royal person, if not the royal office, has fallen into contempt; this is what sixteen years of such government has produced. You need not look for any other cause for the horrible attempts on his life, which would soon cease if public opinion really entertained for His Majesty those sentiments which the head of the State, the father of a great people ought always to inspire.

"How long do you remain at Sandgate? I need not say that you may always count on

"Your most devoted

"B. St. Hilaire."

In 1846, Sir Robert Peel's Ministry was defeated on the second reading of the Irish Coercion Bill by a majority of 295 to 219. On June 29th, Sir Robert Peel announced to the House that he had resigned office, and that Lord John Russell had undertaken to form a new Administration. Mrs. Austin always considered the speech Sir Robert made on that occasion one of his noblest efforts; and when she sent him the third volume of Ranke's "Reformation," she wrote and expressed her admiration of his conduct about the Corn Laws. He answered:—

Sir Robert Peel to Sarah Austin.

"*February* 4, 1847.

"MADAM,—I thank you for your kind attention in sending for my acceptance the third volume of that valuable work for which the great mass of the British public are indebted to your labours.

"I thank you still more for the gratifying assurances that you convey to me, that you rightly appreciate the motives which induced me to sacrifice official power and to sever party ties in the firm belief that paramount considerations of the public welfare demanded the immediate and resolute disregard of other and very subordinate ones. I ought indeed to take little credit for any sacrifice, for the return to domestic life and the enjoyment of political independence are more than ample compensations for anything I have lost.

"Beyond this, the cordial approbation of hearts and intellects like yours is a reward which no evasion of difficulties or dextrous management of party could have ever secured.

"I have the honour to be, madam, with sincere esteem for your character, and gratitude for your services to literature,

"Your faithful servant,

"ROBERT PEEL."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"BLANKENBERGHE PRÈS BRUGES,

"*August* 6, 1847.

"DEAR AND MOST HONOURED SIR,—Why I have not written before is a long story. The pith of it is a luckless article for the *Edinburgh Review*, promised, and at length sent, for the next number. I had had this long in hand, or *in petto*—too long—have got too much material, and taken too much pains, so that I rather think I have spoiled it. I grew weary and discouraged; and if I ever happen to fall short in my internal supply of hope and cheerfulness, I get none from without. My dearest partner has not, and never had, enough for home consumption, much less to give to his neighbours. Another bad thing is that the subject-matter (Germany from 1790 to 1806)

forces me into a sort of hostile attitude *vis-à-vis* of France. Ah, now you are alarmed! But let me dispel your fears by saying that it is France warlike, invading, victorious, *ergo* detestable, as all such countries are, with which I have to do—the France of Napoleon. The more I read and think of that man, the more execrable he appears to me, and the more I am persuaded that he did France more mischief than one would think it possible for a single man to do to so great a country. I speak very boldly, for I don't know how ill you think of him; though I am sure, from necessary inference, not well. On the other hand, everybody, I suppose, is agreed that the thrashing of Germany was 'the making of her,' to use an excellent vulgar phrase.

"This is a tolerable place enough—a beach without a pebble between this and Holland; but the Belgian *Wesen* does not please me. One tries hard to be cosmopolitan, and not to think oneself better than all the rest of the world; but I have heard you say, 'Il n'y a que la France et l'Angleterre'; and if you add Germany, I am afraid I shall be forced to say the same. We have many great ladies here who seem to be afraid of nothing so much as to be supposed to understand a word of their own language; my efforts to speak Flemish pass for a sort of insanity. The truth is, my philological soul finds great solace here in the study (if I may call it so) of this *Mitteldingt* between German and English. It is very amusing; but the language is like the people; only the people are a half-way between *French* and German, and unluckily seem to me to combine the coarseness of the latter with the impertinence (what Madame Guizot once called the '*délire d'égalité*') of the former. The French are insubordinate but *d'égal en égal*, well-behaved and gracious; the Germans are uncouth and coarse, but give respect unto whom respect is due: take away the two *buts* and you have a Belgian. I see two of their newspapers and no other. They are, of course, extremely discontented. The loudest complaints are respecting the great and increasing pauperism, with which they reproach the Government. It is curious, but melancholy, to observe every country busied in solving the insoluble problem—how to have a perfect government in the midst of a very imperfect people,

that very people at the same time exercising a powerful control over its government. How we all turn round and round upon this like squirrels in a cage!

"I heard from Lord Lansdowne two or three days ago. What with Education and Ireland, he says he never had so much to do in any year of his life. So much the better for us that he can do it; I think he is *ce que nous avons de mieux*. He wants only the energy that great ambition gives. He says, 'We shall have a parliament of railway kings.' And now, I pray you, what can be worse than that?—The deification of money by a whole people. As Lord Brougham says, we have no right to give ourselves pharisaical airs. I must give you a story sent to me. Mrs. Hudson, the railway queen, was shown a bust of Marcus Aurelius at Lord Westminster's, on which she said, 'I suppose that is not the present Marquis.' To *goûter* this, you must know that the extreme vulgar (hackney coachmen, &c.) in England pronounce 'marquis' very like 'Marcus.'

"My husband has been working on an article on International Law. I know you will read it with interest.

"Always yours,

"S. Austin."

CHAPTER XX.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

The French Revolution of 1848—B. St. Hilaire on the Aspect of Paris—Letter from Rev. Dr. Whewell to Mrs. Austin on the French Revolution—Her Answer—B. St. Hilaire at the Luxembourg—Fighting in Paris—Cavaignac and de la Villemarqué—Cousin and B. St. Hilaire—A Working Man's Library at Bow.

AFTER passing some time at Rochefort in the Ardennes with Sir Alexander and Lady Duff Gordon, the Austins returned to Paris, only to be uprooted by the Revolution of 1848. The letters of M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin in London gave a calm yet vivid picture of those events, in which he bore a considerable part :—

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"PARIS, *March* 4, 1848.

"MADAM,—Your letter gave me the greatest pleasure ; it was delightful to see your writing once more. The aspect of affairs here is more serious and sadder than during the first flush of triumph. This arises from two reasons—the financial crisis, and the electoral struggle which has already begun. The fall in the funds, the suspension of several great industries, and the straits of the unemployed operatives are causes for legitimate anxiety, which need not, however, be exaggerated. The good sense of the working classes raises hopes that the condition of things will soon improve. The old Republican party are

committing a grave fault by showing their desire to control the elections; public opinion, though pretty tranquil, will not submit to dictation, and this may prove a source of trouble. Add to which, the electoral law is unfortunately most complicated and difficult of application.

"The worst symptom is a feeling of anxiety, in which the strongest minds cannot help sharing. I am not surprised at the blindness of our last King. What a position he has lost! No one here even remembers him. A reign of seventeen years has not left a trace. You may believe me when I speak thus of him, for you know what I have told you for many years. Write to me sometimes; I pass nearly all my time at the Hôtel de Ville.

"Your ever devoted
"B. St. Hilaire."

Rev. Dr. W. Whewell to Sarah Austin.

"Trinity Lodge, Cambridge,
"*March* 9, 1848.

"My dear Mrs. Austin,—I have just heard that you are in England, and cannot refrain from sending you a line to express my satisfaction at this among all the miserable events of the last three weeks. We have been perpetually casting our thoughts to you in the Rue Lavoisier, while all the sounds of wreck and ruin have come to us day after day, and fervently hoping that yow were safe and unmolested. We know well the grief you would feel at the fall of some of the great persons of this deplorable drama, and at the prostration of so many years of labour in building up the edifice of peace and order, and we hoped that you had no more special trouble of your own to grieve for. The great kindness which you showed us at Paris made us take to the place more than we should otherwise have done; and so we were better able to follow the story from one part of the city to another, and from one person to another, than we should otherwise have been; and all this was mixed with recollections of you, because to you we owe so much it. I hope we shall hear that all the Guizot family are well and tranquil under this

change. M. Guizot must be supported by his knowledge of the general respect in which he is held, and I am glad to hope that Madame Guizot may find a tranquil haven after the storms of her Paris life. I am puzzled how to write to my Paris friends ; but I suppose one ought to take it for granted that they have cordially accepted the Republic but that is so new a *tone* that it is not easy to fall into at once. I suppose we shall by degrees come to an understanding. Mrs. Whewell joins me in kind regards. I hope Mr. Austin is well.

"Always most sincerely yours,

"W. Whewell."

Sarah Austin to Rev. Dr. W. Whewell.

"8, Queen Square, Westminster,

"*March* 12, 1848.

"Dear Dr. Whewell,—Thank you cordially for thinking of me amidst the havoc and ruin of a country. One felt one's own nothingness in an earthquake that was overthrowing and swallowing up, not only thrones, dominations, powers, but all the best hopes and dearest interests of the good men and true friends we had learned to love and esteem. And even these seemed little compared to such a fearful triumph of the evil principle—the complete abasement of moral and intellectual under animal force. Never in the whole world, I think, were so many men of supposed sense and talent so utterly and stupidly and obstinately wrong. Nay, dear sir, let us say it to one another, if not to the incredulous world, 'The Lord *had* hardened Pharaoh's heart.' Nothing else will account for such a superhuman blindness and stubbornness. On the Monday even, fourteen men—Lord Normanby for one—went to implore him to give way, and were received with jokes ; but the Opposition were no better, and are rightly served. The torrent soon dashed over them.

"I would never affect to congratulate anybody on the Republic ; they would not believe you—they do not believe in it themselves. One can only, I think, express *deep regret* (which all feel, except, perhaps, a handful of reckless adventurers) and fervent but not sanguine wishes that good may come

out of the gigantic evil. I have written to poor M. de Lamartine, and could truly say that we all admire his efforts and pray for his success. But for him, God knows what might have been done! And still, who can predict?

"M. Guizot is well, and I left his dear old mother firm, resigned, and heroic. I am house-hunting for and with his dear children, which occupies nearly all my time. Best regards to Mrs. Whewell.

"Most truly yours,
"S. Austin.

"I positively *dread* letters from Paris. The Circourts are gone without notice, and without saying whither.

"My husband says, 'I cannot think with patience of any Englishman exulting in this awful ruin. It is worse than foolish—implying gross insensibility to the sufferings of others. I don't wonder at any perverseness in so insane a coxcomb as Carlyle,' &c. I think these words are altogether to your taste, as they are to mine.

"M. Guizot's present address is 46, Bryanston Square; but we are in hopes of housing him very soon."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"Commission du Pouvoir Exécutif, Paris,
"*June* 5, 1848.

"Madam and true Friend,—You must have thought I was dead; and, indeed, this long silence is almost worse. To give you an idea of the life we are leading, I will say that since we have been at the Luxembourg, for nearly three weeks, I have not yet found time to go to my own house, nearly next door, Rue de l'Odeon, 35. We work night and day; and I bless God that He permits my health to resist the strain.

"I suspect that you do not much approve of our work. If I had the time I would explain our situation, which is far from being an easy one, and I hope I should induce you to share our hopes. I am unofficially attached to the Government, dividing

the task with my friends Garnier-Pagés and Daguerre. Write to me soon ; the opinion of England is of great importance to us. I have not seen Cousin for the same reason that I have not written to you.

"Aristotle and philosophy are abandoned for Madame la République.

"Your most devoted
"B. St. Hilaire."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"Paris, *July* 2, 1848.

"Madam and dear Friend,—We are all safe and sound. Cousin is pretty well ; I have not been wounded, although I was under fire several times. The only one of our friends who is hurt is Bixio, whose place I took at the Hôtel de Ville. A ball has gone through his right side ; it has been extracted, and we hope to save him.

"The terrible crisis[1] we have just traversed had been imminent for four months. All our efforts were directed towards its prevention ; a month sooner the insurgents would have been victorious. But we had time to prepare our forces ; and although the struggle has been bloody, the issue was never doubtful.

"My health has resisted the forced labour of the last four months—days and nights passed without any rest ; even my eyes have not given me any uneasiness. I have never had ten minutes to myself ; philosophy, poetry, friendships, private business—all has been neglected ; but the Republic and liberty were well worth the sacrifice.

"I have refused to enter into a Ministerial combination as Minister of Public Instruction ; my colleagues did not inspire me with sufficient confidence. The Chamber was disappointed at my refusal, but my friends and people of sense think I was

[1] The insurrection of the Red Republic in Paris, suppressed by the army under Marshal Cavaignac, after immense slaughter on both sides.

right. Forgive my long silence; give me news of all your family, and believe me,

"The most devoted of all your devoted friends,

"B. St. Hilaire."

Sarah Austin to Rev. Dr. W. Whewell.

"8, Queen Square, Westminster,

"*August* 4, 1848.

"Dear Dr. Whewell,—It is quite clear to me that the French are utterly without the moral force and the capacity for corporate action which alone can enable a people to *withstand*, 'Mes compatriotes ne valent rien excepté un fusil à la main,' writes a lady to me. Now they submit quietly, or rather gratefully, to martial law; and as long as Cavaignac is prudent enough not to *call* himself king or governor, they will let him do as he pleases.

"I forget if you know my excellent, honourable, and pious young friend, the Vicomte de la Villemarqué, who published the 'Chants Bretons.' I send you a letter of his. One from Cousin—curious—I wrote to him in the first agonizing day of terror, and said, 'Wherever we are, we shall have a nook for you, if you will accept it.' He interprets this into asking him to emigrate. The passage about the difficulty of his political attitude in this country will make you smile. How little they understand us! You see what he says about St. Hilaire. I cannot express my grief that he should have seen it to be his duty to serve under or with such men—he whom I thought the *most* honest man in all France. I made bold to write him a letter of remonstrance. I told him I dreaded for him 'that last infirmity of noble minds, the belief that some sacrifice of principle on his part might be useful to his country.' I implored him to think that God wanted not *his* help to govern His universe, that the government of his own soul was the only one absolutely confided to him, and a great deal more such vain entreaty. Vain indeed! I have heard from him twice, but there is no more *épanchement* possible between us at present. It is *a second Spanish marriage*.

"I suppose you, like everybody else, know the *secret*—that

M. Guizot wrote, and I translated, the article on the state of Religion in France in the last *Quarterly*. I believe we shall soon go to work again.

"Now I must talk to you of a very different letter—one of which I am very proud. It comes from a number of hard-handed men, earning from 10s. to £4 a week, in a manufactory of railroad carriages at Bow. I went to see them and their library, and, at my request, Mr. Murray was so kind as to send them a munificent present of books. I asked only for any rejected copies he might have. Now, dear Dr. Whewell, you will not laugh at me when I say that this letter caused my eyes to fill with tears. So much gratitude for so small a thing, and after all not due to me—such a yearning for the sympathy and approbation of their 'betters'—such a sense of the value of instruction! How is it that those who have the power do not draw near to these brave hearts and excellent heads, and win them as they might? What a true dignity and politeness is there in their manner of addressing me!

"Would it be too much to ask you, dear Dr. Whewell, to send them a book—one of your own, I mean—and to descend from the intellectual heights in which you dwell to give a word of encouragement to these our less favoured brothers? Think of the effect of a *word* of approbation from the Master of Trinity!—a sign that the moral culture they aspire after will be a bond of union between them and the highest philosopher!

"These six hundred men have founded their own library, without the least guidance. I looked it through, and there is not an objectionable book. I found Locke and Reid, Shakespeare and Milton, Walter Scott, and almost all our best classics. Is not this cheering? When we meet in London again, you must go and see the poor fellows at their *vulcanic* work.

"With the greatest respect and regard,

"Yours,

"S. Austin."

CHAPTER XXI.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Decree against MM. Louis Blanc and Caussidière—Mr. Hallam's forecast about Prince Louis Napoleon—M. J. J. Ampère on the Republic—Madame Récamier—Letter from Mrs. Austin to Dr. Sciortino—M. B. St. Hilaire on M. Guizot and M. Thiers' Books—Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. Victor Cousin on the Principles of the French Revolution.

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"PARIS, *August* 27, 1848.

"MADAM,—I have heard about you from Cousin, but it would be very kind of you to let me hear from yourself. The state of affairs here is very strange, and we do not yet see how we are to improve them. The necessary thing is to inspire confidence, and the decree against Louis Blanc and Caussidière is a step in the right direction. A month ago we asked the Government to make up its mind; it has hesitated far too long, and the public peace has suffered. Paris, in the midst of these serious questions, is exactly as you left it. No one would imagine that we are in a stage of siege, if from time to time the most monstrous measures—transportations without trial, newspapers suspended, &c.—did not recall it to our minds. We have not yet had any serious discussion on foreign affairs, or even internal questions. It is singular that public opinion has not yet asserted itself. The unhappy fate of Italy has not awakened us; events in Germany have taught us nothing. It

is incomprehensible. Let us hope that freedom of thought will soon return to France.

"What do you think of us? Do you believe the mediation will be a success? Here we doubt it, although we wish it. Cavaignac is a strong supporter of peace; that is all very well, but I am not sure whether he realises its inevitable conditions. We had an interview with him the other day, but obtained no further information than we had gathered from his speech, so I suspect that he had nothing more to say.

"I have been named President of the Commission on Primary Instruction. The first thing is to extend the law of 1833, so ably analysed by you. I am extremely preoccupied with my work, which is of great importance, and I should be glad if I had the chance of talking it over with you. I hope you are well. How is Mr. Austin?

"Yours ever,
"B. St. Hilaire."

Henry Hallam to Sarah Austin.

"Clifton, *October* 2, 1848.

"Dear Mrs. Austin,—It is so long since I have heard anything about you, that I must trouble you with a few lines of inquiry. Let me know your plans, and especially what hope I may entertain of meeting you in the early part of the winter. If you have any idea of going to Bowood, I should much like to fix the same time.

"I have had a letter from Guizot lately, who has, as you of course know, been settled for some time in his old quarters at Brompton. He takes a gloomy view of France; but can a wise man hope much, at least for the present? I cannot but look at the extraordinary favour shown everywhere to Louis Napoleon as a new element of revolution. It is easy to say, as we have been told for many years, that there are no Bonapartists. I believe this was true as to the superior classes; but in the people, and especially in the Departments, I suspect that the attachment to the name and memory of Napoleon has been a deep and enduring sentiment, not counterbalanced by any other, except among the Legitimists. Neither the Orleans family nor

the Republic having any hold upon the peasantry or rather small proprietors. The universal suffrage has brought into importance this popular sentiment; and though something now may be ascribed to the notion that young Louis has been persecuted, I shall consider that every vote given to him for President of the Republic as given to him for Emperor; to which, if he commits no great blunder by his own incapacity, he will be pushed in a short time. On the other hand, we see no element of strength either in the Republican or the Royalist parties, except that where possession goes for a great deal, and the apprehension of the *red* republic will lead men to rally round that which exists. I beg my best regards to Mr. Austin.

"Very faithfully yours,

"H. HALLAM."

Jean Jacques Ampère to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"PARIS, *Oct.* 13, 1848.

"DEAR MADAM,—Two absences from Paris and two illnesses have alone prevented me from writing to you long ere this; since then, what events have happened in the world! Where is our poor Germany? Where is Berlin, which we knew as so philosophic and so literary?—now given up to such hideous disorder. What will become of Austria after this victory gained in the cause of order by the natural friends of German-Austria? And we, where are we drifting to in this Bonapartist phantasmagoria which has been evoked by universal suffrage? The only thing that seems certain is a universal disposition to be rid of the Republic at any cost, and as quickly as possible. It would, perhaps, have been wiser to have kept it as it already existed—to have organised it on a reasonable basis, and not again to play at the dangerous game of restorations. But, wrongly or rightly, the great majority in France do not wish for a republic—not even a reasonable republic. France does not believe in such a one, which, since the 2nd of June, I have always maintained to be possible and, I conceive, desirable. However, the will of a nation is a thing to be considered; only

how is it to be carried out? We can but guess at it, without understanding the process by which the goal is to be reached. There is a jump to be made in the dark; let us hope that in making it France will not break her neck.

I ought to have mentioned the subject before which lies far nearer my heart than politics, and which you ask about—the sorrows of Madame Récamier, and of her eyesight. Many griefs, and cruel ones, have fallen on her, but this last has been the worst, from which she has not yet recovered, and which will leave an indelible trace.[1] We have hopes for her eyes, but they are slow in being realised. She is extremely touched by your sympathy and your remembrance of her, and has charged me to thank you, and to send you, from her, a small volume almost entirely composed of quotations. She has dedicated herself to the memory of M. Ballanche, and thinks that you will like to read the words of one whom you knew how to appreciate.

"J. J. AMPÈRE."

Sarah Austin to Dr. Sciortino, Malta.

"WEYBRIDGE, *Feb.* 18, 1849.

". . . Though it is long indeed since I had the pleasure of hearing from you, I reckon with the same serenity as ever on your attachment to us, and I am sure you will wish to know what has become of us in the mighty convulsion which has shaken Europe. We were in Paris through the whole of that horrible scene—infinitely more contemptible than horrible, when you saw with your eyes, and heard with your ears, that *nobody* of any class wished, approved, or even could endure the change, except the small band of ruffians who were allowed to bring it about. The French have no popular institutions, nor any wish or taste for any. A great central power which is to be overthrown now and then, is what they understand and like.

"I came over to England in March, time enough to see a very different scene; where the people stood up like men, and said at once what was their determination.

"Your affectionate friend,

"S. AUSTIN."

[1] Death of Chateaubriand.

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"Paris, *Feb.* 24, 1849.

"Madam,—I was most happy to receive your letter, I had expected it so long! M. Guizot ought to be very grateful to you; had any other hand undertaken to interpret him, I am sure your compatriots would not welcome his book as they are sure to do.[1] Here, I am sorry to say it has had no success; I do not speak of our democrats, but among the most sensible and calmest men of his own party. For my own part, I should have been glad if from his exile he had been able to cure the ills of an ungrateful country. But nothing of the sort. M. Guizot was arbiter of our destinies for eight years. Alas! what has he done with them? His book contains no advice, it is a bitter criticism which proves that he despised the society of which he was the leader. We were also disappointed in the style.

"Do not judge the book of Thiers by the two sheets you have, they are the weakest. A quarter, at least, of the rest is occupied in combating the Commissions and Socialism, and in explaining taxation. The doctrine it teaches is sterling, and the style, though careless, has inimitable qualities. I believe that it is to be translated in Belgium and England and published in a cheap edition. Here it is already on sale in four diverse sizes, and is found most useful in combating the anti-social doctrines which now afflict us.

"I assure you that the exiles[2] can return when they like; no one will trouble them, unless they provoke animosity. The past is absolutely forgotten. It is not thoughtlessness on our part, but indulgence and good-nature.

"Your devoted,

"B. St. Hilaire."

[1] "On the Causes of the Success of the English Revolution of 1640–1688," &c., by M. Guizot.

[2] M. Guizot and his family.

Sarah Austin to Victor Cousin.

[Translation.]

"Weybridge, *March* 8, 1849.

"Dear Friend,—In writing *for* you, I have delayed writing *to* you. On Tuesday I got your article, and wrote at once to the editor of the *Examiner* to say how glad I should be to make an abridged translation, if he had no one more capable of doing it. I have not yet heard from him, but my article is nearly finished. If you have another, I will send it to the *Spectator*. I suppose you have seen the notice in the *Times?*

"But I warn you, my dear friend, that English readers will not understand your expression, '*the principles of the French Revolution.*' If you mean the principles of constitutional monarchy, of representative government, of responsible ministers, &c., then they are rather the principles of 1688 which are under discussion, and which were triumphant and adopted in England a century before the French Revolution. If you mean more than that, people will tell you that the fault committed by France was in not being contented with such liberties. This will be a difficulty with English reviewers. I point it out to you because I foresee the objections that will be raised.

"It seems to me that you are perfectly right, as against the three fallen dynasties; but I do not think that you have succeeded in justifying France. Surely, by firmness, constancy, and union, some better way than revolution might have been found of controlling them! You will admit that William III. was remarkably autocratic, and that our nation had no particular reason to be pleased with the four Georges? A true friend of France will always say to her, Have patience and determination, and you will obtain the triumph of true principles, without overturning all government.

"There is my opinion; I give it for what it is worth. Apart from this, your paper is full of admirable matter, admirably said, and unanswerable.

"The post is going. I shall do an article for a magazine besides a review. "Yours ever affectionately,

"S. Austin."

CHAPTER XXII.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

The President—Italy and Austria—M. J. W. Decaisne on Madame Récamier and M. Lamartine—Rome and the Holy See—Public Instruction in France—Mrs. Austin is given a Pension by the Queen—Visitors at Weybridge—Madame de Maintenon—Letter from Miss Berry to Mrs. Austin on Madame Récamier—England a suggestive Country—Letter from M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin—Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. Victor Cousin comparing English and French writers.

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"PARIS, *April* 4, 1849.

"MADAM,— . . . Things here are improving. Our President is judicious and firm, but he does not show himself enough, which is a mistake, as he must gain by being known. What strikes most people in him is his honesty, a rare quality among political men.

"Poor Italy! What a disgraceful spectacle! How low she has fallen, to die without striking a blow.[1] It was expected here, and so caused but little excitement. Austria appears to act with moderation, and if she continues to be prudent, we have nothing to say. It seems that Prussia refuses the Empire; she is right, her time has not yet come; if she contents herself, for the present, with moral ascendency material greatness will be sure to fall to her share.

[1] Marshal Radetzky defeated the Sardinian army at Novara on March 23, 1849. Then came the abdication of Charles Albert, which deferred the emancipation of Italy for ten years.

"I do not know whether the Republic will improve us, but you know my optimism, and I think that our morality, which had sunk so low under the late government, is already improving.

"Your most devoted,
"B. St. Hilaire."

J. W. Decaisne to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"Paris, *April* 8, 1849.

"Nothing, dear madam, could give me more pleasure than your kind remembrance of me. If our dear friend, Madame Récamier, has always appeared to me the most perfect type of French grace and elegance, you always represented English goodness, kindness, and sound sense. We are beginning to settle down, confidence is returning, and will, I trust, bring prosperity with it. I see indications of this, but I only say so under my breath, for few people are hopeful, and I am called an *optimist* when I hazard a prediction of renewed prosperity. But I do believe in it and the future will prove whether I am wrong. Our unfortunate and beloved Madame Récamier is sinking. The death of M. de Chateaubriand was a fatal blow. A second operation has succeeded no better than the first and she is condemned to total blindness, her eyesight is irretrievably lost. Amid all her misfortunes she has preserved her wonderful grace and unfailing gentleness, but the inimitable charm of that delightful *salon* is gone. M. de Lamartine has fallen, sadly fallen, from the sublime height on which the Revolution placed him ; his wife is ever the model of devotion and abnegation, but there also it is as though a thunderbolt had fallen. M. Léon Faucher desires to be remembered to you, and I beg you will say many things to your beautiful daughter, and to Sir Alexander and to Mr. Austin.

"Ever your sincere friend,
"J. W. Decaisne."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"Paris, *July* 8, 1849.

"Madam and dear Friend,— . . . Since the victory of the 13th of June, and the taking of Rome,[1] everything is improving here. Our 'Montagnards' have been as ridiculous as they are odious, and if we are moderate and calm, our triumph is assured. I drew up the proclamation of the Legislative Assembly ; if it has come under your notice, you will see what republican language I have put into the mouths of our conservative majority. I am beginning to believe that the Republic is established, and that force or stratagem would have hard work to destroy it. The President appears to be sincere in supporting it, and in three years he will probably be re-elected after some necessary modifications of the constitution. The Roman affair is by no means at an end, spite of our dubious conquest. It is a serious thing to have 50,000 French troops in the heart of Italy ; add to this that the Pope is inimical to our principles, and I do not see how we can force him to accept them, as he did not ask us to replace him on his throne. I believe that the clerical power is at an end ; but is the Holy See enlightened enough to resign itself to the loss of temporal power ? It seems doubtful, according to what poor Rossi[2] told me.

"I am on the commission to examine the law of public instruction. M. Thiers is our president ; but can you believe that the object of the law is to again place instruction in the hands of the clergy ? You, who know France, you can judge of the wisdom of such an attempt. We have seen some queer things under the Republic, but certainly none so extraordinary

[1] By General Oudinot.

[2] Pellegrino Rossi. Born at Carrara, 1787. Exiled 1815. Was named Professor of Civil Law at Geneva in 1819 ; afterwards went to Paris, where he held the chair of Political Economy and then that of International Law at the Collège de France. In 1829 he published his "Traité du Droit Pénal," in which he endeavoured to reconcile Bentham's utilitarianism with the principles of justice. Was appointed French Ambassador to Gregory XVI. in 1845. Became Prime Minister to Pius IX. in 1848, and was assassinated the same year in Rome on November 15th.

as this. Should this unlucky project succeed, it will pave the way for an interminable series of revolutions. It is waste of time to preach in the name of, and to advocate order, for the sake of organising anarchy.

"I hope the Assembly will be prorogued in August, and the first use I shall make of my liberty will be to pay you a visit.

"Your ever devoted,

"B. St. Hilaire."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"Weybridge, *July* 27, 1849.

". . . I received two days ago from Lord John an announcement that Her Majesty had been pleased to grant me a pension of £100 a year on the Civil List. If I had been disposed to *faire effet*, I should have rejected it with disdain like Miss Martineau, and called it robbing the people, &c., &c. But I have done no such thing. On the contrary, I told Lord John that though I could not have taken it on the score of *want*, I accepted it with pride and satisfaction, as a proof that my humble labours have been thought useful. I hope you will not despise me for my baseness.

"Among all the false friends and pernicious teachers the poor people are cursed with, I know none who do more to cut at the root of improvement than those who persuade them that money given to intellectual labour is taken from their necessities. Of course I do not speak of the value of mine, which may be small enough ; but of the principle. I am quite sure of your joy, and that of my dearest children, at this little accession to my means, and compliment to my humble works.

"I fancy you all at dear Val Richer, tranquil and at home. May God's blessing be upon that home.

"Every faithfully yours,

"S. Austin."

In August M. B. St. Hilaire went over to pay the Austins a visit to Weybridge. Mrs. Austin wrote to her sister, Mrs. Reeve :—

"He saw in London baths and washhouses, model lodgings, Blue Coat, City of London, and Borough Road Schools; *Cymbeline* at Sadler's Wells, and the annual *fête* at Spicer Street—all sights illustrative of the physical, moral, and intellectual state of the people, and all very satisfactory. I think in so few days it would have been difficult to do more."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"WEYBRIDGE, *August* 31, 1849.

"DEAR M. GUIZOT,—You must have been astonished at my long silence—at least I flatter myself so.

"Weybridge has been a perfect *tourbillon* of visitors, coming and going, and as all, or nearly all, were foreigners, my whole time and existence has been in requisition as *cicerone*. M. St. Hilaire, who leaves us to-morrow, has been here above a fortnight. Each of our guests has brought us his contribution of new ideas. M. de Haxthausen especially, one of the most remarkable and interesting men I ever met with, and whose knowledge of Russia and the East is, I think, unequalled in extent and depth. He is the nobleman of *uralt* Westphalian race, under whose protection young Paul Lieven travelled.

"I think M. St. Hilaire will carry home some useful notions. He is so good and upright a man, that if he saw the truth, I think he would act up to it. My husband's conversation has been a kind of perpetual lecture on politics, political economy, &c. I send by him to Madame Lenormant a copy I have just received, of my little attempt to describe Madame Récamier. You will find yourself quoted (anonymously), and will, I hope, pardon an allusion to your dear mother. As to Madame de Maintenon—one cause of my delay in writing has been that I was myself waiting for an answer from Mr. Empson; I have received it, and it is to the effect that it is against the rules of the review (as I suspected) to publish a critique of *any* incomplete work, and that we must wait till the whole is published before anything can be done. You will, dear sir, be so good as to communicate this to the Duke de Noailles? At the same time let me repeat my misgivings as to my ability to do it justice.

I find on talking with M. St. Hilaire, that his view of her character is even more favourable than that given by M. de Noailles, and I also find, to my own shame and regret, that I cannot divest myself of sentiments and prejudices against her, imbibed long ago, and which I feel I am not sufficiently acquainted with all the points of the subject to defend. To satisfy my own conscience, I must go into a thorough *study* of her character. My husband's opinion of her is much like my own. I need not say with what gratitude I should receive any hints you would give me about this extraordinary person. I wish to be *just*, and indeed I feel that any doubt of my own justice would oppress me so that I could not write. Right or wrong, I have always *believed* myself right. Pray don't laugh at my pedantry.

"I spent an hour *tête-à-tête* with the Duchess of Orleans. I think I never came near a more perfectly balanced mind. *Our people* are firmly persuaded that her son will reign; why, they can hardly tell, but so it is. Somebody had told her that the English people felt a malignant joy at the misfortunes and degradation of France. She asked me if this was true; you may guess my reply. Who is it that invents such calumnies? I take upon me to say, nothing can be more false.

"S. A."

Agnes M. Berry to Sarah Austin.

"RICHMOND, *August* 31, 1849.

"MY DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—I am very glad to see our poor friend Madame Récamier in such good hands as yours. I am only sorry that your acquaintance with her began so late in her career, and that you had not seen her, like me, in all the various phases of a life so varied in circumstances and situations, although so little in its character and disposition.

"I saw her first in Paris at the Peace of Amiens, and in the strange hodge-podge of society which Paris then presented. She was the beauty *par excellence*, and her house the show house of Paris, fitted up in all the minute expense and bad taste of the day.

"I am ashamed of having been so long expressing to you how

much we shall rejoice in your visit, and be pleased to receive your French friends, provided only that they are made aware of the two old sybils that they are to meet.

"You must let me know what day the end of this week or the beginning of the next you are likely to come, and to believe you will always be welcome to

"Your sincere friend and humble servant,

"A. M. BERRY."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"WEYBRIDGE, *Sept.* 7, 1849.

"DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,—I can only repeat what I have told you—that there is nothing I shall not always be ready to lay aside when you do me the honour to claim my help. I shall have the greatest pleasure in translating *anything* you write, and a peculiar satisfaction in giving to my country the opinions of the man in all the world best qualified by the natural bent of his mind and character, as well as by his studies and his experience, to form a sound and useful judgment of it. I am far from thinking that anything great is to be achieved by mere imitation; the project of imitating institutions, which, like those of England, are almost all the offspring of slowly developed circumstances, is peculiarly absurd and hopeless; but I am entirely convinced that no man can be qualified to legislate for what is called a free country (or a country aspiring to be so), without a very attentive and profound study of England. England is the most *suggestive* of all countries to a legislator; but who knows that so well as my dear M. Guizot? I long to see what your residence among us may have suggested to you. I have been made to think much of these things lately, by seeing the effect produced by England on M. St. Hilaire, who spent a fortnight with us, and has just returned to France. Spite of all I had said and written to him, I saw he was wholly unprepared for the absence of all visible intervention of the government. The immense variety of local powers; the extent to which the people are acquainted with and possessed of those powers; the quiet and (as it seems) self-regulating movement of the whole complex machine; the

almost unconstrained and rarely-abused individual liberty—he was in constant amazement ; perhaps indeed these things are more striking in a village than in London. My last words were 'go, and tell what you have seen,' and indeed he is well-inclined to do so ; but will anybody hear him ?

"Your most affectionate and faithful

"S. AUSTIN."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"PARIS, *Oct.* 1, 1849.

"MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND,—On my return from Weybridge I spent three weeks with my friends at Agen, and I can assure you that the profound impression made upon me by all I saw in England has been communicated to every one I have seen. Cousin is so pleased with my letters to (*l'Ordre*) that he wants me to collect and publish them. Thanks to you, to Mr. Austin, and to Lady Lucie, I have been able to learn a great deal in a short time. Some people thought my descriptions exaggerated, but I soon brought them to reason.

"Thanks, a thousand thanks, for having been the cause of my taking this journey. Remember me to all your family, and tell little Janet she need not fear that I shall forget her.

"Your devoted friend,

"B. ST. HILAIRE."

Sarah Austin to Victor Cousin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"WEYBRIDGE, *Oct.* 13, 1849.

"DEAR FRIEND,— . . . Up to a certain point connoisseurs in style would accord the supremacy you claim for your compatriots ; but you pretend too much, and your pretensions will be questioned. Your list is too long, and contains names to which we think we can find parallels. We shall cite you Swift against Rabelais ; Addison is certainly superior to Labruyère in grace

and simplicity ; while Fielding is behind Lesage in nothing. But enough, and only to show you what objections you will raise. It will be asked whether you are really so intimately acquainted with those great masters of prose, Defoe and Bunyan ; whether you really understand the perfections of the style of Hobbes and of Berkeley sufficiently that you should place them below the French writers you mention. Again, there are people, and I am one of them, who find a finish, a variety, a wonderful harmony, and a power of description (all accomplished with the simplest and most familiar means), in the style of Goethe, which place him, in his line, on a level with any writer that can be named. I leave aside all considerations of matter, and only talk of style.

"You are quite right in saying that some of your writers are incomparable for the mixture of grandeur and *naïveté* which you characterise so well, and had you stopped there, every one would be of your opinion. But there are other merits ; who, for instance, among your historians has a narrative style equal to Hume ? I do not wish to enter into discussion, but I affirm that it would be doing you an ill service to translate what you have sent me.

"Ever, dear friend, your affectionate

"S. Austin."

CHAPTER XXIII

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Letter from Mr. H. Crabb Robinson to Mrs. Austin on Mrs. Opie's Memoirs —Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell on the "fatal facilities of the French Language"—Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot on finishing the Translation of his Book—Elections in Paris—Mrs. Austin's Estimate of Lord Palmerston—Letter from M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin on Popular Education—Speeches by Mr. Cobden, Sir W. Molesworth, and Sir R. Peel—Death of Sir R. Peel—Lord Palmerston, Prince Metternich, Princess Lieven, and M. Guizot.

H. Crabb Robinson to Sarah Austin.

"30, RUSSELL SQUARE, *Nov.* 4, 1849.

"MY DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,— . . . Carlyle has been led by vanity to degrade himself more than any man of our age, by the public defence of slavery as an institution. John Taylor and your family generally are examples of quiet independence and contempt of that yielding to gentility which is the great disgrace of the age and the support of the Church.

"When I think of the French and the Americans, I am humiliated at the variety of my frustrated hopes, and take consolation in Schiller's *Worte des Wahns*.

"At Bury I looked over Mrs. Opie's Memoirs—and that with interest. The obviously unequalled attachment of Amelia Alderson to Mrs. John Taylor—that was the name I always heard pronounced with great reverence by Catherine Buck. This was a few years before I heard Mrs. Barbauld speak of Susan and Sally Taylor with such warmth; the naked names do not offend you, I daresay. In the Life there is a studied

omission of the name of *Clarkson*, who was really the great figure at the anti-slavery congress or gathering. I do not understand these things—they are not worth understanding, I daresay. I have made a note to read a memoir by you in *Fraser* of Madame Récamier, the most quiet, graceful old lady I ever saw. If in advanced life she practised art, she effectually concealed it. Best remembrances to Mr. Austin.

"Very truly yours,

"H. C. Robinson."

Sarah Austin to Rev. Dr. Whewell.

"Weybridge, *Jan.* 8, 1850.

"Dear Dr. Whewell,—I should not have let one post depart without my thanks and my husband's, and our answering good wishes, if I had not been in a state of almost breathless haste to finish my task for M. Guizot.[1] I had not a moment's interval, as you will have imagined, between the completion of the article for the *Quarterly* and the beginning of the pamphlet. They are not long ; but I think nothing ever cost me so much trouble. It is certainly more difficult to translate French than German into *good* English—easier perhaps into certain combinations of English words. The 'fatal facilities' of the French language, the many expedients for giving an air of meaning to no meanings, are all laid bare when one comes to translate—Cinderella's ball clothes drop off, and leave her dirty and ragged. One finds to one's consternation that it is not only words, but ideas (that is, distinct ideas) that one has to furnish ; this is the case with all modern French. The constant use of large sweeping abstractions, as active or passive in every conceivable event, gives an unutterable vagueness to thought. Suppose Mr. Macaulay talked of what the Revolution of 1688 did and suffered ; the translator has constantly to ask who ? which of the agents ? &c., &c. ;. but you know all this better than I. Then the article for the *Quarterly Review* was not interesting, I thought, to the Eng-

[1] Mrs. Austin was translating M. Guizot's book "On the Causes of the Success of the English Revolution of 1640-88," which came out in 1850.

lish *public*—only to us *du métier ;* and I had to dress it a little —as much as I dared. I felt as if you and my dear Mrs. Whewell would be likely to guess one interpretation. My head and heart were full of Cambridge, and a little of all the mingled and delightful feelings I had experienced there seemed naturally to flow through my pen. M. Guizot, however, heartily approved. The pamphlet you will perhaps see in the original, as well as the English, which I hope you will receive from Mr. Murray. You will understand the labour it has cost me. I wished to do it justice, and even more than justice ; I wish I could have put into it a little more of practical utility, for, you see, *even he* suggests nothing positive, nothing as even a *beginning* of permanent institutions. Is it not pitiable to see 30,000,000 of people now occupied in ascertaining how much, or rather how little, sense one trifling young man has ? *Ils en sont toujours là.* What M. G. says of the worship of democracy is true enough.

"All these things fill me with the deepest anxiety on one point—the point on which the permanency of our institutions and our salvation as a nation turn. Are our higher classes able to keep the lead of the rest ? If they are, we are safe ; if not, I agree with my poor dear Charles Buller—*our* turn must come.

"Now Cambridge and Oxford must really look to this. The recent deaths seem to bring to view a great scarcity of men able to lead. Why is this ?

"Mr. Austin thanks you very much for your recollection of him and his tastes ; he has read your paper with great interest. You know, I believe, what a *Lockite* he is, but that does not lessen his admiration for the striking and elevated tone of your speculations. I have read the essay with great delight, though you choose to assume that I shall not care for it. What indeed can be so interesting ? All the other subjects that we call serious, how small and transitory they seem when compared to these which reach into infinity—a little beyond aristocracies and democracies !

"Yours ever, dear Dr. Whewell, with cordial respect and regard,

"S. Austin."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"WEYBRIDGE, *Jan.* 21, 1850.

"Before we start, I wish to let my dearest Monsieur Guizot know that I have finished. I take for granted you have sent me *all*, and that we conclude with the word 'success'—the *refrain* of the beginning—as it ought to be. The last pages are just gone, and, if the printer is expeditious, we shall exceed by very little the day you appointed. I forgot to ask you and Mr. Murray if you had any desire to put my name in the titlepage. I have not the least objection—on the contrary, I shall feel it a very high honour. On the other hand, you know I am not anxious for it on any other ground. I never cared for *renown*, and as people know that I can translate, there is no new glory to be acquired, except from my humble alliance with you. How shall I thank you enough, my kind and honoured friend, for those few words, the purpose of which I understood so well? Would that I could tell you they had produced any active result! but the thing goes on in the same manner. My husband gets books and exhausts their whole contents, turning every part of his subject over a thousand times in his mind; but though the head works, the hand is absolutely inert. And then he takes refuge in a sort of *découragement*—as if there were nothing to be done for mankind.

"He is greatly disquieted about France. He says things appear to him blacker and more threatening than when there was fighting in the streets. Our Protectionists are, as you see, playing the same game as your Legitimists—only not in the midst of such imminent perils. But people seem uneasy.

"I am eager to hear what you think of Mr. Senior's article on the revolution. I have not yet seen it, my copy is lent to a *journeyman carpenter*.

"I cannot conclude without thanking you most sincerely and cordially for the great satisfaction I have had in translating your admirable discourse. It is perfectly and throughout *treffend*. I only wish I could do more justice to the eloquence of it, but the march of our languages is as different as that of the ideas which sway the two countries, and you must be resigned to lose some of your vivacity and point. "Yours,

"S. AUSTIN."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"PARIS, *March* 18, 1850.

"MADAM,—Your letter has given me great pleasure, and the violets were a sweet remembrance of Weybridge. They had not lost their scent in the journey.

"The Paris elections have astounded the party, so called, of order, which is not the party of courage. The unfortunate law of public instruction, the uncalled-for destruction of the trees of liberty, and a few other follies of our police have brought about this result. The Parisian populace have replied to silly provocations by still sillier elections. It is almost impossible to see how we are to emerge from this chaos. It seems as though the Government was obstinately bent on absolute resistance, in which case it is lost. Meanwhile the principal actors keep behind the curtain ; they hold the strings of the marionettes, but do not even dare to assume the burden of affairs. We shall have to return to the Odilon Barrot and Dufaure colouring, perhaps laid on a little stronger. Nothing else will save us ; the masses will not allow the Republic to be destroyed.

"Cousin is well ; he is preparing a third volume on public instruction. I am finishing a pamphlet on the same question, and shall then go back to philosophy with intense joy. Love to little Janet. I hope Mr. Austin is well?

"Your devoted

"B. ST. HILAIRE."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"WEYBRIDGE, WHITSUNDAY,

"*May*, 1850.

"DEAREST MONSIEUR GUIZOT,—I cannot tell you the comfort I have in thinking of your tranquillity about your daughters. One is ashamed, in days like these, when the decomposition of society seems impending over us, when races of men seem doomed to destruction, to talk of what happens to ourselves as the special work of Providence. Yet there are

events in which the immediate finger of God seems visible; and the marriage of these dear children at such a time, and under such circumstances, strikes one as a *compensation*. The world owes you many a one, my dear M. Guizot, but it has none to bestow that you would value like this.

"You may imagine the consternation into which we are thrown by the recall of your ambassador. My husband is miserable about it, and is not gentle in his language about Lord Palmerston. You know what I always said, 'He is the evil genius of England.' I think that opinion is now becoming pretty general. You see what a miserable figure he has forced his colleagues to make. This is worse than all the rest, for never had we such urgent need of the honour and reputation of our public men, and these (one, at least) were so unspotted. It is impossible to explain to any foreigner who does not understand England as you do, how such men and such a people can submit to the caprices and the unprincipled folly of an insolent and malignant man. But you will see the terror of a protectionist ministry, and the immense difficulty of forming any other. Still, I think, things cannot long go on thus. I quite understand the indignation of the French; but is it really true that a war with England would be popular? Most assuredly, the feeling here is widely different. Nobody desires war; most people detest it.

"I wish I could look forward with any confidence to a visit to Val Richer. I shall hardly be able to restrain my eagerness to see you *en patriarche*. How joyous it would be to see the *five* children around you! Mine are talking under my window, and baby's little voice *me donne des distractions* even while I am writing to you. When I feel what these ties are, I take heart for the human race. Let the *bouleversement* be ever so complete, there are things which no sophistry and no violence can ever destroy. Family affections are indestructible, and while *they* subsist there remains always the *nucleus* around which society *must* reconstitute itself on a sane and natural footing. I am heartily glad you are going to resume your history.

"I go to-morrow or the next day to spend a few days at Mr. Hallam's. You know how I love and revere him. God bless

you, dearest sir and friend, and increase your happiness with your days.

"Your most faithful
"S. AUSTIN."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"PARIS, *June* 18, 1850.

"MADAM,—I hope to see you towards the middle of August. I am very tired, and have great need of a little repose. The aspect of our affairs contributes not a little to my lassitude. I am deeply afflicted by all I see, and I fear an imminent catastrophe. The business of the three millions is dishonourable, and the electoral law is a lie. Until we can get an honest government my poor country will not be cured of its many ills.

"I have heard that there is an article on the 'Vraie Democratie' in the *Athenæum;* have you been so good as to occupy yourself with my little work? I continue my translation of 'Aristotle' every morning before going to the Chambers; and Mr. Chase's, which you so kindly sent me, lies on my desk from 5 till 9.30. I have found him a learned, faithful, and intelligent expositor, but he thinks too much of his contemporaries. I had rather see him cite 'Plato' by the side of 'Aristotle' than Butler and others.

"Cousin is well; he is finishing some small things, and will then, I hope, finish his great work on Plato.

"Your ever devoted
"B. ST. HILAIRE."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"WEYBRIDGE, *July* 3, 1850.

"DEAREST MONSIEUR GUIZOT,—You have, I am sure, read the two debates (Lords and Commons) with intense interest, and with partial approbation and admiration. I am only now reading the House of Commons debate, having been in London, and extremely occupied while it was going on. I am struck

with Cobden's speech. He is a man I do not like or esteem, but he has a wonderful command of plain, direct language, and, when he happens to be right, his speeches are admirable. Sir William Molesworth spoke and acted excellently. Several men went to ask his advice, and what he meant to do. He said, 'I shall tell no one. I shall vote as my own conscience directs, but the responsibility of each man's vote, in so critical a moment, must rest with himself.' What do you think of his speech? My husband says by far the best was Sir Robert Peel's. Alas! and here we sit, not knowing whether he is still alive, or whether our poor country is robbed of this most precious of her sons. My husband is quite dejected. He says if Peel is gone there remain only the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lansdowne who have any authority in the country, and how long can we hope to retain them? My husband thinks Lord John's speeches far worse than Lord Palmerston's, and calculated to do great mischief. Everybody speaks of Lord Palmerston's as the most wonderful effort of oratory, considering his age, the heat, and all there was to increase his difficulties. During five hours he never faltered, never recalled a word, never drank a drop of water, and left off with the very same intonation of voice as he began with. How lamentable that such powers are so employed! People seem to think that, in spite of the *triumph* of the government, the system of foreign policy has received a severe and salutary check, and that even he will not risk another such struggle. If there were any bounds to human credulity, one might be amazed at hearing sensible men (as I did) talk of 'all this being the result of a conspiracy.' I asked in vain what means you and M. de Metternich and P^sse. Lieven and Co. possessed of influencing the minds and opinions of the English public, for I maintain that the *public* was against the Government. Nobody can answer, yet they continue to assert it. We are very much ashamed of the vulgar, blustering tone of the speeches on that side. I beg you to believe so.

"I hope things go on tolerably in France. There is really nothing amiss in the state of the country; if there were but a government that commanded confidence, all would soon come right. Wonderful elasticity of France!

"I hear you are in Paris. I shall be glad to think of you with the spud in your hand in the garden, or engaged in the sempiternal Patience in an evening. The intervals I permit you to employ on history. How happy you must be in the midst of all those dear children! All here are as usual. Little Maurice climbs the hill with rather more visible rapidity than we descend it. The creature has attached himself with a sort of passion to his grandfather, which is very charming. I have no news, and can think of none but the saddest—the fatal accident to Sir R. Peel. Mr. Hallam was greatly distressed, as you may think.

"Adieu, dearest sir,

"Your most affectionate

"S. AUSTIN."

CHAPTER XXIV.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Mrs. Austin on John Locke's Tomb—Shakespeare and Locke—M. B. St. Hilaire's admiration of England—A Critic's Pleasure—State of Germany—The Durham Letter—Sir James Stephen—M. B. St. Hilaire on the Protestant Demonstrations—Note of the 18th of January, 1851.

Sarah Austin to Victor Cousin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"MORETON, ESSEX, *Sept.* 14, 1850.

"DEAR FRIEND,—I write to you in the parlour of a small inn, where we have passed the night to be near High Laver. I feel an absolute necessity to write and tell you of our pilgrimage. How I wished for you when we first caught sight of the tomb of Locke! We passed two days at Stratford-on-Avon; I cannot describe it properly to you. The memory of Shakespeare lives in every stone in the road, and fills every corner. The room where he was born, the tomb where he reposes, the old grammar school where he learnt to read, the little path which he trod when going to see Anne Hathaway, and the cottage in which she lived.

"Yesterday we were at Peterborough, and then passed two hours at Ely, where the noble cathedral is being restored. We saw it under the guidance of Dr. Peacock, whom you will know as a great mathematician. At Harlow we left the railway and came here in a carriage. We drove straight to the church, and stood before John Locke's tomb, let into the south wall.

In the churchyard there are several tombs of the Masham family.

"Wishing to copy all the inscriptions, I went this morning with a village lad across the fields, and we passed near the rectory, an old-fashioned house surrounded by fine trees, with a charming garden, and a rivulet meandering through it. I asked my guide whether he thought that the rector would object to my calling upon him. He said, 'Oh no, he was an old and learned man.' We found him in the garden with his young curate. The rector came forward with old-fashioned courtesy, begging me to honour his manse by a visit. He was singularly dressed, and his long white hair reached to his shoulders. To cut my story short, this venerable and kindly old man was mad—perfectly harmless, retaining his love of reading and of philosophy, and with the manners of a gentleman of the old school. His one passion is Locke. You may imagine how well he received me. While waiting for my husband to join us he showed me all the editions of Locke's works, the register of the death of John Locke, bachelor, and told me his recollections as a child of Oates. The house was pulled down about forty-five years ago.

"We heard divine service—the same that Locke and his illustrious friends once listened to. Opposite to us was their pew; nothing had been changed. Afterwards we drove to Oates; nothing is left but the laundry and two magnificent lime-trees. There we found Mr. Ingersol, a young farmer, who inherited it from his uncle, and who pointed out to us the locality of the old house. Everything, as you see, was favourable, the weather was beautiful, and, although not picturesque, the country round is pretty.

"To return to the tombs. Sir Francis Masham, who died in 1722, is buried inside the church; but his admirable wife, who soothed the last moments of Locke, where does she lie? There is not a trace of her; perhaps she left Oates after her husband's death, and is buried near her father at Cambridge.[1] But we

[1] Dame Damaris Masham (daughter of Ralph Cudworth, D.D.) is buried at Bath, where there is an inscription to her memory in the abbey church.

found the tomb of Damaris Cudworth, her mother, with an inscription, which tradition assigns to Locke. It is beautiful, and quite what he would have written.

"In the churchyard are the tombs of the first Lord Masham and his wife Abigail, the favourite of Queen Anne; of General Hill her brother, and Mistress Alice Hill her sister, and of the second Lord Masham and his two wives Henrietta and Charlotte. Against the south wall of the church is a square raised tomb inscribed 'JOHN LOCKE, ob. A.D. 1704.' Above is a marble tablet bearing the Latin inscription written by Locke himself. (You shall have copies of all the inscriptions.) Beside the principal entrance to the church there is a small door on the south side, close to which is a grass grave immediately under and parallel with the wall. Here, village tradition says, lies a faithful servant of the Masham family, now remembered only as 'Luke.' He used to hold this door open for his master and mistress, and when he died they buried him at his post. A few steps only divided the tombs of the great philosopher and the faithful Luke.

"Now I must go to bed; to-morrow morning we return to my dear cottage.

"Ever your affectionate friend,

"S. AUSTIN."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"WEYBRIDGE, *Sept.* 17, 1850.

"DEAREST SIR AND FRIEND,— . . . We had never seen the north of England, so on the 23rd of August we left home, and have been to Gloucester, Worcester, Malvern, and Warwick. We spent a Sunday quietly at Stratford-on-Avon, hallowed by the greatest *human* manifestation of God's power. I forget if you have seen the lowly roof under which Shakespeare was born, or the stone under which his ashes lie. Few things in my life have touched me more than the standing in the room which heard the first wail of that sweet and mighty voice that echoes round the world. The church where he lies is singularly harmonious and beautiful, and the service in it no less so;

and the thought that there he listened to the words I was hearing gave them a new solemnity. In St. George's Chapel, Windsor, there is a special prayer for 'the Knights of the most Honourable Order of the Garter.' I think it would be more to the purpose to have a form of thanksgiving for the creation and inspiration of Shakespeare. In default of it I made one for myself.

"Our little tour ended with a pilgrimage to the grave of Locke. By the side of a humble, sequestered village church, now attended only by rustics, there lies the man whose clear and potent intelligence was second only to his spotless virtue. His tomb is inscribed,

JOHN LOCKE. Ob. 1704.

Above it is the tablet with the Latin epitaph written by himself, and which I daresay you know. We heard service in the church where he had sat by the side of his incomparable friend Lady Masham, listening to the same words of hope and peace.

"I cannot tell you how tranquillising and elevating all this was. There lay the long mouldered ashes of the man ; but his love of truth, his confidence in her power, his love of mankind, his clear intelligence, his gentle piety, seemed to radiate from his modest tomb, and the simplicity and serenity of his character seemed to breathe in the whole place. I thought of you, dear sir, and wished for you. You would have seen how wisdom can move and attach the hearts of men through all time, how they triumph over time and death. Is it not a sublime thought that a few feet of obscure earth can be made dear and holy to the good of all ages, by being the resting-place of such a man as Locke ? It is true that, seeing what we see, one is sometimes inclined to think he has thought and written in vain, but we must hope as he hoped, and trust as he trusted.

"Your faithful and attached,

"S. Austin."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"Bagnères de Bigorre, *Sept.* 17, 1850.

"Ah! madam, how interesting your trip must have been, and how I should have liked to join in your reverence for Shakespeare. England does right to nourish admiration for one of her greatest sons. In our poor country of revolution we have no time for such pious and gentle creeds. The birthplace of Molière is barely known at Paris, and hardly a signature of his has been kept.

"My admiration for England increases when I study your history. When I read of Cromwell and Charles II., after Elizabeth and Henry VIII., I am astonished at the rapid growth of your progress and wisdom. France, alas! has still much to learn. I see nothing stable in the future. Instead of serving his country, the President is begging for votes; the various hypocritical divisions of the Chamber, none of whom dare say what they really want; the legal violence of the great party of order; the absurdities of the demagogues—all this promises ill. Meanwhile the political morality of the nation suffers. Your Revolution of 1688 bore good fruit; ours of 1830 has produced nothing, thanks to those into whose hands its guidance fell. I can only look to Providence to deliver us out of the mess we are in. The Republic is, however, better established than people think, and in spite of what our friend Cousin says, every day increases my faith. He laughs at me—it would be easy to turn the tables against a monarchy of eighteen years. For the moment we shall not have a *coup d'état*, and I hope that in 1852 the nation will be wise enough to choose another President, perhaps the Prince de Joinville, should he wish it.

"What do you, at a distance, think of the state of things here? Every one conspires against the Republic, at Wiesbaden, at Claremont, at Cherbourg, and at Versailles. The Republic laughs; she is 'bonne fille,' but some day she might frown, without, however, ceasing to be just.

"I have finished the eleventh canto of the 'Iliad,' and have

begun the twelfth; you see I am getting on. I hope Mr. Austin is well.

"Your ever devoted
"B. St. Hilaire."

Sarah Austin to Rev. Dr. Whewell.

"Weybridge, *Sept.* 24, 1850.

"Dear Dr. Whewell,—You will be able to tell me something about Mr. Dowe. My husband knows nothing of man or book. The title is unpromising and sounds quackish and prophetic, but the book may have merit. I have told Cousin that, alas! we abound in people who make theology, philosophy, poetry, art, philanthropy, serve the cause of radicalism—of that general tendency to sacrifice the superior to the inferior elements of society—which is the epidemy of our times.

"Jupiter nods. You directed my letter, Mrs. A., *Woodbridge*. A Mrs. Austin opened it, was perplexed, *comme de raison*, thence it went to Brandeston Hall, my brother-in-law Charles's house, where "Trin. Lodge" sufficed to put them on the right scent. I write immediately, though I cannot answer. But as the writing to my niece, Meta, for the book you want, and receiving her answer, will make a further delay, I give myself the pleasure of this little reproach, or triumph, or whatever you like that expresses the unlooked-for pleasure of finding that a great man can make a small blunder—a thing which critics especially relish. It is a long time since we met, and you may believe that a couple of days at Cambridge would be an immense gain and pleasure to me. B. St. Hilaire comes to us next month. He is as much out of heart as M. Guizot about France.

"My German friends are not in better heart. I don't know how you found things. I am very glad Kreuznach answered to Mrs. Whewell. My best love to her.

"I shall write again anon, and will now only say how truly I am, dear Dr. Whewell,

"Yours,
"S. Austin."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"WEYBRIDGE, *Nov.* 30, 1850.

"DEAR M. GUIZOT,—You seem to have floated over another of the whirlpools or falls that lie in your course. I wish I could think it the last. I saw, however, that our good friend B. St. Hilaire was just as far from any feeling of security this year as the last, and I conclude he would think favourably of things, *if he could.* I think his visits to England have done him great good. He has both learned and unlearned a great deal. Did he tell you that M. Cousin had resolved to accompany him, and at the last moment *retracted?* I suppose you are much agitated by what is passing in Germany; even we are so. A witty Berliner wrote to me some time ago, 'Der König.ist schon lang nur ein Studium für Pathologen' ('The King for a long time has only been a subject for the study of pathologists'). Did any one ever see such letters and such speeches? I never asked you, *of course*, what you thought of M. de Radowitz. From the little I had seen and heard of him, my impression was that he was somewhat of a humbug. Perhaps I am wrong. I am curious to hear how he is judged. I have had a very long and very interesting letter from my dear and revered old friend, M. de Lindenau. He has been in South Germany. His impressions about Austria are very favourable. He tells me wonders of the total abandonment of the old system, and says that Schwarzenberg aims at no less than to be the Richelieu of the Austrian monarchy, in which, adds M. de L., I heartily wish him success, supposing always that it is to be a constitutional one. All that he says about the Slavonian and Magyar populations corresponds with all that I saw, heard, and thought when among them. But I will get the passage copied and send it to you. You know how entirely unprejudiced, how calm, how experienced, and how sagacious he is; his opinions may therefore have value for you. I am thankful to think of you with two more creatures to love—especially babes: nothing is so completely delightful and refreshing as their society. Even the germs of evil which appear in them, their *naïf* selfishness, their little violences and tempers, have a *gentillesse* that disguises the cloven foot. My Maurice is just

in perfection, joyous and amusing, making every day fresh acquisitions and displaying new talents. While I watch him and listen to his little *ramage*, I want nothing else in the world.

"My husband is tolerably well—as well as a body subjected to the attrition of such a mind, revolving on itself, can be.

"I wanted to send you a little thing I wrote about Locke's grave, but I have not a copy of the *Athenæum* containing it. Cousin has, if you care to see such a trifle. There are two parts, October 5th and 10th (I think). There are things in it that will charm you, especially the epitaph on Mrs. Cudworth, written by Locke. What would that serene and exalted soul feel at the spectacle of the frenzy that rages in England now? Is there anything in France or Germany more absurd or more unreasoning? One would think the Pope were landing with 50,000 crusaders and a staff of inquisitors. Obviously he and his bishops can act only by persuasion, and if that does not succeed without a hierachy, neither will it with one. The Pope and Cardinal Wiseman committed a foolish impertinence, which ought to have been met with calm remonstrance. Lord John Russell's letter[1] is almost universally condemned, in spite of all you may read in newspapers, and is indeed a most wonderful production for a *statesman*. It comes most opportunely at the moment the Irish constituencies are being increased *tenfold* by the new Act. I heard a letter from Ireland yesterday, saying that the present frenzy and Lord John's letter would make it more difficult to govern Ireland than it had ever been. This anybody might have foreseen; but his adherents call it 'a good party move'—a sentiment as wise as it is moral.

"Have you seen Sir James Stephen? I am curious to hear what he says to all this. He cannot approve it, I think. Sir

[1] The so-called "Durham Letter," written by Lord J. Russell on Nov. 4, 1850, to the Bishop of Durham, about "the late aggression of the Pope upon our Protestantism." Dr. Wiseman had been created a Cardinal, and appointed the first Archbishop of Westminster, in a document couched in grandiloquent style. This manifesto was followed by the publication of a pastoral from the new Cardinal, equally pretentious, which thoroughly aroused the anti-popery feeling in England.

James is a man about whom there are very different opinions. Ours is, as I think you know, very favourable ; but his manner gives an impression of want of frankness ; and he was unpopular in the Colonial Office, spite of his great and acknowledged ability. You will find it worth while to converse with him—I should say, a good deal. His official experience must interest you, and his conversation is very original. I am much attached to them both. She is a sweet, noble, *innocent* creature. Some Englishwomen retain all their lives a sort of *naïve* innocence that makes me feel quite corrupt by their side. But it is not given to all to ignore vice when they see it, as you once said your sainted mother did. She would have delighted in Lady Stephen. It is no want of understanding in her ; she has great sense, but she cannot believe the world is what it is.

" I am your most affectionate

" S. Austin."

" P.S.—Dr. Whewell cannot say enough of the merits of Sir J. Stephen's lectures on Modern History given at Cambridge."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

" *Dec.* 30, 1850.

" I cannot, dear madam and friend, let the year pass without recalling myself to you and all your family. You see that things here are not going on satisfactorily. The Assembly has voted two measures which I entirely approve, but which may provoke a conflict ; it has asserted its authority, and it has done right. But the executive power may consider that it has been slighted, and commit some fresh blunder in attempting revenge.

" Your Protestant demonstrations, I see, still continue ; an insult is always resented, and the Pope's Bull was nothing less. I can understand that you are tired of the anti-Papist agitations, but the Pope has only got what he deserved ; I cannot pity him when I see the grievous harm he and his party do to us. With you public opinion is vigilant and energetic ; there

lies your power and your force : public opinion does not exist here, and that is one of our greatest evils, or rather it is the source of all our evils. Until public opinion is educated and disciplined, our governments will behave as they choose, and new elements of disorder will be perpetually renewed.

"Your most devoted

"B. St. Hilaire."

CHAPTER XXV.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued.*)

Letter from Mrs. Austin to Rev. Dr. Whewell on his Translation of Auerbach's "Professorin"—His Answer—Letter from M. B. St. Hilaire on the Accession of the Tories to Power—Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot—M. B. St. Hilaire on the State of France—The Death of Mrs. Taylor—M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin on the policy of the President, Louis Napoleon, and announcing his own imprisonment in Mazas.

Sarah Austin to Rev. Dr. W. Whewell.

"WEYBRIDGE, *Jan.* 23, 1851.

"DEAR DR. WHEWELL,—My silence must have seemed like black ingratitude, and that is not a very comfortable thought to me, who value your recollection of me—not to mention your book—at so very high a rate. I was from home when your charming 'Professorin'[1] arrived, and after my return I was *écrasée* under a load of letters to answer, and an accumulation of books to read which were to be restored on a given day. I waited, absurdly, till I had read the book before I would thank you for it, instead of despatching my thanks as heralds to my opinion. I cannot tell you how captivating I find it. There is a homely freshness, a *genuine* simplicity, mixed with intimate and delicate touches of feeling far superior to anything I ever read of Auerbach's. I suspect he owes a great deal to you, for you are at ease in the most vernacular language, and find wonderful equivalents for words and expressions that others leave in despair. There's an English story founded on

[1] "The Professor's Wife," by Auerbach, translated by Rev. Dr. Whewell.

the same dissonance—is it not by Mrs. Sullivan? Of course you know it. But it is far from having the charm of Lorlie.

"I send you St. Hilaire's version of the present crisis. M. Anisson thinks him quite wrong, and so does my husband; but he ought to be heard, for whatever he does is honestly done. I suspect they want what they never will find—a sincerely Republican governor.

"Since I began this note I have received also the enclosed letters from M. de Circourt and M. Decaisne. I send them *all.* Make out of them, if you can, the present state of things or of minds in Paris.

"The whole thing seems to me utterly baseless, and, if I may make an awkward word, cementless.

"Auerbach's sentiments about the English are, I fear, all but universal in Germany. Let me thank you once more for poor Lorlie, who is the type of so many a vain attempt to make others happy by self-devotion. Do you know her more vulgar and less amiable sister, Lenette, in Jean Paul's 'Siebenkäs'?

"Pray remember me most affectionately to Mrs. Whewell, and believe me, dear Dr. Whewell,

"Most cordially yours,

"S. AUSTIN."

Rev. Dr. W. Whewell to Sarah Austin.

"TRINITY LODGE, *Jan.* 26, 1851.

"MY DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—I hoped that you would read the 'Professorin' before you wrote to me, or rather that you would write to me after you had read it, that I might know what you thought of it; and certainly I have great reason to be glad that you did so, when you can find such pleasant things to say of the translation. *Your* praise on such a point is of first-rate value. I am glad you like my Lorlie. She was my companion all the summer, and part of her story was written at every place where I stayed—several pages on the top of the Faulhorn, 8,000 feet high. It is much the prettiest of Auerbach's stories, and I think the greatest favourite in Germany. They have made a play of it. I was somewhat

consoled for Auerbach's bad opinion of the English by seeing how plainly he is quite ignorant of us, and takes his views from our writers, coloured by his own notions about religious observances. Do you suppose that the work by a person of great pretensions, which the collaborator attacks, alludes to Bunsen's 'Church of the Future'? I was much amused with the manner in which Auerbach makes it the summit of the Englishman's insolence to criticise German philosophy; about which I suspect A. knows as little as he does of English life. We English are as stupidly servile in looking with reverence on all German philosophy, as we are stupidly conceited about our social institutions and manners. I was much interested with the letters you sent me—on account of their private as well as public bearing. I am quite sorry for Circourt. I do not see how the French are to get out of their present difficulty, but it is one not peculiar to them, though aggravated by the circumstance that their last revolution was the most absurd of revolutions. It has always been hard for the Assembly, and the Ruler of a Constitutional Government, to settle into their positions of equilibrium. The Ruler has to learn that he is no Ruler; and the Assembly has to learn to allow him to be something: hard lessons which neither Germany nor France can yet learn. I think Germany a more melancholy spectacle than France, for they have not only put out the conflagration, but seem to be extinguishing all traces of domestic fire.

"Mrs. Whewell values much your kind recollections of her; and I am, if you will allow me to be,

"Affectionately yours,

"W. Whewell."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"Paris, *Feb.* 25, 1851.

"Madam and dear Friend,—The accession of the Tories is most disastrous for France, and I hear on good authority that the President is anxious. Latterly the English press has erred

in taking his part so strongly, he does not merit sympathy, and public opinion here resented such exaggerated praise. In his dealings with the Assembly, as well as with the Republic, the President is in the wrong, and he has been frank with neither. His own reputation and the public peace have suffered in consequence. He was a conspirator before the nation elected him to the eminent position he now occupies, and he retains the habit. The small riot of last Saturday ought to show you what he is and who are his friends. It is grievous to have such a government, which one is forced to despise, and which will inevitably bring about a catastrophe.

"You, in your happy England, you change your Ministries, but your national interests are always honestly and energetically guarded. Whigs or Tories, England knows that she can trust her rulers; if not always wise, they are always honest and patriotic. The shame and the danger of our Ministries of transition is a thing England will never experience.

"You see that to me things do not appear *couleur de rose*, and although the Republic gains ground every day, I am very uneasy lest your new Cabinet should attack the President. He is capable of stirring up the maddest popular passions in order to smooth the way for declaring the Empire, which is his object. He is utterly wanting in principle; in one word, he is a knave.

"I think the Duchess of Orleans is very wise in asking your advice, and I thank you for contributing to the amelioration of those children who may one day be our salvation. Exile will teach them much that they never would have learnt here.

"You may be sure that Weybridge will see me as soon as I can escape from the fiery furnace of politics. Remember me to Alexander and Lady Lucie, and tell little Janet I shall teach her French. "Your devoted friend,

"B. St. Hilaire."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"Weybridge, *March* 23, 1851.

"Dear Monsieur Guizot,—Lucie has not been in good health all the winter. The first time she returned to Wey-

bridge after their departure, the whole village, where she is much beloved, was struck by the alteration in her looks. For nearly a fortnight she has been labouring under a fearful attack of bronchitis—incessant cough, high fever, and all the most terrible symptoms. Last Thursday I began to feel as if in a black dream ; but, God be praised ! it is now dispersed. For three days past her recovery has been steadily advancing. She is permitted to speak and to take a little food, and nothing, we are assured, remains but the necessity for extreme care.

"Alexander has let the house in Queen Square, and nearly concluded an agreement for one at Esher. We have long been trying in vain to find one for them nearer to us. This is a great overthrow of my plans and hopes, and will make our life here quite another thing. But I cannot complain. It is clear that London does not suit them, and the house at Esher offers many advantages. Indeed, I first discovered it in going to call on a lady[1] whom you know there. She and her two sons have been suffering from *grippe*, but not seriously. I saw them all three not long ago. The lady and I are engaged in a correspondence on the difficulty of finding books on English history, in which the matter of religion is treated 'avec élévation et impartialité'—in a manner fit for the young, and especially for *them*. I fear, as I told her, she must not look for those qualities of a historian *here*.

"I am sure you are shocked at what is passing. Dr. Wiseman has played a very *wicked* and reckless part, and Lord John Russell has been scarcely less mischievous to the country. The Whigs are under a cloud. Everything turns against them. Lord Holland has cruelly injured and diminished his father's reputation. Mr. Macaulay is convicted of calumniating Penn with extreme levity. All these things have a sinister effect. If we had a rash or unpopular sovereign, I don't know what would happen. *She* holds us all together at present, and if ever life was precious, hers is.

Germany loudly threatens another revolution. And France, *your France*, my dear Monsieur Guizot, is she recovering from her wounds ? God grant it.

[1] Duchess of Orleans.

"Give my love and heartfelt blessing to my two darlings, and say that in my prayers for my own child I do not forget them. My husband is well, and sends his most affectionate respects. And for me, dearest sir and friend,

"I am, as ever,

"Your most affectionate

"S. AUSTIN."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"PARIS, *May* 4, 1851.

"MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND,—I saw Cousin yesterday at the Institute; he had received your article, which pleased him much, though he said you had become rather Tory, which astonished me not a little. He is less likely than ever to come to an understanding with the former adherents of Louis Philippe; and the fusion patronised by M. Guizot is, you may be sure, politically speaking, the grossest error that can be committed. I, as a Republican, am delighted, for when the choice is limited between Legitimate Monarchy and the Republic, France will not hesitate long in making her decision. You complain of the state of things in England; what can I say of ours? At the eve of an expected crisis, the President insists on maintaining his fancy Ministry, and insists on imposing his choice for a permanent one. How right you are in praising the honesty of your Queen. That is *the* great quality; and if we only had an honest man at the head of affairs, everything would go on quietly. But Napoleon, like his two predecessors, aims at personal government; he will cut his own throat, and poor France will be the sufferer; according to the well-known saying, 'Quiquid delirant reges,' &c. The condition of our policy and our administration is shameful, and a source of extreme danger; our financial situation is deplorable, the floating debt will soon exceed 700 millions. Work diminishes daily, agriculture is in such a disastrous condition that the farmers are praying for a bad harvest. As yet the people are quiet, but this apparent tran-

quillity is not to be trusted ; believe me, we shall not traverse this crisis without a severe struggle, and our rulers are wanting in the wisdom and firmness which might lessen if not avert it.

"I very much fear that there will be no vacation, and that I shall not be able to leave Paris. In the present condition of the Chamber, the Revision[1] will not be voted, and the only alternative is violence. France will even be deprived of other candidates or competitors, for the princes[2] will not be recalled. Had my friends listened to me, the Republic would have been magnanimous and wise. Berryer has behaved abominably, and in spite of my defeat, I am glad to have spoken against a measure which may be fatal to France.[3] Remember me to Mr. Austin.

"Your ever devoted,
"B. St. Hilaire."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"Paris, *June* 9, 1851.

"Dear Madam and Friend,—What do you think of the Great Exhibition, and particularly of our part of it? By what I hear on all sides, the idea of Prince Albert has been a splendid success. I have a strong desire to see it, and should like to induce Cousin to go with me. He is much struck by all the accounts he has heard, particularly from Thiers. But you see the state we are in. The speeches at Dijon must have enlightened you as to the President's character. If he has any honesty left, he must be prepared to retire in 1852, unless he intends to try a *coup d'état*. If the party of order were wise, they would begin to prepare the way for another candidate. The most suitable man would certainly be General Cavaignac.

"Cousin has been very unwell lately. He is thinking of taking up politics again. His last article produced such an

[1] Of the law forbidding the re-election of the President.
[2] Of the House of Orleans.
[3] Exile of the House of Orleans.

effect here that his success encourages him to attempt another. Had Barrot been in the Ministry, Cousin would have spoken on the question of Revision, but with Faucher he will not open his mouth, although Faucher's conduct lately has been praiseworthy.

"I am hard at work at my Sanscrit Philosophy, and have read a considerable portion to the Institute.

"Your ever devoted friend,

"B. St. Hilaire."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"Paris, *Oct.* 29, 1851.

"Madam and dear Friend,—I saw Cousin yesterday at Bellevue, who is so ashamed at not having accompanied me to England that he authorises me to use force next year. I promise you that it shall not be my fault if you do not see him. He is coming back to Paris, driven by the bad weather and politics. The strange conversion of the President has alienated from him the whole of the so-called party of order, without procuring the adhesion of our side. The law of the 31st May will be repealed if the Government insists on it, but the price will be a heavy one—the contempt of the nation; and after the events of the last two years, it will be the last drop in the President's cup. M. Louis Napoleon is playing the game of the Prince de Joinville, who ought to be the sheet-anchor of the party of order in less than six weeks.

"Do you see that Faucher, the new Cato, has named himself at one jump Commander of the Legion of Honour? In his electioneering rounds, this most modest of men orders his entry into the towns to be saluted by the firing of cannon. What do you say to all this in England? What a figure we make in Europe—to what depths we are fallen! Do not laugh at us, but pity us. Faucher little knew the knave he had to deal with; he thought to lead him, and he has become a blind instrument.

"While at Agen, I took up a new trade, that of a master of

gymnastics. I gave daily lessons to five or six little girls and to their fathers, and instructed a mistress, whom I left in my place ; and what is a greater triumph, I introduced gymnastics into two religious communities, the Sacré Cœur and the Filles de Marie. This is indeed philosophy in action and movement. I have the satisfaction of having done some good, and probably straightened more than one weak spine which was inclined to be crooked.

"Remember me to Mr. Austin, and tell little Janet to play at ball every day.

"Your ever devoted,
"B. St. Hilaire."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"Paris, *Dec.* 4, 1851.

"Madam,—Your kind letter reached me at the moment when I was leaving the prison of Mazas, where, with a good number of my colleagues, I was imprisoned for signing the act proclaiming the fall of the President. I have just left Cousin, who is gone to the Sorbonne, after vainly attempting, with me, to cross the bridges to go to Barrot. There is fighting in all Paris. I am deeply touched by your offer, and I assure you that Weybridge tempts me strongly, but I cannot leave my country until it is tranquil ; I must suffer and, if necessary, die for her. Remember me to every one.

"Your devoted friend,
"B. St. Hilaire."

CHAPTER XXVI.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot on the state of affairs in France and at Vienna—Mrs. Grote's visit to Paris—Letter from M. B. St. Hilaire about the Paris University—Letter from Mrs. Austin to Rev. Dr. Whewell on the threatened Expulsion of M. Cousin from the Sorbonne—His answer.

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"*Dec.* 5, 1851.

"DEAREST MONSIEUR GUIZOT,—My heart is so much with you that I cannot help writing, though I know not what good that can do you. I have long and deeply rejoiced that you would not suffer yourself to be induced to enter a field on which no honour was to be won—take what side you might. I never for an instant doubted of the wisdom of your determination, now apparent to all men. You are in a region which this new storm cannot reach, except through your patriotic affections. That is my great consolation.

"The spectacle which France presents now is very painful, but so it has been for a long time past. Going back to the Taiti business, when the malignity and chicanery of your enemies first became outrageous, I could never see anything encouraging. *Franchement*, a country that will accept *any* government and maintain *none*—what can be done for it? It is now the fashion to say that 'le gouvernement parlementaire ne vaut rien pour la France.' If that is true, as it may be for aught I know, it is because a loyal Opposition seems impossible.

What would you not have done for the consolidation of a representative government if you had been fairly met and faithfully supported? I do not ask you to tell me if you are satisfied with the new order of things, if *order* is the word. Tell me that you are not unhappy nor alarmed, and I shall be content. Let it be what it may, what it replaces is not to be regretted. If it is to be only a *réchauffée* of what failed in the hands of a giant, we may all easily turn prophets. My own discouragement about France arises more from the political character of the people (of all classes) than from anything else. Every government seems a new toy, soon to be pulled in pieces and broken. At all events, you, best and noblest of friends, have not spared them constant and serious teachings. If they will not hear, you, at least, have a clear conscience.

I have had a good deal of communication lately with Vienna. There, another sort of madness seems to prevail. It is impossible to divine what the Government intends. The most curious suspicions attach to people, especially Englishmen. That they should hate us is natural; that they should suspect English gentlemen who bear the greatest names of being *spies*, &c., dishonours nobody but themselves. God knows no *spying* is required to discover the pranks played 'before high Heaven' by *our* Spirit of Mischief! What a moment to choose for invoking the direct action of the mob on the government of any country! I feel that we have no right to talk of the toleration of bad or incompetent rulers, while we tolerate such a man as that. He is, of course, popular with the mob; but to what use does he mean to put this popularity? I hear his colleagues look grave—and well they may.

"*Per contra*, if you see the *Times*, take the trouble to read in the number of the 3rd the account of the management of the Duke of Bedford's estate. It is merely an agricultural letter, but what a picture of the loftiest aristocracy lending itself to all the details of the moral and material improvement of the lowliest classes of men! What habits of order! What talents for business! These are the men who *quietly* preserve societies from ruin.

"Mr. Senior has brought home one of his journals written while at Naples. He seems to have conceived the lowest

possible opinion of the people, and, as a consequence, of the Government. He is pretty well.

"My dear daughter has made me uneasy, but she is much better; the children admirably well. My husband very well—charmed with the correspondence of Mirabeau and Comte de la Mark. I have undertaken, after long and earnest entreaties on Mrs. Sydney Smith's part, to arrange and edit Sydney's letters and lesser writings. You know his faults, but he was in the highest degree brave, sincere, loyal, generous, and a lover of truth. These qualities in a Churchman deserve to be recorded.

"Your most affectionate
"S. AUSTIN."

George Grote to Sarah Austin.

"*December* 10, 1851.

"DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—Mrs. Grote is still at Paris, and talks of remaining there till the end of the month. She has been in no way personally disturbed or alarmed by what has been going on. Her lodging is 108, Champs Elysées. Very luckily she was not on the Boulevard des Italiens, otherwise I do not know what would have become of her on Tuesday the 4th, when the soldiers killed people right and left, the peaceable far more than the warlike.

"I have heard from her about every other day, but never at any great length, or with much detail. She has committed to writing a sort of budget, which is to be sent home by Mrs. Blackett, and she is too tired to be able to write the facts over twice. She says generally that nothing can be conceived so awful as the state of feeling in Paris, the stupefaction and terror which reigns there. She has seen shoals of people (she says) and heard copious details. One paper which I received from her this morning I enclose for your perusal. It is drawn up by some Frenchman whose name she dares not mention, and describes certain feats of the soldiers in the 'Blutbad' of December 4th. Pray send it back to me when you have read it. She mentions some facts (which I do not think have passed into the newspapers) about the treatment of the Depu-

ties when they were arrested—about fifty in number, I believe, and *not Republicans*, therefore having some claim on English sympathy—persons who, before the 2nd of December, counted as the most respected politicians in France. These men were confined in the barrack all the afternoon of the 2nd, and all the night. They had to sleep on the floor, or in chairs, in their clothes. On the ensuing morning they were handed off to Vincennes in the transport vans designed for criminals ; there they were detained all that day, some of them longer. Their wives did not know what had become of them for twenty-four hours or more. Dufaure was one of these.

"I would not be at Paris, as Mrs. Grote is now, for any sum which could be tendered to me. Not because of any personal fear. To an Englishman of common prudence there is no ground for fear, but from the perfect heart-sickening which this tremendous event has given me, and against which I find it hard to bear up, even here, with my books around me. I did not expect to live to say anything so like the brutal setting up of an ancient tyrant in a Grecian city. My best regards to Austin.

"Yours sincerely,
"G. GROTE."

George Grote to Sarah Austin.

"*December* 13, 1851.

"DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—I am very sorry I cannot come to you to-morrow, as I have already engaged myself. I return St. Hilaire's letter, which is painfully interesting, and highly honourable to his feelings about his country. If there be any one portion of France more to be deplored than another in regard to the *régime* now inaugurating, it is the writers and thinkers of the country : men who, above all things, require an atmosphere of freedom. I anticipate an enslavement of speech and thought only paralleled by that of the Empire ; and I farther anticipate, what even the Empire did not do, a more complete surrender of all public education into the hands of the priesthood than ever existed before. St. Hilaire, and the Liberal men about the University Council, will feel this

most painfully. What is now beginning is 'l'ère des Césars,' according to Romieu's language.

"The President's *coup d'état* is exactly the parallel to the insurrection of June, 1848—equally brutal and guilty, only having the means of maintaining itself afterwards, as being the insurrection (for it is nothing less) of the chief man and the organised force of the country.

"I had a letter from Mrs. Grote yesterday, guarded in its communications, but just in the same melancholy tone as to passing events. She says that Horace Say has received a warning that if he does not mind his doings it will be worse for him. She says that for a whole day it was fully believed that Léon Faucher, as well as Thiers, had been sent out of the country. She says that she really does not *dare* write all she hears. The quantity of people she sees is greater than her strength will sustain; in fact, it seems that the English in Paris are the only persons now exempt from personal terror, and recipients of the breathings of Frenchmen who do not dare to communicate with one another. If I have any information to give, I will certainly communicate with Henry Reeve. I think *The Times* has done itself great honour by what it has said upon this late affair. I trust Austin is better. It is not surprising that he has been struck down by so dreadful an event.

"Yours very sincerely,
"G. GROTE."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"PARIS, *January* 18, 1852.

"MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND,—I take advantage of Dozon's departure for England to write a few lines which will not pass under the odious eyes of the police. I can tell you nothing of our affairs, for you know more than we do, thanks to your admirable newspapers, so unlike our poor rags, censured, cut, and altered when they are not sequestered. I do not suppose that any nation ever submitted to so extraordinary and, at the

same time, so shameful a regimen. But I repeat I have nothing to tell; all is said, and excellently said, by *The Times*.

"Rémusat told me before he left that his first visit in England will be to you: he meant to wait for a time before going, but I do not think our police will allow the poor exiles to stay in Belgium.

"The University is to undergo important changes—some say it is to be done away with altogether. Our positions are all compromised, but till now we have not been molested. Cousin's substitute, Jules Simon, has committed an imprudence, which brought about his dismissal, and caused that of Cousin to be talked of. The latter has implacable enemies among the clergy, who to-day are all-powerful. The trap which is, to all appearance, prepared for several of us is the oath exacted by the Constitution. Of all the articles, that is the one which has excited most opposition. These are terrible moments; it is not possible that things can go on like this, which is the only comfort for cowards. Numerous as they are, the Government has not yet succeeded in obtaining any allies, and its irritation at being thus left solitary is shown by the proscriptions. What do you say to this ghastly comedy? What is the opinion in England? Blame our poor country, but pity her more than you blame. To be so little able to manage her affairs after sixty years of revolutions! To what a depth of ignorance and incapacity have three centuries of absolute monarchy brought us!

"M. Guizot was at the 'Institut' yesterday; he looked very well. I do not know what he thinks of the condition of things. I hear various accounts, but I cannot believe that it meets his approval.

"Cousin is well; he is entirely absorbed by Madame de Longueville, whose declared lover he is. In a few months he hopes to take up 'Plato' again, in which I try to encourage him. He owes it to himself and to philosophy.

"Your ever devoted friend,

"B. St. Hilaire."

Sarah Austin to Rev. Dr. W. Whewell.

"WEYBRIDGE, *March* 27, 1852.

"There's a philosopher (V. Cousin) for you! You may suppose, best of masters, how I scolded and scorned him in my answer. I said, 'Je vous trouve lâche vis-à-vis de la vieillesse,' and so I do. The truth is, my poor old friend has a passion for making *impressions* of all sorts, upon '*les jolies femmes*' above all. We all know that it is charming to be admired, and more charming to be adored; but what I can't understand is, how a man lives to sixty without preparing himself to relinquish the privileges of youth. However, to do him justice, he has been the truest and most constant and affectionate of friends to me, who never adored him, and have told him more disagreeable truths than most people. But do we not burn with indignation at seeing him, after forty-two years of such services to science and letters (I beg your pardon), stripped? His chief income was 10,000 francs as member of the Conseil d'Instruction Publique—gone. The 6,000 francs as Professor at the Sorbonne he will also lose (*destitué par prétérition*), unless he lectures.

"I began my answer, 'Assurément que vous professerez et mieux que qui que ce soit au monde'; and told him, what is true, that I wish I could be there to see and hear his reappearance, and to tie up his poor throat, and *dorloter* him a little.

"But now, our dear and honoured Master, this is a case for your weightier hand. He honours you as he ought. It would be *ganz ausserordentlich schön* if you would write him a few lines of, not condolence, but sympathy, and such things as you know how to say and to *feel*, and administer to him a cordial that shall dispose him to rub up his armour and gird it on. You know, too, that expulsion from the Sorbonne (building) is hung over his head—all his beautiful library!

"Yesterday, M. Alexandre Thomas came down to see me. I was in bed all day, having had a kind of relapse the night before, so did not see him. My husband says he is profoundly desponding about France—thinks the people *worn out*. Only M. Guizot preserves an equal mind, expects little, but does

not despair. I rather frightened my husband on Thursday, and as nobody can find a cause, my doctor says it is excitement, and that I see too many people—*one* a day on an average. What a miserable state of the nerves and circulation! To-day I am better, and in very brave spirits; but though these vary *extremely*, you will understand that the *fonds* remain the same. I am under no illusion and no terror. I wish I felt sure that my extreme serenity and cheerfulness about death rested on a better ground. I feel so *much love* and *trust*, and so *little fear* —and yet why? Is this anything more than constitutional? For, as for merits or claims—oh! as grounds for reliance—they are out of the question, and I am not sure that my faith in any scheme of Atonement would explain my serenity. It seems to me rather a foundless trust in the Source of all good—such as His Son reveals Him to us. I wish I could *talk* with you about this.

"Yours most faithfully,
"S. AUSTIN."

Rev. Dr. W. Whewell to Sarah Austin.

"TRINITY COLLEGE, *March* 30, 1852.

"It was very kind of you, my dear friend, to send me V. Cousin's letter, even though the privilege brought with it the task of reading the epistle—which is not a very easy matter. But it was still more amiable of you to think that I might gratify the dear old Eclectic by expressions of interest in his future and labours. I dare say he will not derive much pleasure from my doing so, but that you should try to procure him such pleasure as my encouragement could give, was one of those kind thoughts which make us love you. Accordingly, inspired by your suggestion, I have sent such a letter to him. It so happened that I had with me at the time a French man of letters just about to return to Paris; and to him I committed my exhortation to Cousin to continue his speculations, pointing out some questions on which we should all, in England and France, listen to him with deference. I was glad to learn from my friend that Cousin is supposed to be so rich as not to be seriously distressed by his losses, even if they should come

upon him as they threaten. With regard to his fear of age, which is a more inevitable evil, if it be an evil, I hope your exhortations will not be wasted on him. It is no doubt a little mortifying to human conceit that we must leave the world to a new generation ; but it appears to me more mortifying because it interrupts what we do than what we enjoy ; we have done so little, and matters seem to be going on so ill. But we must make up our minds to this, and 'trust the Ruler with the skies,' and with the earth, too ; and really *trust* Him—believe that He is ruling well, and will do so when we are no longer actors in the scene. Only I think there is nothing presumptuous in hoping that we may know a little how it does go on ; follow the later scenes of the drama, and see the *dénouement* to which it is tending. This is a kind of consolation which cannot deceive us, for we shall have this, or we may humbly hope, something better. I trust it will be long, my dear friend, before you have to seek for the consolation which belongs to the close ; but I must say that an entirely filial spirit of resignation, hope, and love is what I have seen with most satisfaction in the cases of others who were dear to me, and what I most desire for myself. Any special view of the manner of acceptance only leads to this. This seems to lead us beyond the bourne directly.

"May God bless you and restore you, is the prayer of

"Your affectionate friend,

"W. WHEWELL."

CHAPTER XXVII.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Qualities of French and English men and women—M. B. St. Hilaire refuses to take the Oath and withdraws from Paris—Letter from Mrs. Austin to Mr. Senior describing Ventnor—Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot on the Volunteer Movement—M. B. St. Hilaire a Gardener—Correspondence with Mr. Gladstone on National Education.

M. Guizot to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"PARIS, *April* 18, 1852.

"DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—Thanks for sending M. Dozon to me; he found you decidedly better, and the tone of your note shows me that you feel stronger. So I am content. For I send you declaration for declaration; you love me, I love you. You must take care of yourself, avoid all fatigue, and get quite well. When you can, without tiring yourself, do give me a few lines just to say how you are, until we meet either at your house or here. I shall be delighted to see you again. You possess the great qualities of your nation, and, in addition, you are sympathetic and expansive, which are rare qualities in your country. Madame de Staël used to say that the best thing in the world was a serious Frenchman. I turn the compliment, and say that the best thing in the world is an affectionate Englishman. How much more an Englishwoman! Given equal qualities, a woman is always more charming than a man.

"I intend going to Val Richer about the 15th of June, and passing five months there, to work and to rest. I am getting on in life, and do not know how many more years may be granted to me. I shall die with my head and my hands full of projects and of works begun, but there are two or three I really wish to finish. We pass away so rapidly that we hardly have time to leave a mark on the sand of this earth : at all events, let us leave as complete a one as possible.

"Remember me to Mr. Austin, to Lady Gordon, and to Sir Alexander.

"Ever yours, with all my heart,

"GUIZOT."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"PARIS, *May* 15, 1852.

"MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND,—I shall have the pleasure of seeing you sooner than I expected ; in three weeks, I shall be with you. I have refused the oath, preferring anything to such humiliation ; at the end of the month I sent in my resignation. It is rather hard after twenty-seven years of hard work, and at my age ; but I assure you, my friends need not pity me much, for I am not at all out of heart ; like Cousin, I am unmarried and a philosopher. I shall leave Paris, but have not yet settled where I am going ; I shall bring my new address to you in person. Cousin tried to persuade me to take the oath. I think my dear master was wrong, and consulted my material good more than my honour, and, I may add, the interests of philosophy. He, as you may have seen, has asked to be put on the retired list, in order to avoid the oath ; but as he has been named honorary Professor, it may still be demanded of him, and he has decided to refuse it now, as he did before. You may have seen the deplorable affair of M. Arago? He would have done better to take the oath in silence.

"Your ever devoted,

"B. ST. HILAIRE."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"Les Pepinières, près Meaux, *Sept.* 21, 1852.

"Madam and dear Friend,—I have settled myself here, and all I regret are a few of my Paris friends, whom I shall now see but seldom. Every fortnight I go to Paris to work for the *Journal des Savants*. I am taking up gardening seriously, and have more vegetables and fruit than I can use; but I mean to have some flowers too, and trust to you to send me some seeds. We are evidently going to have the Empire; it will be proclaimed on some anniversary of December—either the 2nd or the 20th. It is rapid work; the uncle took four years. But, in spite of what Victor Hugo said, it seems that people are greater now.[1] All the better; the faster the pages are turned, the sooner the book will be finished. But what an abominable book it will be! I do not mean Hugo's; he says what every one thinks, but their mouths are closed by the police. If the pamphlet that has been printed in London could be introduced and circulated freely here, the President's position would be made rather uncomfortable. My views on all that is passing are even stronger than Victor Hugo's, and I do not think I exaggerate. I cannot understand your thinking my last letter was sad. If it were not for my poor eyes I should be the happiest of men. . . .

"I am quite of your opinion as to Cousin's infatuation; we know but too well, out of the memoirs of those times, what that famous aristocracy was. I do hope that Madame de Longueville will soon come to an end, and make place for Plato, the second edition of which will certainly take him five or six years.

"Remember me to all your family.

"Ever your devoted friend,

"B. St. Hilaire."

[1] "Après Napoléon le Grand, faut-il que nous ayons Napoléon le Petit?"

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT, *Nov.* 18, 1852.

"What an age has passed, dearest sir and friend, since I had the comfort of beholding your handwriting; what an age, too, since I wrote to you! The last circumstantial account I had of you was from our dear Mr. Hallam, who returned, as I knew he would, delighted with his visit; and with his usual goodness he came down to Weybridge to tell me about it. Here, under the shelter of the huge wall of rock which divides me from England, I look upon the sea and strain my eyes to descry that France which lies beyond it, and in which you and some few others are all that I could wish to behold there you may well be assured, for who would not willingly avert their eyes from the ruin and the shame of a great nation? Above all, *the shame!* Even if one could believe that the disgraceful bargain, in which honour and freedom have been bartered for tranquillity, would succeed. I wish you would empower me to silence impertinent people who insist to me that you approve all that is going on, and are an adherent of Louis Napoleon. Just before I left home I met at Mr. Hawes's (who had a house at Weybridge) one of those hangers-on of fine ladies who *colportent* their news, and I nearly horsewhipped him (being in my chaise and *armed*) for asserting this. He declared that he had seen full evidence of the fact in letters to Lady Palmerston, with whom he had been staying. I have not the least doubt that Lady Palmerston asserts this to everybody, for you know how she loves you; but I would not allow Mr. Hawes to listen to the calumny—much to the discomfiture of the dandy reporter. I can fully understand, for that my husband and I also feel, that the objects of your greatest indignation must be the men who undermined and pulled down a government which, as Mr. Austin is always repeating, 'had all the conditions of progress and amelioration, and afforded not the slightest *pretext* for violent resistance, and if they suffered alone, one would regard it as a piece of Divine justice.' But there is something too ungentleman-like in the actual proceedings to please you, I am sure. Even tyrannies are

susceptible of a noble or of a 'blackguard' tinge. Ah, *how* noble were all the aristocratic or despotic leanings of him whom they have now borne to his thrice-honoured grave![1] How full are all our hearts at the thought of his unswerving devotion to this England of ours—how intense is the grief, the gratitude, the reverence! Yes, I will say it again, as I said when Peel died, Blessed are they who live and die for England, for there awaits them such a heart-homage as I think no nation ever yet paid. When I think over this, and feel it, as I do, I am half inclined to murmur at fate that did not give you to England, and England to you. There you would have had even your *earthly* reward. I hope you saw Lord Lansdowne's speech, and remarked the solemnity of his exhortations to the country to defend itself. This advice will at length be listened to, spite of all the foolish paradoxes of Cobden and Co. The Duke's voice will now be heard 'trumpet-tongued' from his grave. *I* was never inclined to believe in a danger of the kind till now; but all my French correspondents agree in representing it as very real, if not imminent. People have imagined it too great a *mistake* to be committed, but that is a poor dependence; you, *who know us*, will have no doubt as to the ultimate result. But these things ought to be impossible on the face of it, and I daresay it soon will be. The young men of the country have come forward with great alacrity, and gone through their drill with great earnestness and success—so I hear from all sides. I should not despair of raising a very active, intrepid, and formidable regiment of sharp-shooters of the gentle sex, if need were. Lamentable that this spirit and these determinations should have to be appealed to now! and yet I declare to you I see no more of the old antipathy than I did before, only as my maid, a blunt North-country girl, says in a very resolute tone, 'No, they sha'n't come *here*.'

"God bless you, ever dear and honoured friend,

"Yours faithfully,

"S. AUSTIN."

[1] Duke of Wellington.

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"Les Pepinières, *Dec.* 22, 1852.

"Madam and dear Friend,—I have become an expert gardener, and having always been used to hard work, I cultivate my acre of ground without any fatigue. I shall become a peasant, but Aristotle and Philosophy will not be losers.

"In a fortnight, Cousin will publish his volume on Madame de Longueville. You will like his preface ; he excuses himself most charmingly for taking up such light studies, and as an expiation he promises a work on Théodicée,[1] a summing up of his whole system of philosophy. He points out what there is to admire and what to blame in the seventeenth century, and makes a distinction between the reign of Louis XIV. and the century, which was, I think, much needed, especially in these times. He had an idea of suppressing this portion, but I insisted on preserving it ; he must remember that he is not only a writer and a man of letters, but a statesman and a philosopher.

"Remember me to Mr. Austin, and believe me

"Ever your devoted friend,

"B. St. Hilaire."

Sarah Austin to W. E. Gladstone.

"Ventnor, *Jan.* 4, 1853.

"Dear Mr. Gladstone,—It would be more becoming, perhaps, if I were to begin this by presuming that you have forgotten me, and by offering you all the apologies due from a stranger ; but I cannot play the hypocrite even so far. The cause which procured me the pleasure and honour of your visit long ago has too strong a hold on your heart to allow you to forget the humblest of your fellow-labourers.

"I must express the unspeakable satisfaction with which Mr. Austin and I, in our distant winter quarters, have contemplated the formation of the present Administration. We,

[1] The exposition of the theory of Divine Providence.

though brought up in the intensest Whiggery, have lived too long and too much out of the party warfare of England, and have been too near witnesses of terrific political convulsions, not to have modified many opinions and questioned many axioms. Above all, my long and almost daily intimate intercourse with M. Guizot, the spectacle of his combats and his fall, could hardly fail to excite grave doubts of the expediency of appeals to the people. 'La belle invention que le suffrage universel, et comme les auteurs doivent être contents et fiers,' writes a friend of his.

"As I know what strong sympathy, respect, and regard he feels for you, I take it for granted you feel no less for him—so impossible does it seem to me that he should not attract those whom he wishes to attract. You may therefore like to see a letter I had from him lately, giving a pretty complete view of his opinions about his unfortunate country. Presuming that it will interest you, I will take care that it is sent to you. It is now in Lord Lansdowne's hands.

"I dare not begin to speak of Education, yet surely I may—I must—congratulate you. Since we met, what a progress, what indications of a growing appreciation of the value of self-culture, of the dignity of self-control! The old difficulty indeed subsists, but I cannot believe that, with so sincere and earnest a desire for the one great result, it will be insurmountable. I trust to you. Surely Christianity is broad enough to furnish a basis on which to found the education of a nation which, whatever be its diversity of opinions, certainly will not consent to have that basis withdrawn.

"Poor France, poor Germany! What is the result of their so excellent-seeming systems? You see it is of no use 'to give the meat before you give the hunger.' An ounce of education demanded is worth a pound imposed. This, you will observe, is a voluntary recantation on the part of the zealous translator of Cousin. I cannot say it costs me much, for it involves the recognition of the unspeakable superiority of England.

"Yours, dear sir, with every sentiment of respect,

"SARAH AUSTIN."

W. E. Gladstone to Sarah Austin.

"DOWNING STREET, *Jan.* 21, 1853.

"DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—I read with deep interest the letter you were so good as to address to me.

"I am glad indeed that the present Government has your sympathy. Its formation has at least been, I believe, an honest work on the part of all who have contributed to it. The subject of Education, in which you feel so deep an interest, will, I hope, make sensible and *early* progress under its auspices.

"I need not say that M. Guizot's letter will be full of interest for me; it shall be carefully returned.

"The scandalous delay of my answer may, I hope, be excused by the fifteen days' polling which have just filled up the interval since I received your letter.

"I remain, dear Mrs. Austin,

"Very sincerely yours,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

Sarah Austin to W. E. Gladstone.

"VENTNOR, *Jan.* 22, 1853.

"DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,—I send you my dear, revered friend's[1] letter. It is one of the most valuable of the many he has favoured me with. I take for granted *you* never believed, if, indeed, you heard, the reports of his adhesion to the present shameful order of things. I wish I could think the example of English statesmen would have more effect upon the few in France who deserve that name. But from what I hear, the furious personal hates by which I saw them divided, subsist still; they cannot unite their forces even against *such* a common danger. When I was in Paris, Cousin said to me that he should be 'deshonoré à tout jamais' if he put his foot in Guizot's house (his old friend and colleague), and would hardly believe that I had met the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel at Lansdowne House. Judge therefore whether I am not sensible of the value of personal concessions for great public ends. They are in all their motives and tendencies the

[1] M. Guizot.

very reverse of compromises of important principles for private ends, though it seems there are people stupid enough, or wicked enough, to confound them. As to Education, we have yet to find the right agent, or rather—for I believe it to be no other than religion—how to apply it. The part of the child's heart and reason accessible to its influence is not yet found, or imperfectly. But an advance is made. I take for granted you have read Mr. Wilson's report of the Vauxhall Factory, which is full of valuable suggestions. There are several great social problems which I should like to give to those men of his to deliberate on. My belief is that even on such questions as universal suffrage—the most dangerous one in our horizon—much better sense would be elicited from them than from some of your House of Commons declaimers. And this is the immense superiority of England! I think you rulers of England must be penetrated with affectionate respect for the people you govern.

"How often has poor M. Guizot expressed to me his envy of English statesmen! How deeply he felt the demonstrations of attachment to Sir Robert Peel! What a contrast to the recompense of his own labours! Forgive my yielding to the temptation of what seems to me like a faint shadow of a conversation with you; and believe that few wishes for your success in all that you wish to accomplish can be more sincere and fervent than those of your faithful and obliged,

"Sarah Austin.

"I re-open my letter to add one word about Education. There is a point to which I extremely wish to call your attention, and whenever you have ten minutes to spare, I will say as briefly as I can what has struck me in consequence of some very curious facts collected and communicated to me by one of the Government Inspectors—Mr. Norris. I believe you will find that there exists a great demand, as well as most unexpected resources, for a new and most valuable class of schools. Under the same superintendence as the existing Primary Schools, Mr. Norris finds the working people are actually paying *a million a year* to private schools; the rate of schooling being from *4d.* to *1s.* a week. They pay at this high rate, partly from a sort of pride, partly because they fancy the in-

struction must be better, though it is often much worse. 'But,' said a man to Mr. Norris, 'you know, sir, they can't teach much for 3d. a week.'

"Now is your time. The country is prosperous, the people in good spirits, and alive to all sorts of schemes of improvement. Now, dear Mr. Gladstone, give us a scheme for excellent *burgher schools*, to which the people shall 'pay a good price,' and have in return as much as their money can procure. This matter has been on my mind a year, and if I had been able, I should have written something about it; but if you will take it up, I shall be happy about it.—S. A."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

M. B. St. Hilaire on the new Ministry in England—Scene at M. Pasquier's—M. Littré on M. Comte—M. Remusat on Burke—M. A. Thomas's Lectures—Letter from Mrs. Austin to Rev. Dr. Whewell—"French Invasion" of Weybridge—Mrs. Austin on Novels.

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"LES PEPINIÈRES, *Jan.* 28, 1853.

"MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND,—I have been very busy, or should have written to you before. I admire the composition of your new Ministry as much as you do, and I agree with Mr. Austin that it is one of the strongest you have had for some time. England is quite right to prepare against the storm with which this wretched creature (Louis Napoleon) threatens her, and I recognise all the prudence and foresight of your statesmen in all their acts. Common-sense, unfortunately, does not exist here ; the present is the reign of incapacity and meanness. The new order of things has not yet made many converts, but I must tell you of one which is odious. The other day, at M. Pasquier's, Dupin said that he considered himself at liberty to accept a place under Government, the Orleans having no further need of his services now that he had saved their fortune. This is a falsehood, M. Dupin having had nothing to do with the sales which have preserved a small part of their wealth. He added, that after all no one could retort, 'Fontaine, je ne boirais pas de ton eau.' M. Guizot, who was

present, rose, and turning his back on him, said, 'Speak for yourself, sir.' The amusing, or I should say the infamous, part of the affair is, that M. Dupin pays his visits to the Elysée in the carriage provided for him by the Orleans family. The Empire will, no doubt, be delighted to acquire his services. The saying attributed to M. Berryer, when some one observed that everything was preparing the way for Legitimacy and M. de Chambord, 'In faith we do not want for clowns and jesters,' might be applied to him.

"Your ever devoted

"B. St. Hilaire."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"Les Pepinières, *March* 25, 1853.

"Madam and dear Friend,—I fear I shall not be able to come to you in the Isle of Wight, but you will see me at Weybridge in the summer. To-morrow I shall probably see Littré, and will ask him about Comte. I do not know what has become of him, but I suspect that he must be, as he always has been, in embarrassed circumstances. His doctrines I approve of as little as you do, and I cannot understand his asking others for help to diffuse them. I have always thought that he was held in too high estimation in England; there is nothing in his books which merits aid or sympathy. With us they make little impression. But the man is unfortunate, and although much of his misfortune is entirely due to his own acts, he is worthy of pity.

"*March* 28.

"I kept my letter to add the details I hoped to get from Littré about M. Comte. He tells me that, in 1851, he lost the very small place he filled at the Polytechnic School, and that since then he is reduced to live on the subscriptions to his works. This is a very small sum, and he is deserving of help, like all who suffer. But really M. Comte provoked his misfortunes, for, with all his theories about humanity, there does not exist a more unsociable man. I doubt the justice, though

I admit the charity, of providing him with the means of living in order that he may elaborate his unreasonable system at leisure. Do not think me hard. M. Comte may do, and has done, a great deal of harm to a certain number of minds, which he has warped ; witness my friend Littré. I cannot see that it is a service to humanity to enable him to continue such an unfortunate crusade.

"Your ever devoted
"B. St. Hilaire."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"Weybridge, *May* 19, 1853.

"I have told you that I was full of the project of writing to you—and why? Because I had just read in the *Assemblée Nationale* your admirable view of the relations between France and the Bourbons. *Vous trouverez plaisant que je vous offre mon approbation, mais elle est tellement intense qu'il me faut l'exprimer.* What is odd enough, is that not three days before I had despatched to M. St. Hilaire an answer to his inquiry how I liked M. de Remusat's article on Burke, and whether I did not retract some of my severe condemnation of the earlier revolutionists. I said that I was neither converted nor convinced ; and in giving my reasons, I used almost the very words I found in your essay. M. de Remusat's apology—that the French had no traditions of free government—is not sufficient. The project of the authors of the Revolution meant nothing less than a change in all the conditions of social life (as you so justly observe), and that project must ever be insane and criminally presumptuous. No such idea ever prevailed here, as you know better than anybody, except in the heads of a handful of fanatics ; and I confess that I think the name of 'the Great Rebellion' better suits us than that of Revolution.

"You may be sure that I shall read every line you write on that subject with twofold interest.

"I am sure you rejoice at the honourable and prosperous course of the Ministry. My husband thinks it by far the best that England ever possessed. It is consolatory to see so quiet,

consistent, and dignified a course as that of Lord Aberdeen crowned with such universal honour, without a single compromise or a single clap-trap. Dear Lord Lansdowne looks old and worn, but content. Now that the Duke is gone, he stands first in the reverential affections of the people. I saw him yesterday at M. Alexandre Thomas's lecture, who has a numerous *auditoire* of fine ladies, and what is more, he has Hallam, Grote, and Macaulay. I think he may be content. I have just written for him a letter of introduction to the Master of Trinity. He has views on Cambridge ; I wish they may be successful. I need not tell you that I have helped him to the extent of my poor ability.

"God bless you and yours, dearest sir and friend,

"Your affectionate

"S. AUSTIN."

Sarah Austin to Rev. Dr. W. Whewell.

"*July* 15, 1853.

"DEAR AND HONOURED MASTER,—I have just received notice of the intended visit of Plato and Aristotle, *alias* Cousin and 'dear St. Hilaire.' I think they will be here in little more than a week. Cousin has been torn in twain by his terror of the sea and his love for me ever since the year '48. At length he has resolved to affront the perils of the Channel, and comes with the *fidissimus* Achates. Cousin, always sublimely exaggerating, will go nowhere but to Weybridge, see nobody but his beloved old friend. I accept as much of this as I ought ; and, between you and me, I hope, trust, and believe he will see Cambridge and Oxford. I write by this post to Mr. Chase (Aristotle's *alter*), to inform Oxford, through him, of the advent of the philosopher.

"Will you come to Weybridge, dear Dr. Whewell ? I can give you a tidy room and simple fare, and I can*not* give you other than the most affectionate welcome, and my husband and you shall *tenir tête* to the Frenchmen. You shall discuss under the old nut-trees, and I will sit by and listen. If you cannot come, and wish them to come to you, will you let them find here words to that effect ? Their stay will not be long ; spite

of Cousin's vows of fidelity and reclusion, I foresee that he will be seized and carried off.

"Is Mrs. Whewell at home? What would you think if I were to offer to come? That I was mad—and so I should be; but I am better, and that puts such wild thoughts into my head.

"Yours always, as you know,
"S. Austin."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"Weybridge, *August* 16, 1853.

"The dreaded French invasion has 'come off' this year, and has taken the direction of Weybridge. We have had MM. de Circourt, St. Hilaire, Lavergne, the Dunoyers, and last, not least, the Philosopher Cousin. If we were seated under the *arbre vert* or my old nut-trees, I would make you laugh with the history of his demeanour and exploits. I thought I knew him, but anything like his extravagance, his rudeness, and his mendacity I could not have imagined nor believed, if I had heard it from others. It was so bad, that to say truth, I lost all inclination to laugh, and surprised M. Thomas by the serious shock which the discovery of positive *lies* gave me. You know our English sense of the ineffable shame of lying, and will understand how painful it was to me to connect *that* with any one whom I had so much reason to admire for his talents and to like for his kindness to me. M. Cousin would see nobody, and made an immense *cas* of his *incognito*. He refused all invitations, and would not even call with me on Lord Lansdowne. The single exception he made was that of Lord and Lady Holland, with whom he dined. He wrote to me two days before his arrival, that he came 'en Angleterre pour vous, et pour vous seule,' an absurdity twice repeated, and which, though I did not believe it, caused me to clear my house of other guests to receive him and St. Hilaire. He called *once* the day after he arrived, and dined *one* Sunday, and all the time talked like a madman about England and English things. I think he must be amusing to you all with his histories. I saw him no more. St. Hilaire is the same simple,

upright, affectionate heart I have ever found him—profoundly annoyed at his 'Master's' freaks.

"I am tolerably well, and Mr. Austin is remarkably well.

"My kind and faithful love to all, ever dearest sir,

"Your most affectionate

"S. AUSTIN."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"CROMER, *Oct.* 30, 1853.

"Your letter, dear sir and friend, has followed me to this *ultimate corner* of my *patrie*—Norfolk, where I have been since the middle of September. Now as to novels, you have not applied to one very learned in the matter. Not that I affect to scorn novels, or to be too wise or too good for them; but somehow they do not often come in my way, and I am not rich enough to procure myself these luxuries. To say truth, too, I am not in love with the *Richtung* (tendency) of our modern novelists. There is abundance of talent; but writing a pretty, graceful, touching, yet pleasing story is the last thing our writers nowadays think of. Their novels are party pamphlets on political or social questions, like 'Sybil' or 'Alton Lock,' or 'Mary Barton' or 'Uncle Tom'; or they are the most minute and painful dissections of the least agreeable and beautiful parts of our nature, like those of Miss Brontë—'Jane Eyre' and 'Villette'; or they are a kind of martyrology, like Mrs. Marsh's 'Emilia Wyndham,' which makes you almost doubt whether any torments the heroine would have earned by being naughty could exceed those she incurred by her virtue.

"Where, oh! where is the charming, humane, gentle spirit that dictated 'The Vicar of Wakefield'—the spirit which Goethe so justly calls *versöhnend* (reconciling), with all the weaknesses and woes of humanity? I read a pretty little tale lately, called 'Katie Stewart,' which pleased me much; but it is, I fear, too Scotch. I see another novel, also Scotch, much praised, but I have not read it—'Christie Johnstone.' Have you read Thackeray's 'Esmond'? It is a curious and very successful attempt to imitate the style of our old novelists. I liked it, but I doubt if it would suit France. It would interest

you from its subject. Which of Mrs. Gore's novels are translated? They are very clever, lively, worldly, bitter, disagreeable, and entertaining; Mrs. Marsh's are clever, gloomy, but I don't know them all. Miss Austen's—are they translated? They are not new, and are Dutch paintings of every-day people—very clever, very true, very *unæsthetic*, but amusing. I have not seen 'Ruth,' by Mrs. Gaskell. I hear it much admired—and blamed. It is one of the many proofs of the desire women now have to *friser* questionable topics, and to *poser* insoluble moral problems. George Sand has turned their heads in that direction. I think a few *broad* scenes or hearty jokes *à la* Fielding were very harmless in comparison. They *confounded* nothing. The novels of G. Sand are far more dangerous than those of Crébillon, which only appeal to the senses. The others pervert heart and mind; every affection, every thought is sullied by them. What is worthy of remark is that Crébillon dedicated his 'Roman des Égarements' to his extremely respectable father! *That* contains some admirable things, the others not a line, as far as I can see.

"Yours most faithfully,

"S. Austin."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"Weybridge, *Dec.* 7, 1853.

"Dear Monsieur Guizot,—What about the novel? *Je me suis abonnée* instantly to a library, that I might pronounce my own judgment on those I mentioned to you. Now I must say I find the 'School for Fathers' a very pretty little book. It is not exactly a school in which you or I want to learn; but it has pretty natural pictures of English country life in the last century—a noble old squire, a fat, good, easy, kind-hearted and *unpolemical* vicar, and so on. There are tears, but they are wiped away, which is all one can ask of fiction or fact. The style is easy and good, none of the *emphase* we abound in, no politics, no metaphysics, no socialism, no Methodism—just a pretty, kindly story. The 'Heir of Redcliffe' I have not read. It sounded too good for me. I am not worthy of superhuman flights of virtue—in a novel. I want to see how people act and

suffer who are as good-for-nothing as I am myself. Then I have the sinful pretension to be amused, whereas all our novelists want to reform us, and to show us what a hideous place this world is : *Ma foi, je ne le sais que trop*, without their help.

"The 'Head of the Family' has some merits. The character of the hero, 'the Head,' is striking and well drawn, very Scotch, in the good sense. But there is too much affliction and misery and frenzy. The heroine is one of those creatures now so common (in novels), who remind me of a poor bird tied to a stake (as was once the cruel sport of boys) to be 'shyed' at (*i.e.*, pelted) till it died ; only our gentle lady-writers at the end of all untie the poor battered bird, and assure us that it is never the worse for all the blows it has had—nay, the better—and that now, with its broken wings and torn feathers and bruised body, it is going to be quite happy. No, fair ladies, you know that is not so—*resigned*, if you please, but make me no shams of happiness out of such wrecks. Still, it is worth reading, and if much abridged and softened, would make a good novel—as times go.

"You have heard of Henry Reeve's successful journey. He brings home a very strong conviction of the decrepitude of Turkey and the energy and progress of Greece. You see we are in one of our periodical fits of Russophobia—foolish enough, but not more so than the extravagances that excited it.

"I am going on with my reprint.[1] Have you seen the last *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews ?* They are thought to be very good on the whole.

"Farewell, dear Monsieur Guizot. You and my good St. Hilaire are nearly all I regret in France. Would I could see you once more !

"Your affectionate and faithful

"S. Austin.

[1] "Sydney Smith's Letters and Life."

CHAPTER XXIX.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire on the Emperor Napoleon—M. Guizot's "History of the English Republic and of Cromwell"—Sydney Smith's Oaths—"Germany from 1760–1814"—M. de Montalembert—Union of England and France—Napoleon I. and the Queen of Prussia—Letter from Mrs. Austin to Rev. Dr. Whewell—Lord Raglan's Despatches.

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[TRANSLATION.]

"*February* 15, 1854.

"As I am writing to my dear Arthur Russell, I cannot refrain from adding a *biglietttino* for my beloved Philosopher. I hope you have made the acquaintance of Arthur's brother, who is a secretary at our Embassy at Paris. Odo is very different from Arthur, but charming—a poet—full of *esprit*, and entirely without fatuity or pride. The mother who has brought up three such sons may well be proud. Madame Scheffer writes that she is astonished at the modesty and simplicity of our young aristocrats. They are not all Russells—far from it—but it is a fact that many among them are serious and simple-mannered. Arthur tells me you take a despondent view of things. It does not surprise me. Fortune has been pleased to give a good hand to this *gentleman*, and he plays his cards cleverly. The only thing that consoles me is the chance that our two nations may get to understand each other a little, which would be a permanent good. My sister-in-law has written me a Bonapartist letter from Marseilles, reproaching me with want of

confidence ! ! ! Justice is powerless against success. You will read what we are doing here ; the preparations of the Government do not impress me ; but where else could you find six or seven fleets, belonging to private individuals, ready to serve their country without any particular strain ? It is prodigious ! Good-bye, my dear friend, I am very busy, and unfortunately my book is anything but Napoléonist.[1] You will not be angry, as we both hate the whole race of conquerors.

"Yours affectionately,

"S. A."

M. Guizot to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"Paris, *March* 20, 1854.

"Dear Mrs. Austin,—Together with this letter you will receive my 'History of the English Republic and of Cromwell.' I hope that you and Mr. Austin will both read it with some pleasure, for it has been written for England as much as for France. I therefore wish it to be approved and liked in England as well as here. I have kept so entirely clear of the passions and traditions of English party spirit, and their habits of thought and feeling, that I am not sure whether the judgment and the impressions of a foreigner, sincere friend though he be, will be understood and approved of in England. I have my doubts. I suspect that I shall be accused of being at once too severe and too indulgent, now for the Royalists, now for the Republicans, now for Cromwell. Do help in making my work understood by your public. I trust you are well enough now to read and converse without too much fatigue, for I could never forgive myself if you tired yourself for half an hour in maintaining the correctness of my judgment and descriptions of Cromwell, Vane, and their time.

"Yours ever, with all my heart,

"Guizot.

"Pauline is amusing herself by translating the 'Head of the Family.'"

[1] "Germany from 1760 to 1814 ; or, Sketches of German Life."

Sarah Austin to Rev. Dr. W. Whewell.

"WEYBRIDGE, *March* 22, 1854.

"DEAR MASTER,—It would be an insult to ask if *you* are well. I always regard you as the personification of strength ; indeed, since you destroyed all those populations of planets, about which we made ourselves so unhappy, you must be content to pass for something more than Titanic. However, there is no offence in wishing to hear that you are in your accustomed vigour, and ready to confront all antagonists. I cannot but admire in this controversy the facility with which men *se passionnent*, not only for ideas (since some ideas lie at the root of all that is worth caring for), but for ideas which can have no conceivable influence on their condition, or that of any living being.

"Now I have a case of conscience for you. Lord Lytteleton has detected in our Sydney's 'Letters' 'two oaths,' or, to speak more accurately (for there is no juration in the case), two 'd—ns,' pp. 6 and 16. You see, Sydney is mimicking Jeffrey, and most unquestionably Jeffrey did season his discourse with that sort of condiment. I am no admirer of it, but I must say that to strike out these two innocent little 'd—ns' seems to me absurd. Lady Holland, who is anxious to make dear old Sydney as decorous as possible, suggests, '*Hang* the solar system.' Is that an improvement? It is *not* what Jeffrey would have said—that is certain. If you think it better to make the alteration, I will make it, but not for Lord Lyttelton. He also raises a solemn protest against poor Sydney's red wafer on the little boy's forehead. Surely on these terms we had better let Sydney alone. He was a great and a good man, and what he revered he revered sincerely, and acted upon faithfully, but these things formed no part of his code.

"I have had a great correspondence with my Lord of London, and I can't tell you how gracious we are. I hope you will think the better of me.

"I expect St. Hilaire in a month, but only for a few days. He has never got over missing his visit last year, and means to make two this year. The more the better ; but he missed Cambridge—*le malheureux !*

"I am confined to my room by a bad cold, but otherwise *ziemlich* (pretty well). Kindest regards to Mrs. Whewell.

"Yours, dear and honoured Master,

"Very affectionately,

"S. AUSTIN."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[TRANSLATION.]

"WEYBRIDGE, *April* 3, 1854.

"Occupied as I am, and pre-occupied as I feel, I cannot refrain, dear friend, from writing to you; but for pity's sake do not reproach me for the shortness of my missives, as I am in the agonies of producing my poor little book.[1] Mr. Longman wants it by Easter, which is impossible, though I am near the end. It will be the reverse of a *pièce de circonstance*, for I tell of the great days and great deeds of Prussia, and God knows she does not shine brightly at the present moment. I must say, however, that I think we English are merciless about the difficulties of other people. We have elbow-room (if I may use the word), the poor Germans have a thousand hindrances. You, who value honesty, are I am sure satisfied with our Government and our Ambassador. But what lying! I know but one man who surpasses the Emperor Nicholas at that. Mrs. Grote tells me that M. Cousin has sent me 'Madame de Sablé' and a thousand *tendresses*. The first I have not received, and the second I decline, as I could not reciprocate them. Expect no more from me until I have done my work, but I am always

"Your very affectionate

"S. A."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"LES PÉPINIÈRES, *July* 3, 1854.

"MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND,—I am looking forward to reading your book,[2] and hope to find it at Paris in a few days.

[1] "Germany from 1760 to 1814; or, Sketches of German Life."

[2] Ibid.

Like you, I hate conquerors, and I can promise you that fresh light has been thrown on ours by the acts of his nephew and the publication of the 'Memoirs of Joseph.' The conduct of Nicholas shows what is produced by the spirit of conquest. The union of England and France will, I hope, be a source of great good to us both, and if the two nations are wise, will lay the foundation of an everlasting alliance; but my patriotism suffers when I see such good fortune fall to the share of such a government as ours. With an honest man at the helm, what lasting benefits for humanity at large might not arise from this union. All I hope is that we shall lose the small remnant of prejudice and hate which still lingers among us. This cordial co-operation will efface all that completely and for ever. But your *gentlemen* will have a good deal to bear in their personal intercourse with Baraguay d'Hilliers, St. Arnaud, and others. The '*entente cordiale*' will be more difficult than among the troops. I believe that Lord Raglan has already experienced something of this.

"I am very much afraid I shall not be able to come to Weybridge this year, I am too busy. The work on Buddhism for the *Journal des Savants* must be finished, and Aristotle's 'Ethics.' This will occupy me until the winter; but if you will let me come and see you then, I shall be delighted. Many remembrances to Mr. Austin and all your family.

"Your devoted friend,

"B. St. Hilaire."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"Les Pépinières, *Sept.* 27, 1854.

"Madam and dear Friend,—I have read your book with the greatest pleasure and profit. You have not written a history, but you have done better, by showing the moral results which events brought about and the circumstances arising from them—the humiliation of Prussia and her resurrection, our passing triumphs and our, alas! well-merited defeat. I do not think that you are at all too severe in your

criticisms on Napoleon and his agents. He behaved shamefully to the unfortunate Queen of Prussia, and you do right to denounce such conduct. I have always thought that the different treatment accorded to the Grand Duchess of Saxe Weimar was with the intent of making the reception of the Queen at once more humiliating and more excusable in the eyes of the world. By appearing to honour one woman, his insults to the other were made more apparent. Your condemnation of the indifference and weakness shown by Goethe is just and right; I think you might have been even more severe. His artistic impassiveness was a crime, his lordly serenity was in reality only cowardice. I see with great satisfaction that you have said a few words about our aristocracy of the seventeenth century, who do not merit the admiration lavished on them, and who were the cause of the greater part of our misfortunes. Had they known, like your nobles, how to fulfil the duties of their position, the Revolution and its consequences would have probably been avoided.

"I hope to join you at Cromer, and should like to see that part of England under your guidance. From there we can go to Cambridge; but I assure you that Weybridge is the place I love best, and that I come to see you.

"Your ever devoted friend,

"B. St. Hilaire."

Sarah Austin to Rev. Dr. W. Whewell.

"Cromer, *Oct.* 27, 1854.

"Dear Master,—You are thinking now that Aristotle (B. St. Hilaire) is here, and I would fain believe you are impatiently looking for our arrival. No such thing. Some learned duties detain him in Paris till the evening of the 28th; consequently he cannot be here before the 30th at night, so if, as I have promised, I show him a little of this most East Anglican of corners, and then a little of my old city, we can hardly be at Cambridge before the end of next week, or even the beginning of the week after. Will you tell me with all frankness whether Sunday is a day on which it would be *more* or *less* agreeable to you to have us than any other, and I will arrange

accordingly (regard being also had to the state of the weather *here*, which will shorten or lengthen our stay here—*selon*).

"If you mean to invite people to meet Aristotle, I presume Sunday will not do; and in that case we should spend it with our friends at Norwich. I wish St. Hilaire to see Norwich on a Saturday. He has great rural tastes and knowledge, and the corn and cattle markets, above all the rubicund and (now) jovial-looking farmers, will interest him extremely, and are utterly *un-French*. I will take him into the interior of a provincial *bourgeoise* family that is more *un-French* still: the books, the pictures, the fine engravings, the scientific culture of the worthy Mr. Starke and his wife, will altogether astonish him I know. If I keep him here till Saturday morning, our progress to Cambridge must, of course, take place on Monday the 6th. 'But the hare is not caught, Mrs. Glasse.'

"When it is, you shall know it; till when I am really rather too happy at the thought of finding myself once more at Trinity Lodge. I am so afraid *it cannot be*.

"Yours most affectionately,

"S. Austin."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

Les Pépinières, *Dec.* 5, 1854.

"Madam and dear Friend,—The *Evening Mail* is, I assure you, a great resource to me. Your aristocracy has shown the world what it is made of. Perhaps, as *The Times* says, they have even been foolhardy; but very noble natures are capable of behaving as they do. Lord Raglan's despatches excite my admiration by their simplicity and their frankness. Until we know what he has written, we have our doubts about the accounts vouchsafed to us on what is passing. Your statesmen, your generals, and your newspapers, are absolutely reliable; even in the letters of the sergeants and corporals one sees the English honesty; and I feel a certain amount of pride when I see that my friends who once laughed at my Anglomania have come round to my opinions.

"In a letter on the actual state of parties in France, *The Times* is wrong in stating that the Republicans have rallied to the Empire on account of the Crimean War. None desire more ardently to see our arms victorious than the Republican party; it would be false to all its traditions if it were not so, but it hates the Government. Barbés's letter will show you exactly how we stand. The 2nd December can never be atoned for. *The Times*' letter is too Bonapartist, and betrays its origin.

"Many remembrances to Mr. Austin and the young people.

"Your ever devoted friend,

"B. St. Hilaire."

CHAPTER XXX.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

"Memoirs of the Rev. Sydney Smith"—German Hatred of Russians—Miss Nightingale—Ugo Foscolo—Letters from Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"WEYBRIDGE, *Jan.* 7, 1855.

"DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,—I *must* go to France to see you once more, and to refresh my spirit with your conversation, and with the assurance that you have not forgotten all the good and all the sad days we have passed together. Both are to me, as I daresay to you, equally dream-like, and seem to belong to another state of existence. And indeed we have, if not 'new heavens,' at all events 'a new earth,' where it is difficult to recognise the people and things we knew in that old earth of which we were the inhabitants. I am always brooding over, and shall perhaps in time hatch, the project of exchanging Cromer for Trouville, and thus passing some time near you. Will you give me any encouragement? Is Trouville a place in which I might find a humble lodging and lead my own quiet life? Is the air *vif* enough for an invalid of my stamp? How far is it from Val Richer?

"I hope it is true that Lady Holland's book has pleased you, and given you a more favourable impression of her father than you had.[1] That is the effect it has produced here, I think I may say universally. It is the effect which I ventured to predict. My conviction that it *would* be produced led me

[1] "A Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith," edited by S. Austin.

constantly to uphold dear Mrs. Smith's resolution, and since her death, to encourage her daughter to persevere. He was completely out of his place, which was the House of Commons or the bar. But on the whole he was one of the best citizens England has had—fearless and true, and, as you see, very amiable in domestic life, and zealous in the discharge of his duties as a parish priest. We are now going to work to correct and enlarge the book for publication. Its success is so complete that Lady Holland can no longer hesitate.

"I am continually receiving letters from Berlin, Dresden, and other parts of Germany. I sent a bit from one to the *Examiner* last week (30th December), bearing strong testimony to the fact, which was sufficiently familiar to me, of the intense hatred borne to the Russians by Germans. The whole time we lived in Germany, I heard nothing else ; and the only prejudices I have against the Russians have been inspired by Austrians and Prussians. How then is this to end ? Till the war broke out, the English *people* could not be said to love or to hate Russians. They never thought about them. Why should they ? And now they are fighting them with *acharnement*, while the Germans, who never spoke of them without execration, remain at peace. This is one of the many inconsistencies of the present state of things. Another, and more agreeable, is the wonderful cordiality (of which it is impossible to doubt) of the English and French soldiers—a thing to be welcomed with all one's soul, were the political conditions other than they are. But nothing could ever reconcile me to them. I have seen M. John Lemoine once. He is clever ; but I should not at all trust his appreciations of what passes here. My husband never ceases to repeat, 'I never knew but one foreigner whose judgments on England were to be relied on, Monsieur Guizot.' With what delight and regret he looks back on his conversations with you. He said to me the other day, 'The most charming companion I have met with in my life is Monsieur Guizot—I never enjoyed any company so much as his.' He is, on the whole, very well—better than I ever knew him. I am certainly not worse. I think rather better. But I must take my place permanently among the *incapables*. I shall never recover my powers of action or endurance, and I

only live by the aid of a thousand tedious *ménagements*. God's will be done! One must say of one's faculties as of one's life, He gave, and He hath taken away: blessed be His Name!

"Lord Ellesmere was here yesterday; he said the expedition against Sevastopol was the work of *The Times*, reluctantly engaged in by the Ministry because the people would have it. Do you call that governing? I trow not. Lord Ellesmere tells me the indignation against *The Times* is very general, and that excellent articles appear in some journals (I myself read an admirable one in the *Scotsman*); but who reads them?

"There is no help. The next despotism the world will have to undergo is that of the Press. This might be foreseen as soon as we get a reading populace. When the people have read enough to become clear-sighted and reasonable, the despotism will fall of itself. But when will that be? Two centuries hence? I am sure you think with interest of your favourite, Florence Nightingale. She writes, as I am told, 'I have four miles of beds to visit, and I have not yet heard a curse or an indecent word!' I hear from others of the wonderful 'delicacy' as well as patience of the poor dear fellows. Well may the Queen call them 'her beloved troops'! If anything could console me for this hideous war, and for the noble blood that is shed, it would be the disclosure of 'qualities' (says one of my Berlin friends) 'not to be expected from mortals, nor indeed from immortals,' in my dear countrymen. And how generously and kindly are they treated by yours! one's heart warms in reading what the poor fellows say of their 'French brothers.' Will it, can it last? Let us pray that it may.

"Yours ever, dearest Monsieur Guizot,

"SARAH AUSTIN."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[TRANSLATION.]

"*March* 1, 1855.

"DEAR FRIEND,—M. de Remusat, in his charming article on Lord Herbert of Cherbury, mentions George Herbert in a

manner which leads me to suppose that he did not know him, which is not surprising. Pray tell him that I beg him to get a little book which is not much known, 'Biographies of Some Illustrious Men,' by Izaak Walton, himself famous as a 'piscator.' His book on the art and pleasure of fishing is celebrated, as it deserves to be. It is full of our English love for nature.

"Izaak Walton's 'Lives' contains among others that of the poet George Herbert, whose verses breathe the purest and most ardent piety. You remember the ante-chapel of Trinity College, where Newton is studying the skies, and Bacon sits meditating ('sic sedebat'). You know that the latter statue was given by the dear and learned Master—he has also made a present to his College of a fine painted window, in memory of the afore-mentioned George Herbert, a Trinity man, like the two others.

"Who is M. Etienne, who writes on Foscolo? If you know him, I beg you will tell him that (doubtless unwittingly) he has given a very inexact impression of the relations of Foscolo with English people. I knew him, and I lived near him, at the period when Pozzo and Santa Rosa took a cottage near his. I witnessed the disgust and shame his conduct caused to his honourable and virtuous compatriots. At the time when he was literally living on charity in Digamma Cottage, which he built, he kept three maids, all handsome—in fact, a harem. His whole life was scandalous, and fraudulent. No one can imagine how much he begged, and received, from English literary amateurs. One of my cousins, who not only gave him large sums of money, but much precious time, told me that Mr. Hudson Gurney alone gave Foscolo over £2,000. He made poor young refugees work for him, promising to procure them situations through his all-powerful protection. Not only he never gave them a farthing, but he borrowed small sums from them, which he never repaid. I translated two of his articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, and the editor did not venture to entrust him with my share of the proceeds. He would have pocketed it. What right has M. Etienne to say that 'the eleven years Foscolo passed in England were only a long experience of the unanimous condemnation of poverty'?

No one ever lived more scandalously upon the generosity of a public to whom he was in reality nothing.

"While he wrote, 'Here poverty is a disgrace,' &c., &c., he gave a breakfast where every lady received a nosegay worth half-a-sovereign. He had begged this money for his necessities. The guests were horrified.

"I charge you in the name of truth and of England whom he has calumniated, to submit these facts to M. Etienne. This deification of immorality, of dishonesty, of baseness, and of ingratitude, because they are decked out with pompous phrases, is odious and fatal to society at large.

"Foscolo did not possess the rudiments of honesty. His immoral life and his ugliness caused his compatriots to nick-name him 'the monkey.' In short, he was a detestable character.

"M. Etienne talks of 'the mercenary hands which tortured his thoughts.' My hands were among the number—then a poor, unknown, and honest young woman who worked hard to put his Italian (although M. Etienne says he was obliged to write in French) into good English. And it is I whom he would have robbed of the small reward of my labour, if the editor (Jeffrey), who knew him well, and who in those days did not know me, had not saved me from his dishonesty. I should like to say all this to M. Etienne, not for myself, but I choke when I hear my country calumniated by cowards who lived upon her charity.

"Your affectionate
"S. A."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"Weybridge, *March* 28, 1855.

"Here I am seriously deliberating whether I shall ask the learned translator of Aristotle, the expositor of the gloomy philosophy of the East, to buy me a bonnet, or whether I nad better give this important commission to Madame de B. What, dear Philosopher, is your opinion on the subject

am rather afraid of the tyranny which fashion and milliners always exercise over my sex. I do not want a bonnet for a young girl—nor a bonnet flying off my head (fie !), nor a dressy bonnet—nothing of the kind. A bonnet which will *frame* my face, which will protect me from the sun, which will not fade in the sun, as I cannot carry a parasol when I am driving my pony. A grandmother's bonnet, fit for a person who has undergone the amplification you know of, and whom a small bonnet would not suit at all. In a few words, I long for a plain white 'capote.' Do ask whether such a thing would suit a respectable old woman like myself. Do not buy anything expensive, for you know what risks the bonnet of 'the coachman of everybody' will have to run. If you hesitate, say so, and I will write to Madame de B. ; but in that case I shall not have it when you come, and I want to make myself beautiful for you. I send the size of my head, which has been celebrated by the great physiologist Carus as the biggest he ever saw (so I am told, for I have not read his book). Probably my milliner will think it enormous.[1]

"Enough of this nonsense.

"I have just had a letter from dear Dr. Whewell—all about you, and full of messages for you. Tell me your plans ?

"Will you come straight here (*viâ* Southampton), and rest a few days, and then go to London ?

"Your affectionate friend,

"S. A."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"*March* 31, 1855.

"Thank you for the charming Memoir of Lady Rachel Russell, dearest Monsieur Guizot. That is a subject which *you* can treat. How few men can ! They are eloquent enough on the attractions of the forbidden—the unlicensed : they hardly believe in the union of passion with duty. This is as stupid as

[1] The bonnet was a great success, and served as a pattern for many others, in spite of the objections raised by milliners as to its being "so very unfashionable." The bonnets always went by the name of "Aristotelian" in the family.

it is vicious, for how is the heart of a corrupt and faithless woman to contain that exhaustless well of tenderness which lay deep and untroubled in Lady Rachel's? In reading it, I pleased myself with thinking that you have this *most* heavenly of all earthly spectacles always before you, and that you wrote with the more emotion and fervour because you had two loving young wives by your side. M. de Lavergne tells me that you look remarkably well, and calls upon me to find *that merit* in the Revolution of '48. If anything could bring it into favour with me, this would; but I would rather have had you preserve Europe for all that. All that we see and all that we suffer—the pretensions of Nicholas, the hesitations of Austria, the alarms of Prussia, and last, but not least, our own *sotte* attitude *vis-à-vis* of France (of France herself I say nothing)—all these are fruits of 1848.

"I have a little *brochure* for you—a very humble affair, but you will find in it a little bit of *Nonconformist* history—*inter alia*, the wonderful chance which made my collateral ancestor, Sir Phil. Meadows, the colleague of both Milton and Locke.

"I insinuated a little scrap for you into a letter to Madame de Bourke. In it I mentioned a very small *opus* of mine, which I now send by the hands of Mrs. Grote.

"I did not think it at all worth sending, till I recollected your intimate acquaintance with and interest in our Puritans and their descendants the Nonconformists. Adding to this the interest which I always like to believe you are good enough to take in me and mine, I make out a case which palliates the impertinence of sending such a trifle to you. The Sarah Fairfax, from whom I am lineally descended, gave her name to a line of Sarahs, of whom I am, I think, the seventh. Two I can recollect—my great-aunt, Mrs. Martineau, and my aunt. My next successor died at Marseilles, and there is now just born another, a step lower, the daughter of Philip Taylor and Pauline Comte. My direct ancestor, Mr. John Meadows, and his friend, Mr. Fairfax, were worthy specimens of that race of Englishmen whom you so well understand, and with whom you have so many sympathies.

"This little narrative is a *chétif* return for your charming Memoir. Is it indeed the usual delusion of old age, or are

such women and such men still to be found? When Alexandre Thomas reads to me his extracts from the letters and journals of M. de Mornay and their friends, I feel as if I were transported into another world—the mixture of simplicity and elevation is so imposing. The usual mixture of our days is just the opposite—*a varnish over dirt.*

"My poor husband grows misanthropic. He cannot say, with your indulgent smile, 'Ah, chère amie, les hommes sont si faibles!' He execrates them: Il y a de quoi. But there are also things which one may yet love and admire. You are the true sage. Children, a garden, and books will make a bright world anywhere, and in the worst times. Would I could only see you among them!

"Your most affectionate
"S. AUSTIN."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

WEYBRIDGE, *July* 3, 1855.

"As to Trouville, you know not all the pitiable difficulties of this poor life of mine. I cannot walk—at least, I am forbidden to do that, or anything which puts any stress on the heart; so that my pony-chaise is my *daily bread.* As things of this kind abound in every English watering-place, and cost little, it did not occur to me, till I talked with Madame de Bourke, that I should find no means of taking my daily drive—nothing but *chars-à-banc*, far too expensive for me. This objection is, I fear, fatal. The innumerable donkey-chaises, &c., &c., of Cromer are the very *mesquin* ground of a preference which is forced upon my mind by my body. Pity me! However, as I am naturally *speranzosa*, I do not give up. I have distant visions (distant at my time of life) of a short *séjour* at Versailles. My faithful friend, St. Hilaire, is going to inhabit a house there; there will be rooms to spare, and I could, without *gêne* to him, set up a little *ménage* for a few weeks. I have an English friend there who offers me the use of her carriage. Madame de Circourt is near. *It looks* as if I might attempt it. Surely nobody is so well provided with kind friends. But all this is for another year, and I am im-

patient to see you, best of all friends, again. My husband wants to hear your opinion of many things: he thinks you and he would agree. But, oh! with what bitterness does he contemplate what is passing! How I wish for him a little of your equanimity—that quality of gods! He, living out of the world, is tossed by all its tempests.

"You see that a third victim has been offered up to the Moloch of the Press—that most implacable of tyrants! Poor Captain Christie and Admiral Boxer were hunted to death, and now the good and noble Lord Raglan. Flesh and blood cannot endure the incessant baiting, and there stands Disease always near, always ready to seize on the frame shaken by mental sufferings.

"I saw our dear Mr. Hallam when I was in London. Alas, how changed! Not looking ill—I had rather have seen *that*—but the light and meaning of his fine eye gone. He seemed much pleased to see me, and said he had been thinking of coming to Weybridge. His heart is not changed.

"Our book[1] has had great success, and is already come to a second (published) edition. I am glad to have fulfilled my duty to my two dear old friends—according to the measure of my powers.

"Your very faithful and affectionate

"S. Austin."

[1] "Sydney Smith."

CHAPTER XXXI.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Letter from M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin about the Secretaryship of the Suez Canal—Mrs. Austin asks M. Guizot for Information about Lord Raglan from French Soldiers—Education at Lozère—Rev. Dr. Whewell on the Vice-Chancellorship—Letter from Mrs. Austin to Rev. Dr. Whewell—Letter from Mrs. Austin to Mr. Hayward—Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire on the Suez Canal—His answer—A Taylor Gathering.

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"LES PÉPINIÈRES, *July* 30, 1855.

"DEAR MADAM AND FRIEND,—I am going with Odilon Barrot, on the 28th of August, to his birthplace, La Lozère. It is an old promise, and this year I must accompany him to his beloved and desolate mountains. After that, my movements are uncertain, for this reason: M. de Lesseps, some three or four months ago, offered me the secretaryship of the Company of the Suez Canal, and he still presses me to join him. All my friends, with the exception of Cousin, advise me to accept, and I am inclined to do so. It would not only be an assured source of income, and enable me to return to Paris, as I should live at the Company's offices, but also a matter for pride to have one's name connected with so admirable a work. If I accept, I shall be obliged to go to Egypt at the end of October; and we shall be absent about two months, at Alexandria, Cairo, Suez, and Pelusium. In this case, I shall hardly have time

to come over to Weybridge, although I do not like undertaking even so easy a journey without saying good-bye to you.

"Your ever devoted friend,

"B. St. Hilaire."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"Weybridge, *August* 5, 1855.

"Dear Monsieur Guizot,—I have two favours to ask of you, not for myself, but for persons whom you will be glad to serve, and concerning things which will interest you.

"The first is this: Lord Ellesmere, bound by a friendship of forty years and by every tie of respect and affection to Lord Raglan, has undertaken to write some sort of biographical notice of him—probably an article in the *Quarterly Review*. He is very anxious to collect the opinions and sentiments of brave and honourable men concerning one so brave, so honourable, so gentle, and so infamously maligned. The Press has, as you see, affected, now that the mischief is done, to bestow upon its victim a praise far more odious than its censure. But of course Lord Raglan's friends are little disposed to accept this tardy and cowardly atonement; and Lord Ellesmere has it at heart to show how little the calumnies heaped upon him were deserved. We have ample testimony from officers and privates how beloved, revered, and regretted he was by *our* army. I have been fortunate enough to get some letters written to *mothers*, and without the slightest *arrière pensée*, which are valuable. Will you aid him in his pious task? for you must have heard how 'our brave commander,' as the poor soldiers call him in their letters, was regarded by Frenchmen. Unhappily, the testimony of the Frenchmen who approached him most nearly is not much worth having.

"Lady Ellesmere's mother, Lady Charlotte Greville, the charming and faithful friend of 'Le Prince Auguste,' as she always calls the Comte de la Marck, and of the Duke of Wellington, is so broken down by grief and misery at this fatal war, that what her eighty years had not done will, I fear, soon be accomplished by depression of mind. I am going this

morning to Hatchford, to see how she is—with many forebodings.

"My other petition is this: We were last week at Eton, and partook of the ceremonies and festivities of Election-Saturday speeches, boats, &c., &c. I met there the Dean of Windsor (Hon. and Very Rev. Gerald Wellesley), to whom the religious instruction of the Queen's children is principally entrusted. He complained to me of the want of such books as he could heartily approve for that purpose, and asked me if I could get him any information about those used in Germany and France. He is a very enlightened and liberal-minded man, and sincerely anxious to acquit himself of this important duty. The Princess Royal will soon be confirmed, and he wants all the aid he can get from books which are earnest, devout, and instructive, without exaggeration or bigotry. Will you tell me whether you can recommend any of those your children used? I shall make a similar request to a dear and wise friend at Dresden; for, to use the words of the Bishop of Lichfield, who was at Eton, and spoke, 'if ever Christian gentlemen (and women) were wanted, it is now.'

"My kindest and most affectionate regards to all the young ones, and to you, dear sir, every sentiment of respect and attachment.

"S. AUSTIN."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"PLANCHAMP, LOZÈRE, *Sept.* 12, 1855.

"MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND,—I have had a charming journey with Barrot. From the Jura we went to Geneva, then by Lyons, the Rhone, and the Department of Ardèche, we came to these rugged mountains. You would be horrified at the misery and ignorance still existing among our poor country populations. The schoolmistress, an excellent woman, does not know how to write; she is old and infirm, but it is difficult to find a substitute, as she only receives 50 frs. a month. The boys are better off, as the master is an educated

man ; but not one of them can write, because they come to school so irregularly. Barrot and I visited the schools, and drew up a little set of rules as to cleanliness, to try and induce these children to wash their faces and hands every day : I doubt their doing it once a month. The priest is a good sort of man, but lacking initiative ; and those we have seen in the villages near are as honest and lazy as he is. To do any good in this backward province, one ought to live among the people, as your country gentlemen do. Barrot comes every year, but his occupations will not allow him to stay long. If it were less difficult of access, it would be well worth your taking the journey. The valleys are picturesque and extremely fertile ; the mountains desolate, but very grand. In three days I shall be at La Chesnaie, with M. de Lesseps ; thence I go to Paris, and if you are still at Trouville, shall come and join you there for a few days.

"Your devoted friend,
"B. St. Hilaire."

Rev. Dr. W. Whewell to Sarah Austin.

"Trinity Lodge, *Oct.* 20, 1855.

"How are you, my dear friend ? I have heard nothing of you for a long time ; for I have not been in London, and have not fallen in the way of any of our common friends. I was in France for a few days—only eight, but there I saw neither Cousin nor St. Hilaire. The former was at some baths, I believe, and the latter was not at Paris ; and though within reach of it by weekly visits, I missed him. I sent him some Platonic dissertations, for I too venture to write about Plato, and received in return a book about that Indian philosophy to which he now gives so much attention. I cannot persuade myself that the speculations of a quarter of the world, which has produced so little effect upon European culture, are of any great interest to us, though I quite believe that the Hindoos are the most subtile and thoughtful race that ever lived, except the Greeks.

"I the more want to recall myself to your recollection, and to have a word of account of yourself, because I am, I fear,

on the brink of a year, in which I shall be entirely absorbed in that weary trifling which people call 'business.' Do you recollect how heartily Cowley's Muse abuses it ?

> "'Business ! the grave impertinence ;
> Business ! the thing which I of all things hate ;
> Business ! the contradiction of thy fate.'

In short, I am threatened with the office of Vice-Chancellor for the coming year, and shall have to put aside philosophy and poetry and everything else for that time. For the occupations are of a nature that never leave one sure of a moment, and sure not to have many moments of leisure.

"I have been looking at your new edition, or rather your reprint for publication, of Sydney Smith's 'Letters.' I am glad it is published, though I must own I was one of those who hesitated to recommend the publication. The picture of such a noble, upright, cheery, vigorous character is something which it cannot but do men good to look at ; and the book is to me attractive beyond measure. I never take it up without reading onwards as long as I have time.

"Adieu, my dear friend. You must give me your sympathy, for I have the pain of seeing my wife in much pain, and in considerable oppression.

"These alternations of ill are very distressing.

"Always affectionately yours,

"W. WHEWELL.

Sarah Austin to Rev. Dr. W. Whewell.

"WEYBRIDGE, *Jan.* 9, 1856.

"MY DEAR DR. WHEWELL,—I think it is impossible that you should have misunderstood my silence. Over and over again I tried to write, and dared not. One mistrusts the power and value of one's sympathy as soon as one tries to put it into words. Yet, independently of sympathy, I feel great *sorrow ;* for one is gone who was always kind to me, and who possessed that reality and simplicity of character which seems to me every day more rare, and which I, at all events, every day value and

love more. I never saw a person who appeared to me more *genuine*, more entirely without pretension or disguise.[1]

"I shall not attempt to comfort you, dear friend, for the loss of such a one, yet one consolation strikes me as peculiarly yours. It always seemed to me that you contributed in a larger degree, and more immediately than any man I know, to the happiness of the woman who had committed herself to your care and love. She expressed this to me more than once, in her simple and sincere way, and if she had not, I should have seen it. In general, the remark M. Guizot has often made to me is too just. Englishmen do not recognise the obligation of doing anything to make the lives dependent on their own, cheerful or agreeable. Their utmost kindness does not go beyond allowing their wives to be happy. How must every white hour of her life come back to you now! This is what *I* have felt to be a comfort, in thinking of your loss. May this and all higher consolations be yours!

"My husband begs me to say something to you for him, everything that can express respect and sympathy.

"God bless you, dear and honoured friend! Whenever you feel it not painful or burdensome to write to me, you will relieve me from great anxiety.

"Most faithfully yours,
"SARAH AUSTIN."

Sarah Austin to Abraham Hayward.

"WEYBRIDGE, *Jan.* 25, 1856.

"DEAR MR. HAYWARD,—I send you the *event* of the day—my first snowdrop. If you knew the delight with which I saw the cluster of pure white heads glittering just above the earth in the morning sun, you would form some sort of estimate of the life I lead, and would despair of seeing me again in any *circle*, unless perhaps one traced by fairy steps on the grass.

"It is well for me, dear old friend, that when in the world and drinking largely of its intoxications, I did not lose the love of nature, which now stands me in stead of all that I have

[1] Mrs. Whewell died 18th December, 1855.

lost. I might make a struggle to partake of some social pleasures, but, believe me, it would not answer. What can be done with a woman who must go to bed at ten o'clock? Society produces either excitement or ennui, and I can bear neither. My poor enfeebled heart can just get through, and but just, its daily task; if I venture to overtask it, it will break down altogether. I am not the least gloomy. I have always wished and intended rather to retire from life than to be torn from it, and a merciful Hand has made this easy to me. You will laugh, and I think I am (naturally) turned *dévote*. No, I have a very low opinion of myself, but I do not find myself *quite* bad enough for that.

"You ought to collect your essays. They will form a very valuable and entertaining volume.

"Always, dear Mr. Hayward,

"Cordially yours,

"S. AUSTIN."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[TRANSLATION.]

"WEYBRIDGE, *Jan.* 30, 1856.

"You will see an article in the *Edinburgh Review* unfavourable to your project.[1] My nephew Reeve told me he feared you would be angry, but he is persuaded that the author knew his subject perfectly, and that it is his duty to publish an opinion based on conscientious study. I do not know who wrote the article. I think you exaggerate the political part of the opposition; it is more commercial; and the undertaking is regarded as a bad speculation. Lord Lansdowne told me that he viewed it with indifference, politically speaking. For the moment the subject awakens little attention here; after the peace men's minds will be freer. Tell dear Arthur Russell that I thank him for his letter, and for his kindness to my young friend Sterling, whom I recommend also to you. He is

[1] The Suez Canal.

the eldest son of one of the most distinguished, high-minded, and lovable men I ever knew.

"Good-bye, dear and excellent friend.

"I am, yours affectionately,

"S. A."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"Rue Richepance, Paris, *April* 7, 1856.

"Madam and dear Friend,—I saw Reeve here about three weeks ago, and we had a conversation about the article (on the Suez Canal) in the *Edinburgh Review*. I had already replied to it in various papers, but as our *Revue Britannique* has reproduced part of it which calls for a categorical answer, I am writing one which will, I think, prove that the *Edinburgh Review* is entirely in the wrong. Rest assured that your Cabinet does not think it an 'idle question,' for they oppose us so violently that they evidently consider it of importance. To call the cutting of the Isthmus of Suez a piece of folly is neither true nor intelligent. After a careful examination on the spot, we are convinced that it is feasible ; and we have two hundred millions of capital, without any appeal to the public. I assure you that every one cannot have made a mistake simply in order to be agreeable to us. Nothing I should dislike more than to be forced into a polemic with the English Cabinet, for I am a stronger partisan of our alliance than ever. But your Cabinet is in the wrong, and they would do better to abandon their disloyal tactics, before the country and Europe oblige them to do so. They will find their cause impossible to defend, because it is a bad one.

"Meanwhile I am correcting the proofs of my 'Letters on Egypt,' which M. Levy is to publish, and I have two volumes of Aristotle in the press, which have been ready for two years. The possibility of printing them is one result of my joining the Company. You will see what beauties are contained in the 'Nicomachean Ethics.' I have been obliged to disagree

with Aristotle, but do not admire him the less for combating his Eudæmonism.

"Tell me your plans for this year; I trust it will not pass without my crossing the Channel.

"Ever your devoted friend,

"B. St. Hilaire."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"Weybridge, *May* 5, 1856.

"To-morrow, dear friend, I am going to Chester Terrace, and on Wednesday my brother and I go to Cambridge to see our poor friend, Dr. Whewell. We remain at Trinity Lodge till Friday, whence we go to Norwich, where there will be a formidable gathering of the whole Taylor clan. The little pamphlet I send you will interest you, and explain the reasons for this meeting, and why, in spite of age and infirmities, my dear and venerable brother and your poor old friend contemplate such a journey.

"Observe how my respected ancestor talks of the House of Hanover and the two first Georges. They are the sentiments of Locke.

"I think I do right to join the rest of my family, although I am not a zealous Unitarian, but it concerns liberty of conscience, so bravely proclaimed and defended by him from whom I descend. We have all received invitations from the present congregation of the Octagon chapel. We shall be at least thirty. I think you will agree that the 'fête' at all events will be an original one, certainly not gay, but instructive to the rising generation. The children will see and hear how the name of their forefathers is still loved and honoured in the town where they lived. They know that their ancestors possessed neither riches, rank, nor titles, and they will understand that it was by their virtues alone that they left the name they have done. Let us hope that they will preserve it intact.

"Ever, dear friend, your affectionate

"S. A."

CHAPTER XXXII.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

The State of Germany—Rev. Dr. Whewell named a Member of the Académie —Princess Lieven—Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot on the "Province of Jurisprudence"—Mr. Gladstone on Sir R. Peel and Employment for Women—Rev. Dr. Whewell lectures on Plato.

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[TRANSLATION.]

"WEYBRIDGE, *July* 7, 1856.

"DEAR FRIEND,—I hardly dare mention public matters, particularly with regard to poor Saxony and her excellent and unhappy king. I have been reading over my letters from M. de Lindenau, who, after serving his country for forty-five years, has retired to his little native Altenburg, surrounded by art and science, to wait patiently for death. He always seemed to me *unique* among Ministers, *i.e.*, absolutely without faults. There have been more brilliant men—perhaps cleverer; but I know no one who surpasses him in disinterestedness, true philanthropy, and wise prudence. I have a half project of publishing a translation of some of his letters, in order to show how Saxony was ruled. It would be an elegy, I know; for these small kingdoms, so admirably governed, are destined to disappear, and the reign of armed force inaugurated by the French Revolution and the wars which followed will soon be universal. Your pupil, Prussia, will beat you with your own arms. M. de Bismarck will not hesitate at violence, fraud, or baseness. He will be at least on a par with all you have. Our

stupid Liberals insist on seeing liberty in Prussia, despotism in Austria; there is but one word—one name for such people.

"Alas! my predictions are being realised. The small independent States will be annihilated and eaten up by the monsters who only know the law of the strongest. Humanity never appeared to me so brutal and at the same time so mean.

"Your affectionate,

"S. A."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"Weybridge, *February* 5, 1857.

"To-day, dear friend, I have received the reply from my beloved Dr. Whewell, which I would send you if I thought it possible that you could decipher his writing. But unless you had an Englishman near you, it would be impossible.

"Nothing in the world could be more *apropos* than your good news.[1] He received my letter on his return from a short journey to Rome, when he felt 'more than ever that my home was so desolate.' So you can understand how he appreciated such a testimony of respect and friendship. I need not say how delighted I was to announce it to him. Listen to what he says: 'The honour of being so far selected is great, and, I must frankly say, quite unexpected, for I did not think my philosophy likely to please the French philosophers, though certainly I have many views in common with some of their most eminent men. . . . I shall value the honour as much as any honour which any body of men can give; . . . all the more for your sympathy and regard, which will make it very sweet to me, even if anything should prevent the result which M. St. Hilaire considers certain. . . . The consolatory thought of your friendship could not come at a time when it was more needed. I was only two or three hours returned, and had been to seek my welcome from the cold stone. I am glad I am

[1] M. St. Hilaire and M. V. Cousin had proposed Dr. Whewell as a Corresponding Member of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. He was named, February 1, 1857, in the place of Sir W. Hamilton, deceased.

nearer to you again. . . .' I have added the last words of grief and affection, because you will appreciate such a heart as his. Such tenderness in so strong and energetic a nature (said by some to be hard, and even proud) is extremely touching, and I rejoice to think that he has some regard for me. I cannot pretend to judge of his philosophy; but for elevation of character, love of science and the great interests of humanity, for moral courage and freedom of thought, I know no one to surpass him. . . ."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"*February* 14, 1857.

"My dear Friend,—I have but a moment to give to you, for I am launched in that terrible sea, 'Goethe.' Half is already in the printer's hands, and I am most 'gespannt.'

"I should like to see M. Guizot's speech; he has not sent it to me. I hear he is overwhelmed with grief at the loss of Madame de Lieven, and fear he may think I ought to condole with him. Henry Reeve writes of her as one of the best of women, and with great regret. Unfortunately I received such a contrary impression that I did not know what to say. All over Germany they can only talk of her perfidy, her intrigues, and her insolence. What is one to believe?

"I think that my opinion on 'Goethe' will be hotly attacked. I resign myself to that, and I am ever, dear friend,

"Your affectionate friend,

"S. A."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"Weybridge, *March* 17, 1857.

"The trials of my life have been numerous, various, and I may say, some of them, hard to bear. But all the rest shrink into insignificance compared to the *despair* of contemplating day by day and year by year my husband's *resolute* neglect or suppression of the talents committed to his care, especially

since he was one to whom the *ten* talents were given. The book in question is his. It consists mainly of the substance of his first course of lectures at the London University, and was published by Murray in 1833 or 1834. It was never intended, as you may well believe, to be a popular book. Yet, in spite of all he is constantly affirming to the contrary, it is evident that great scientific acquirements, great sagacity and thought, and perfect love of truth make their way, and *keep it.* The edition has been exhausted for many years—years before old Murray died. John Murray has applied to Mr. Austin several times, though with great delicacy, to prepare a second edition. His first reply (which he made me write) was that he would not reprint it without considerable corrections and additions, to which Murray gladly assented. So the matter rested—again for years—but as he had bound himself by this notion of a revised and altered edition *and* a second volume, the result is that he has never touched it, and *never will.* I can give you no idea of the flattering, and more than flattering, solicitations from all quarters. The only effect of a fresh one is to make him look as if anybody had hit him a blow. He never makes the least answer or observation. How can he? What reason can he give to me or to himself? Health? But, to *me*, he can hardly urge *that.* The truth is, that many causes, and among them some very sufficient ones, long ago conspired to disgust him with men and their judgments and their affairs; and he, poor fellow, has made this an excuse to himself for obeying his own reluctance to set about work. He says (and truly) that time was when nobody worked harder, and that had he then met with encouragement or even justice, he should have accomplished great things. It is true that he was shamefully treated; but you and I know that there is another way of avenging oneself on the injustice of men. Well, the end is, that I cannot tell where nor how to get a copy. I have heard of fabulous prices given for one. If I can borrow one for M. de Rémusat, I will. Nothing that could be done for me, or could happen to me, would give me such a joy as seeing that book mentioned as it deserves. The *Edinburgh Review* (as the then editor told me) never dared to grapple with it. Indeed, it never was adequately reviewed.

"You see, dear sir, how I talk to you of what is most sacred to me on earth. My husband is, to me, the object of the profoundest veneration and the tenderest pity. He is to me sometimes as a god, sometimes as a sick and wayward child—an immense, powerful, and beautiful machine, without the balance-wheel, which should keep it going constantly, evenly, and justly. In my heart I continually commend him to God, and pray that his great and noble soul may find a sphere more fitted to its development. With this hope I am obliged to console myself for my *bitter* disappointment—not, believe me, that he has not coined his talents into gold or risen upon them to power or greatness, but that he will depart out of the world without having done for the great cause of Law and Order, of Reason and Justice, what he might have done. To enable him to do this I should have been proud and happy to share a garret and a crust with him. But God knows our ambitions, and checks them.

"I am busy, in my little way. I shall send Henriette a humble offering of mine to the 'Household Gods.'[1] It has had great and unexpected success.

"I have written an article for the *Edinburgh Review*, on Goethe's 'Life and Works'—not a critical nor æsthetical, but an ethical view. It will not be popular among a large class of *littérateurs*, but I do not despair of your approbation, which is worth a world of the others.

"Farewell, dear Monsieur Guizot,

"Your very faithful and affectionate

"S. Austin."

W. E. Gladstone to Sarah Austin.

"11, Carlton House Terrace, *May* 7, 1857.

"Dear Mrs. Austin,—I can only apologise for not having long ago answered your kind note by mentioning another circumstance which equally calls for your indulgence—it is that I have not been able to find the publication which accompanied it, or by which (for I cannot say whether the post is

[1] Two Letters on Girls' Schools and on the training of working women.

to blame or not) it ought to have been accompanied. I need hardly say that but for this misfortune I should long ago have read it.

"When I read a note like yours, I feel that the small injustices of many are more than counterbalanced by the unfounded indulgence and charity with which some of you among them form their judgments of men, at least, of myself.

"You are right, and wholly right, in what you say of Sir Robert Peel. The depth and reality, the wearing intensity of his sense of public duty, was the noblest point in his whole character, and to those who knew him, I think, the most marked. I seem to have lived into other times and to breathe a different atmosphere, by which I am stifled and exhausted. It is hard for me to tell how much of these sensations are due to my own morbid feelings. I am glad to think I see my way to a period of inaction for myself which may improve my perceptions of men and things.

"Should you come to London, pray do not forget my address, and believe me,

"Very sincerely yours,
"W. E. GLADSTONE."

"*May* 9, 1857.

"DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—It never rains but it pours, and I have now your pamphlet both from Mr. Murray and yourself. It is, however, one of the class of publications, unhappily limited, of which it is better to have two copies than one or none.

"My wife and I have both read it with much interest and much concurrence. At Hawarden, where she goes a good deal, she hopes to be able to give it some practical effect in pursuance of ideas already entertained.

"I have also the impression that in this country we give several classes of employment to men that might be better discharged by women, and were I about to open a large shop or found an hotel, I should try a different plan.

"Many thanks for all you say about the temper with which I ought to regard the course of public affairs. It was already

more or less my study to attain to the temper you recommend, and you powerfully help me. I shall not wilfully act in any other sense, and shall hope to bring feeling also into the same tone.

"I have little hope of profiting by your kind invitation, but I receive it not the less thankfully.

"Believe me, dear Mrs. Austin,

"Very sincerely yours,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

Rev. Dr. W. Whewell to Sarah Austin.

"*Wednesday*, *May* 13, 1857.

"Thank you much, dear friend, for your *pencil* note, though I am very sorry to find that you are reduced to that, even for a time.

"Thank you, too, sincerely—heartily, for the kind eye with which you look upon my promise of lecturing the ladies about Plato. Since I promised Lady Monteagle to do it, I have had dire misgivings that our keen-witted London friends may fasten their attention on some ridiculous side which it may have. I mean it, as I think you will understand and know, in all simplicity, believing that I can give to my hearers a truer and simpler notion of what Plato really did say than they will get from other sources—simple enough to be understood without any difference depending on the audience being men or women, if there be any difference of power of understanding in men or women, which I do not believe; though of kind and mode of understanding there may be and is. I was not so pleasantly taken with Mrs. Gaskell's account of Jane Eyre as most persons appear to be. The poor lady appears as a sort of tempestuous spirit in a dismal atmosphere, of which the gloom and storms are partly her own making. Certainly it is very curious how much of intellectual culture, generally self-acquired, may cohabit with exceeding roughness and rudeness in surrounding circumstances. This we north-country people do know, and I suppose it is a characteristic of the north. The passage that you refer to is that, I suppose, about the Eumenides and such bodies, and is

certainly odd enough. But what won Sir J. Stephen to notice this?

"I shall be in London shortly till next Wednesday, my lecture day. I should like you to hear some of my Platonics. I suppose I need not offer you tickets. I shall not be so much at liberty during this month as I hoped to be, for the Cambridge Act drives us to perpetual meetings—a dire waste of time, even if no worse harm came of it. I should like to know when you are coming to town—a note to the Athenæum will always find me, and always find me,

"Affectionately yours,

"W. WHEWELL."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Mr. Hudson Gurney and French Society in 1802—Trinity Lodge—The Deccan—Parliamentary Debates on the East India Company—Lord Grey's Book—Rev. Dr. Whewell to Mrs. Austin on Mr. Buckle's Lecture on the Influence of Women, &c.—Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot on his book and cheap newspapers—Rev. Dr. Whewell on Mr. Lewes as a Critic, and Goethe.

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"WEYBRIDGE, *Nov.* 23, 1857.

"DEAR SIR AND FRIEND,—Early in September I went, as usual, to Cromer, and dawdled away a month there—glad of rest, after the hard work (for me) I had been doing; for besides my remarks on Goethe, I had written several little things, and corrected the proofs of two friends' books—no slight sacrifice to friendship.

"I had the great pleasure of inducing Lord Lansdowne to spend some days in the little fishing village, and of seeing him revive in the fine air and enjoy humble pleasures with all the freshness of youth. We had many long *causeries* on the aspects and tendencies of things, which appear to me gloomy. He said, 'So they do to me, but I struggle against the feeling.' This appeared charming to me who live with *Timon*—especially at seventy-eight. You too, dear sir, keep alive the sacred fire of hope in humanity. You are always pitiful and indulgent. From Cromer I went to visit Mr. Hudson Gurney, for fifty-five years the intimate friend of Lord Aberdeen. Their intimacy began at Paris in 1802, and it is evident that what Hudson

Gurney cares for most on earth is Lord Aberdeen. He told me many curious incidents of Paris life at that time. Madame Fouché's balls, Madame Récamier's parties, and all the strange contrasts of that society. He is eighty-three, and, when I left him, full of animation and curiosity. But *he* is not one of the hopeful—*that* spirit is not given to all.

"I made my usual halt at Trinity Lodge, and found the energetic Master sorely annoyed by the revolutionary spirit which has found its way into our universities—by others, of course, qualified as zeal for reform ; and no doubt there is here, as elsewhere, much of both—*how* much of each, others must judge. I confess the prevalent clamour for submitting all sorts of questions to the judgment of masses seems to me, in *all its forms*, mischievous and menacing enough. But the country must go through that. I wonder if H. Reeve will send you a little *brochure* containing four letters from my cousin, Meadows Taylor, deputy commissioner of the ceded districts in the Deccan. They were written to Henry without the least view to publication, nor *are* they published, only printed. If I mistake not, they will give you a high opinion of the writer, and a clearer insight into this terrible mystery than anything you have seen yet. Meadows has been in India from his boyhood, is well acquainted with the natives and with several of the languages, and took an active share in the suppression of Thuggee. On the whole, his view is rather cheering than otherwise. He regards this as the death-struggle of 'savagery' against civilization, which, he says, 'is pressing hard on Hinduism.' I wish M. John Lemoine could see these letters. On some points they would confirm, on others correct, his views, which are too candid and just not to have great value.

"Your faithfully attached

"S. Austin."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"Weybridge, *Feb.* 27, 1858.

"Dear Monsieur Guizot,—You will not fancy that I have the pretension to give you *news*. You will have plenty from other quarters.

"How much has occurred! What blunders on both sides of the Channel! What strange turns and revulsions of feeling!

"I was in London all last week, at the house of my dear young friends, Charles Buxton and his wife. He has all the anxiety of a young and conscientious M.P., and of course we debated his votes with great interest. I was in opposition—or rather, I was *the* opposition. I did not feel at all satisfied or convinced about India. I thought, and so does my husband, that never was so grave and momentous a measure as the abolition of the greatest corporation the world ever saw, proposed with such a total absence of all argument and of all seriousness. Lord Palmerston's speech was despicable and *null*. Sir G. Lewis's speech was irrelevant and most mischievous. Nobody gave any good and sufficient reason why the Company should be abolished to give place to a Council, which must either be a mere farce, or must be the Directors under another name. There may be evils and inconveniences—I daresay there are—but Mr. Austin said 'the Ministers have *established no case* whatever.' Lord Palmerston treated it with his usual indecent flippancy. I hope you read the debate on this question as well as *the other*. I cannot but think they would interest you. We were much struck with the excellent speech of an old soldier and administrator, Colonel Sykes. Did you read the Company's petition? Is it not a very noble document?

"Then as to Lord Palmerston's other Bill (qui vous regarde): I am not given to political prophecy, but I said to C. Buxton, as soon as the first reading passed by that large majority, 'This will never go over quietly. If I know the English people, there will be a great agitation about this. It is just *the* susceptible point.'[1] He did not believe me; and on Friday we dined at Lansdowne House, and we were all quietly talking in the drawing-room while the explosion took place. Our neighbour,

[1] The addresses to the Emperor Napoleon III., after Orsini's attempt at assassination, by the French colonels. Lord Palmerston brought in a measure which was regarded as an unworthy concession to the bombastic threats of "destroying the infamous haunt in which machinations so infernal are planned," &c.

Locke King, says that Milner Gibson's was the most *effective* speech he ever heard in the House. That is saying a great deal. But it was certainly very dextrous—a work of art hardly to be expected from the laziest man in England, who passes his life in yachting. I am sure you read Gladstone's with interest. And now what became of Lord Palmerston's boasted imperturbable temper? Was there ever a more pitiable exhibition of vulgar impotent rage and mortification? Were not the consequences so grave and so doubtful, one would be delighted; but the state of parties, which seems to make any other efficient government impossible, renders it difficult to rejoice.

"My husband hopes you will read Lord Grey's book. He says, 'The special parts more than make up for the defects in the statement of the *generalia*. It is the work of a discerning and experienced politician, and what is more, of a good and great citizen.' I told Lord Shelburne, 'I like Lord Grey *because* he is an aristocrat, which so few of you are. Real, true aristocrats are what we most want. We have plenty of courtiers of the mob.' God bless you and yours.

"Yours affectionately,

"S. AUSTIN."

Rev. Dr. W. Whewell to Sarah Austin.

"TRINITY LODGE, *April* 1, 1858.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I found everybody in London talking about Mr. Buckle's lecture on 'The Influence of Women upon the progress of Knowledge.' We could get no intelligible account of the substance of the Lecture; in language and manner all agreed that it was very fluent and taking. But to-day I have read it in *Fraser's Magazine*, and am amused at the fallacy which it involves. He opposes to Induction, which he says is the male habit of mind, what he calls Deduction, which he says is a better thing which women have. But by Deduction he means Induction, and such Induction as is a necessary part of all Inductive discoveries. And so he practises the common trick of changing the meaning of words, and then startling you by a paradoxical assertion.

"So you see I am not going to admire women for *his* reasons, thinking that I have better of my own for so doing.

"I forget whether I answered you about Kingsley's 'Andromeda.' I believe Milton has got the classical story as commonly told; but Kingsley, I suppose, thought it was dramatically better to make the mother vain of her daughter rather than of herself. I think the poem wanting in detail and circumstance.

"Always affectionately yours,

"W. WHEWELL."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"WEYBRIDGE, *May* 9, 1858.

"DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,—I received the book you were so kind as to send me, and your letter, just before I was setting out for a little visit to London. The former I could only *effleurer* (as my husband would not let me carry it away with me), and the latter I would not answer till I had seen some persons concerning whom I might have something to report that might interest you.

"I returned only three days ago, and I have not yet read the whole of your book.[1] Yet already, if I were to write about it all that I have thought and felt, I should send you a volume in return. To everybody who cares for the serious concerns of mankind it must be most interesting. To me it has another interest and a superadded charm. I see *you* and hear you in every page.

"This is a woman's judgment of a book which treats of such large and grave matters. But you, like poor crazy Auguste Comte (in that particular), value 'le sexe affectif' for what it is, and not for what it is not. One is not precisely a fool because one's opinions are greatly influenced by one's affections. The opinions of men are often influenced by worse things. When we meet, I shall tell you some of the things that have specially struck me. In London I heard but one voice among those who had read it—they all spoke of it as one of the most interesting and important contributions to history, and (as a biography) full of dignity and noble feeling.

"I hear the translation is not good. I have seen only passages quoted in journals. I cannot say they struck me as *bad English*.

[1] The first volume of M. Guizot's Memoirs.

Whether they were faithful, I know not. I am afraid good translation is incompatible with the time now generally allowed. It is a sort of race, in which all is sacrificed to *getting done*. I need not tell you how I deplore that your MSS. should ever go into any hands but mine. But of all people living, I am now the least fitted for a race.

"I saw Sir John Boileau in London, and repeated to him my thanks for his invitation and my readiness to accept it. I saw the Master of Trinity, who is delighted at the prospect of having you at his *palace*, where, poor fellow, he feels his solitude the more for its vastness and stateliness. I breakfasted with the Dean of St. Paul's, where I met M. Van de Weyer, the Provost of Eton, Sir H. Rawlinson, and other notables.

"I dined with Lord Lansdowne, met Lord Carlisle, who tells charming and cheering things about Ireland ; Lord Macaulay, who looks and seems frightfully ill ; the excellent Lord Glenelg, and some others. Breakfasted with Lord Monteagle—met Van de Weyer, Arthur Stanley, and many others. The former is building a house in Windsor Park. He said, 'My wife draws all the plans, and my father-in-law pays all the bills.' I exclaimed, 'Quelle combinaison charmante!' He seems to be pitching his tent in England. I like him for showing some attentions to persons who are in the shade, and whom his *confrères diplomatiques* do not in general *perceive*. Finally I went to Richmond, to breakfast with Madame de Staël,[1] whom I was most glad to see again, and to talk with her of you all and of many things that interest us both. I did *not* see Lord Grey, to my very great regret. *He* called, Lady Grey called, I called on them—in vain. I hope I may soon see him here.

"What a strange political state we are in! I should be more uneasy about it but for certain unmistakable indications of growing good sense in the people (*e.g.*, the promptitude and, one may say, contempt with which Manchester, Liverpool, &c., repelled that attempt of Disraeli to cajole them ; and 2nd, the truly wonderful state of the lowest part of the Press, the 1*d.* and

[1] Madame de Staël (*née* Vernet) was of a good old Genevese family. She was a remarkable woman and a staunch Evangelical Protestant. She married the brother of the Duchess de Broglie.

½*d.* newspapers, which *swarm* in the Metropolis, and in which nobody can find an indecent, or blasphemous, or seditious word). We are, I think, coming to the point at which this must be our sheet-anchor. God grant it fail us not!

"But I will detain you no longer; we shall talk of all these things in England.

"I am always, dear sir and friend,

"Your most affectionate and faithful

"S. Austin."

Rev. Dr. W. Whewell to Sarah Austin.

"Trinity Lodge, *May* 23, 1858.

"I was glad to hear of you, my dear friend, and to hear of your being in harbour again. I hope you have as pleasant recollections of the part of your voyage which lay through Cambridge as I have. Your coming dispelled an almost intolerable gloom of solitude which was settling upon me; and though it may well be that such relief is only temporary, I am not the less thankful for it. It seems to me at present at least doubtful whether literary and intellectual occupations will ever supply any large portion of such relief. I have been led to feel that the main value of such employment is the point of sympathy which it supplies with those with whom we live. Thinking itself seems a very aimless and useless employment when there is no one to whom one is in the habit of imparting one's thoughts. As for the public and those who represent it, I feel less and less care for its sympathy; for the creature is very stupid, and very often says, or is made to say, very spiteful as well as silly things. But I must not weary you with my weariness and wailing. I am very grateful for your kindness and affection. I gladly think that I may write, and feel a pleasure in all speculation and literature which may give me a sympathy with you. Whether anything of the kind remains on my side, must be seen hereafter. I shall read with great interest what you say of Göthe. I really was partly won by what Mr. Lewes says of him, though Mr. Lewes is a critic who has been absurdly unjust to me. But I hold firm to my opinion that the 'Hermann and Dorothea' is the best specimen, not only of his

morals and heart, but of his genius. I forgot to ask you when you were here whether you ever saw a long commentary on that poem by Wilhelm v. Humboldt—another trait of the deep vein of sentiment which ran through his mind under all his learning and wisdom ; and indeed it is a part of the wisdom of our dear Germans that they have such a vein. I send you your pen, though I would more willingly give it you, but I fear my memory. I hope my way of packing it will succeed. Göthe once gave a book to a lady of my acquaintance, and in wrapping it up for her, said, ' If I can do *anything*, it is to fold a packet.' I am afraid I cannot even do that.

" Dear friend, God bless you.

" I am always yours, with great affection,

" W. Whewell."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Character of H.R.H. the Duchess of Orleans—Letter from Mrs. Austin to the Duchess on her Sons' Education—Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire on her Death—Mrs. Austin to Rev. Dr. Whewell on his Marriage—Ketteringham—Mr. Elwin at Botoon—Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot on the Birth of a Grandchild—M. de Cavour and opening of French Chambers—Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire on the "Life of the Duchess of Orleans."

The following letter to H.R.H. the Duchess of Orleans was written by Mrs. Austin at the request of the Duchess, who had already consulted her at various times about books for her sons. No one could approach the Duchess without being struck by the extraordinary combination she presented of refined feminine sweetness and grace, with masculine courage, sense, and magnanimity. Mrs. Austin was devotedly attached to her, as she says, in her touching preface to her translation of Madame d'Harcourt's Memoir of the Duchess: "She inspired me with such love, admiration, and reverence as I have rarely felt for any human being. . . . Her character was always presenting itself in new and harmonious lights; her manners were indescribably graceful, refined, and winning; her conversation never flagged; it was never trifling, never pedantic, never harsh; it always kept you at an elevation which at once soothed and invigorated the mind. Her topics were great and high, and there was dignity and grace in her way of treating them."

Sarah Austin to the Duchess of Orleans.

"WEYBRIDGE, *May* 9, 1858.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—Madam, notwithstanding your great goodness I should not venture to address you did I not feel that what I have to say has so near and deep a concern for your maternal heart.

"I have thought of little else since I had the honour of seeing you than your wishes and wants for your sons and the difficulty you find in getting them fulfilled.

"I will state as briefly as I can a few of the small steps towards their fulfilment which have occurred to me, and which are immediately accessible. The day after I had the honour to visit your Royal Highness, I saw my old and valued friend, Dr. Hawtrey, the Provost of Eton. I told him that I had ventured to recommend the Comte de Paris to see the annual festival on the 4th June at Eton. Upon which the Provost replied, 'Nothing would give me greater pleasure or satisfaction than to see the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres at Eton. And if you will tell me how I can signify to them how much I should feel honoured by their presence, I shall be obliged to you.' Seeing no better means at hand, I offered to transmit Dr. Hawtrey's wishes to you, Madam, and shall even have the temerity to advise them to accept the invitation. It is almost ridiculous to add that I shall be staying in his house. Yet you may like to know that one who watched every movement regarding your sons with an interest caught, Madam, from yourself, will be there. Dr. Hawtrey is a very learned and accomplished man, and, in the best sense of the word, a gentleman.

"Another suggestion which I would make is that the Princes should attend the annual meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science. It will be held this year at Leeds, on the 2nd of September. It is always attended by a number of distinguished men. My brother, who has been Treasurer of the Association since its first establishment, has received a letter from Leeds, saying that if he should hear of any distinguished foreigners who intend to be present, the authorities

of that city are desirous of receiving them and showing them every kind of hospitality. They might proceed from Leeds (the centre of the woollen cloth manufacture) to some other of the great northern towns. It appears to me that the mode of making such a tour most instructive and agreeable, would be to find some well-bred and instructed young Englishman—not too young—who would accompany the Princes. I think such a one not impossible to find; and if your Royal Highness wishes it, I would write to Oxford or Cambridge to inquire.

"I should also suggest as a separate tour, a journey in the mining districts, especially Cornwall, and a visit to the more famous agricultural districts.

"While I was thinking over the subject this morning, a note came from Mr. Charles Buxton, expressing his desire to have the honour of being presented to you and your sons. If it would be agreeable to them to see that wonderful *English* sight—a great brewery—he would be delighted to welcome them to his, which is curious, if only as returning three members to Parliament—Sir E. Buxton, Mr. C. Buxton, and Mr. Hanbury.

"Your Royal Highness, I trust, understands that I am always at your commands, and that you cannot oblige me so much as by making me of any use. Were my power of serving you as great as it is small, it would even then hardly enable me to prove to you, Madam, with what reverence and attachment I am

"Your faithful and devoted servant,

"S. Austin."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"Weybridge, *June* 1, 1858.

"Dear Friend,—This is the second letter I write to you. The first you will not get, as I have sent it to some one else. After writing four pages on the sad tragedy that has occurred here,[1] I received a letter from dear S. de B., begging so hard

[1] Death of the Duchess of Orleans.

and so feelingly for news, that I sent her the letter that was intended for you. This will show you how entirely I was possessed by one idea. There was nothing in the letter specially for you, and there was much which would interest her more.

"For, my dear friend, I know exactly how far your sympathy goes. You have too tender and noble a heart not to feel the sadness and the sorrow this death causes to individuals; but you will not look upon it as a national calamity, a sorrow, and even a shame, to France. I say shame, for I shall never understand how, having at her beck and call a person uniting every heroic quality with the prudence and the sentiments which would have induced her to engage for herself and her son to govern the country honourably and reasonably, France can have rejected this pearl placed by Providence in her crown, to take up with a Ledru Rollin, a Lamartine, and all that follows in their wake. The French people were then in a condition to dictate their own terms with a Regency, and might have awaited the result of the trial with perfect tranquillity. From what I have seen of the heroic woman we are all now sorrowing for, I am convinced that she would have dedicated herself with absolute unselfishness and with rare intelligence to the happiness of France. Everything in her was great and noble. All her tastes, all her ideas, inclined her towards great things. By this I do not mean showy or violent actions, fit only to dazzle and cheat the world; but deeds which aim at the good and the improvement of mankind. But of what use is it to talk of what is gone?—of what can never be given back to us? 'Hin ist hin, verloren ist verloren' (What is gone is gone, what is lost is lost). But I who love France can only lament over her.

"I cannot tell you what a shock I received when I heard the sad news at Esher. My husband and I are in great sorrow. He feels it almost more than I do. You know how little he is given to enthusiasm; but he had had several long and serious interviews with the dear Duchess, and his opinion of her coincided with mine. His profound respect and tender pity were mixed with an admiration he never before felt for any woman. You can understand our profound pity for those poor orphans. As long as I live I shall never forget the

sad sight—the coffin under a sky as pure and limpid as her soul, covered with spring flowers and verdure, and the two sons standing silently by its side. The eldest, whom I had seen fifteen days ago—so young—almost a child, now looked like a man of forty. Neither of them shed a tear. After the service they went into Miss Taylor's house, where they were quite alone, and then their sorrow was overwhelming. After some time Prince Albert went in and embraced them, saying the most consoling and sympathising words he could find: afterwards the Duke de Nemours, who was like a father to his nephews.

"Yesterday I went into the vault where she lies by the side of her sister-in-law, the Duchess de Nemours. Only the poor Queen is wanting to fill the narrow cell, where sleeps so much that was great and happy—unfortunate and sorrowful. It is a fresh tie to Weybridge. She is near us—and for ever. I can write no more, dear friend.

"Yours affectionately,
"S. A."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"Booton, *Aug.* 1, 1858.

"Dear Friend,—You see I am no longer at Weybridge. About fifteen days ago I went to Sir J. Boileau's to meet M. Guizot. I found Mr. Elwin, Editor of the *Quarterly*, Dr. A. P. Stanley, Lord John Russell, Mr. Senior, the Milmans, and others. Here, as at London, M. Guizot has been treated with all possible consideration; I found him contented, even cheerful. We talked of everything save the one subject nearest my heart, of that angel [1] whom I mourn with a persistence, and a grief, of which I did not think I was still capable. I had been told that the feelings of M. Guizot towards her were not the same as mine. I regret it, for mine will never change, and there will be a subject on which we cannot touch.

"From Ketteringham I went to spend a few days with Mr.

[1] Duchess of Orleans.

Hudson Gurney. He is 84 years old, and passes his life in his library, which is magnificent. He talked much of France in 1802, which interested me extremely. Then Mr. Elwin came to fetch me, and took me to his house ten miles from Norwich. His is an existence difficult to describe to a foreigner. Clergyman of a small parish, 130 miles from London, and at some distance from any town, he edits one of the Reviews most read by the higher classes in England, as important as the *Edinburgh Review*, and more popular. He is a man of great wit and sense, imbued with generous and humane ideas. His Review is edited to perfection, and he fulfils all the duties of a village clergyman. You would admire his wife. She has five children, whom she educates and attends to. She does four times as much as most active women without any fuss ; with all this she is the companion of her husband, and to-day I heard her discussing the translation of an Ode of Horace with him. From here I go to Fakenham, and then for a few days to Cambridge to see the dear Master. I shall be home by the end of the month. Let Mr. Prévost Paradol know. We shall be delighted to see him, and more delighted still to see our dear friend, M. St. Hilaire, whom I love with all my heart.

"S. A."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[TRANSLATION.]

"WEYBRIDGE, *23rd Sept.*, 1858.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have great—immense—news to tell you. Guess, what would give me the most pleasure? You know what it is. *My husband is writing.* Do not mention it yet, for I have hoped, and been disappointed so often, that I am afraid to believe in my good fortune, or to communicate it to others. But he is working—not laboriously and slowly, but with more energy and rapidity than I ever saw in him. You will ask what has caused the miracle ? I owe it chiefly to M. Guizot, who reproached him in the most serious and severe, and therefore in the most flattering manner, for his idleness ; for forgetting all he owed to mankind, to his country, to him-

self, and to God. I did not hear their conversation, but M. Guizot repeated it to me at Ketteringham. He has done me the greatest service that any man ever did. Another cause was my visit to Booton, and all I wrote and told my husband about the opinions and ideas of Mr. Elwin, which coincide with his own ; and his wish to have an article from Mr. Austin's pen for the *Quarterly*. I suggested a review of Lord Grey's book, and to my intense joy my husband entered at once into the idea, and allowed me to propose it to Mr. Elwin, who consented with the greatest *empressement*. This will allow Mr. Austin to state his opinions on many important subjects—on the many advantages of our constitution, and the dangers with which it is menaced—on the usefulness of a well-constituted aristocracy and their duties and responsibility. In short, on a thousand questions which you may imagine.

I hope you have seen the will of the unfortunate and much-loved Princess.[1] It has made a great sensation, and yet some people hope to hide it ! Good-bye, dear and excellent friend. Be good and write to me.

"S. A."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"Weybridge, *Nov.* 12, 1858.

"Dear Monsieur Guizot,—I must write to you to tell you that Heaven has sent me a new grandchild—a grand-daughter, a prodigy of size and beauty and vigour.

"This little creature comes late to us all—the 'last rose of summer' to her parents—the last flower of autumn to us. I am full of thankfulness for it.

"My dear husband is advancing steadily and vigorously in his work. I had a great fright a few days ago when, on my return from my visit to my daughter and her babe, I found him ill, nervous and sleepless, and *beginning* to be dejected about himself. All my old terrors came over me, and I saw in anticipation another failure, another *breakdown*, and the

[1] Duchess of Orleans. "Where did she learn to write French better than anybody ?" was the exclamation of an eminent French writer and critic, when M. Villemain read the will aloud at M. Odilon Barrot's.

fatal consequences to him. I almost reproached myself with having urged him to try once more to quit his inert ease, where, attempting nothing, he could not have the bitterness of failure, or I, hoping nothing, that of disappointment. However, God be thanked, the cloud seems passing over. I have nursed and watched him as a mother does her new-born babe, with such anxious tenderness. Last night he got a long sleep, and he is at work again with great vigour. It is remarkable that I never in my life knew him to write with such rapidity, ease and *verve* as he has this time. No doubt even if stopped, he would complete his work; but, as you say, the moment is most opportune, and to have any effect the article must appear in the next number of the *Quarterly*."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"VERSAILLES, *Feb.* 13, 1859.

"MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND,—I am exceedingly obliged to you for sending me Lord Derby's speech. I had seen the extracts in the French papers, but read it *in extenso* with great pleasure. It is not often that one sees political prudence allied with such resolute yet moderate language. The speech is full of wisdom, and of true liberalism, and has produced considerable effect here. Piedmont richly deserves the warnings she has received. M. de Cavour is playing a double game, and his ambition is excessive. I do not know whether he expects to raise the fifty millions voted by the Piedmontese Chambers in France; public opinion here is so contrary to war that I doubt if even our own Government would be able to borrow, save at very high interest. What a deplorable condition we are in! our dearest interests may be risked, and our best blood spilt without our knowing why or wherefore. As the press is gagged, we only hear vague rumours of warlike preparations.

"It is perfectly true that, in spite of the presence of his young bride, the reception on the third of this month of the Prince Napoleon was glacial. I heard it from eye-witnesses at

various points of the procession. At the opening of the Chambers when it was asserted that it 'was to God, his conscience, and posterity, that the Emperor was alone responsible,' an inspired voice exclaimed, 'and to the nation.' A most constitutional addition to the speech of the man elected by a plebiscite of eight millions of votes, but that did not make it the more agreeable. It suffices to show you the feeling of the Legislative body, coming from the departments where the war is intensely unpopular.

"You of course know the biography of the Duchess of Orleans by the Comtesse d'Harcourt. It is excellent, modest and simple, no political bias, and containing long extracts from the Princess's most admirable letters. It has already reached a third edition. Her will is given entire ; I am glad that the French public should have an opportunity of knowing it.

"Forgive me for always talking politics to you, but I cannot avoid doing so. I find some difficulty even in fixing my thoughts on my philosophical works.

"Remember me to Mr. Austin and the young people,

"Ever your devoted friend

"B. St. Hilaire."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"Weybridge, *March* 8, 1859.

"Dear Friend,—I have searched in vain for a letter I began to you ten days since. It told you what I was doing, and that I was so hurried that literally I had not a moment to spare. Then I thought of sending you a little notice which would explain my silence ; I hope you found it inside the newspaper. At the time you mentioned the book to me I was working at it. For three weeks I saw no one except Countess d'Haussonville, and I answered no letters. I should have broken down had I not been sustained by considerable emotion, and an ardent wish to render a last testimony of affection to the beloved and angelic creature we have lost. Madame d'Haussonville had unfortunately not told any one of her intentions

until the last moment, so that the English publisher was in a violent hurry to get out the translation. I could not permit any one else to do it. You will understand that I looked upon the work as my right, and at the same time my duty. But I am sorry to have been obliged to do it too rapidly to satisfy myself. However, it is done, and will be published to-day.[1] I have, after some hesitation, added something of my own as a preface. My scruples vanished before the wish to tell England (who generally believes me) what I had myself seen and heard of so noble and saintly a woman ; how truthful was the portrait of her, and how justified are our tears.

"Mr. Murray has sent a copy of my husband's pamphlet to M. P. Paradol.[2] Has he received it ? I do not know whether it will interest you, my dear friend, for it is very anti-democratic, and only treats of England. Here it has made a considerable effect, and I hope Mr. Austin will be encouraged by the success.

"Yours with the truest affection,

"S. A."

[1] "The Duchess of Orleans. A Memoir." Translated by Mrs. Austin, with a preface by the translator.

[2] "A Plea for the Constitution."

CHAPTER XXXV.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Letters from Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire on a French Monthly Review—The New Ministry—Lord Howden, Lord Lyndhurst, and M. de Cavour—Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire on Italian Independence—Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot on Madame Récamier's "Memoirs" and the late Duke of Devonshire.

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[TRANSLATION.]

"WEYBRIDGE, *March* 29, 1859.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Now, to what I was going to write to you about—Jeffs,[1] whom you know, has a project of publishing a small monthly review in French. First, to indicate to the English public those new French books which may be read in respectable houses ; and secondly (what is of far more importance), he wishes to describe the actual literary, social, and political condition of France. He is anxious to find some well-known writers who, for the sake of France and so good a cause, would aid him to launch the paper. At first he would be unable to promise any remuneration to his contributors, but if it succeeds he will share his gains with the staff of writers. I should suggest a review like the *Saturday ;* treating various questions quite independently ; in short, striking articles. No long dissertations, nothing vague, and above all, illustrative facts. You have no conception of the profound

[1] A French bookseller in the Burlington Arcade who started a French Review in London, which did not live long.

ignorance existing among the mass of English people with regard to France. Hence, as I have often told you, arise the errors which occasionally appear like insults.

"I am delighted to hear from Madame d'Harcourt that she is pleased with my translation,[1] and with my preface. But what pleases me more is the affectionate approbation of the dear youth,[2] who becomes more worthy of love, and more interesting, every day. You have no idea how truly great and noble he is. Every one here is struck by it. Lord Grey had a long talk with him the other day, and was delighted with him.

"Ever your affectionate friend,

"S. A."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"London, *June* 17, 1859.

"So you think, most ungrateful friend, that I have been to Oxford without you. Not at all. Mr. Chase told me that if I would wait till autumn there would be a Mrs. Chase to receive me, and I replied that as he was to be married in the course of the month, he would be, or at any rate ought to be, very dull company, and so I would wait. But the truth is, my dear friend, that I did not feel courage enough to go without you; it would have been very sad. So I went to London instead, where I have been for fifteen days. There I had the pleasure of reading an article on your loans, which seemed to me admirable. I mentioned it to Lord Monteagle (late Chancellor of the Exchequer), who was delighted to be enabled at length to understand this question, which is to us unintelligible.

The new Ministry is at once bad and absurd. Sir Charles Wood takes India, when Providence sent us Lord Elgin on purpose for the place, who becomes Postmaster-General. Lord John, Foreign Affairs. It is worse than absurd—it is alarming. Gladstone, with his thousand talents, his goodness, eloquence, and knowledge, is, they say, a detestable financier. Lewis, who

[1] Of "The Duchess of Orleans. A Memoir."

[2] Comte de Paris.

was an admirable one, gives up to him the place which he filled to perfection. Lord Campbell is eighty, and he begins his career as Lord Chancellor! All this appears to me folly, and folly of a pernicious kind.

"As to you, you are winning battles. What do you want more? You say that the pity of which you tell me is a poor compensation for the horrors of war. You are wrong. That divine feeling is worth more than the lives of a hundred thousand men, for it may procure a happier future for us. Good-bye, dear friend.

"From my heart,

"Yours affectionately,

"S. A."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"Weybridge, *June* 30, 1859.

"Dear Friend,—I am much occupied with Jeffs and his proposed Review. Tell your friends that before it has been advertised in any way his list of subscribers contains many of our best-known names—Lords Lansdowne, Grey, Monteagle, Clarendon; Drs. Whewell and Milman, Mr. Senior;—but it is of no use copying out the list, which will be sent to you. All I wish to be understood in France is, that we are quite ready to listen; if you will not speak, all the worse for us and for you. The present state of mutual ignorance is disastrous. The nonsense talked about the war, the liberation of Italy, &c., is enough to make one lose all patience. Austria is rude, and has acted badly—*ergo*, all law and justice are to be banished the world. Austria will suffer, but she will not be crushed, unless Russia comes to your aid, and that Germany would not permit.

"To return to the Review. M. Jules Simon has written a letter to Jeffs, full of excellent advice. I agree perfectly with all he says. M. de Montalembert writes to say he has not time to contribute. He complains, very justly, of the state of public opinion here. But whose fault is that? What has been done

to enlighten us? Our middle classes see no French newspapers, and if they did, what would they learn? M. de Lavergne's objections seem to me futile. Because people misunderstand each other, are they to give up all attempts at trying to come to a better understanding? M. Simon has proposed an admirable list of matters to be treated; my husband fully approves his idea of reviewing French newspapers and reviews; it will be new and interesting; so will the articles on religion. I have been at Twickenham with Lord Monteagle for the last two days, which will explain the non-arrival of your newspaper. Good-bye, my dear friend. I cannot forgive you for not coming over to see us, in spite of which I am, with all my heart,

"Yours affectionately,

"S. A."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"Weybridge, *July* 7, 1859.

"Dear Friend,—I hope M. de Guerle will see the extreme importance of at once framing a strong and respectful denial of the statement, at once imprudent and false, made by Lord Howden, 'that there is not a widow in France who would not give her last son, or a beggar who would not give his last penny, to effect the invasion of England.' Lord Brougham has denied this unfortunate calumny in a most positive and formal manner. But it is dangerous as coming from Lord Howden, who has lived so long in France, and is supposed to be well informed. The fact is that most English people court the society of the very Frenchmen who are, and always will be, sworn enemies of England. They hate us for the same reason that men devoted to liberty and justice love, or at least respect, us. If the next *Saturday Review* does not contain an article on this subject I shall write one, for such injustice is to me insupportable as an Englishwoman, and as a faithful and warm friend of France—of all that is generous, enlightened, and reasonable in France. But what a pity that the Prince de

Joinville should have chosen such a moment for publishing a book in which it is impossible not to see many allusions which apparently support Lord Howden's assertion! Do not lose time. Write, or make some one else write. Deny it in your own name and in the name of your friends. Say that England has friends and admirers in France, if she would only give herself the trouble to know them, and to understand that they are the victims and the enemies of her own real enemies. Say that their love of their constitutional government is the tie which necessarily binds them to the only country in which such a government exists. But what folly; *I* am prompting an article to *you*.

"The thought of seeing you in the autumn fills me with delight. I assure you I need it. The future is most menacing. Can you conceive Europe without Austria? It is chaos. What will you do with the Magyars? with the Poles, with the small republics? I already see them tearing each other to pieces, and their anarchy will affect us. I send you a packet for M. Mignet. I have said what I think about Mr. Hallam. I only speak of the man, my valued and dear friend; I leave M. Mignet to describe the author. Good-bye, my dear friend,

"Ever yours affectionately,

"S. A."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"VERSAILLES, *July* 15, 1859.

"MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND,—I recognise your good heart and your magnanimity in every line of your letter. As to the article you suggest, I agree that Lord Howden has grossly exaggerated, but it must be admitted that the evil passions he alludes to are lying dormant, and that the slightest official encouragement would fan them into a blaze. We are essentially a military nation, as Cousin says, a people of Zouaves. The proof is, that an absurd war which no one desired is now most popular. Were England the target, the train of powder would take fire at once; you must not forget the medal of St.

Helena, created in the heyday of the alliance. Lord Howden exaggerates, but the advice of Lord Lyndhurst is not the less timely. Never did Nestor give better or more far-seeing counsel to the Greeks. England has many and sincere friends in France, and among them I may count myself. But nearly every day I have to sustain an argument, even against some of our most illustrious men, on account of my Anglomania.

"I am delighted at the peace, because it stops the shedding of so much human blood in a wretched cause. The reason of peace is not yet known, but it appears that the combatants recoiled before the notion of a coalition. Italy is in a miserable condition. Mazzini is her real master at this moment. It certainly seems futile to have sacrificed the lives of more than 100,000 men in order to give Lombardy to Piedmont, who is furious, and whose ingratitude is boundless. I am not sorry for the fall of M. de Cavour; he will regain power, but I doubt his mending his ways. Meanwhile my prediction has been verified. I warned M. de Cavour last November, through a mutual friend, that Italy would be deceived by her ally. I did not think my prophecy would have been so speedily fulfilled.

"Remember me to Mr. Austin.

"Your ever devoted friend,

"B. St. Hilaire."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"Weybridge, *July* 17, 1859.

"Dear Friend,—Yesterday, on returning from Lady Ellesmere's, at Hatchford, where I passed two days with Lord and Lady Grey, I found your letter. I think you can guess the chief subject of our conversation. Lord Grey is one of the few who have always viewed the *égarements* of public opinion in England with disgust; he judges the actual condition of affairs as we do. The surprise and disappointment of the enthusiasts for Italian independence, who are numerous in England, would make one laugh, if the matter were not so serious. I have been told that Italy ought to ally herself with the Devil in

person, if he promised to deliver her from Austrian rule. There is no accounting for tastes! Are the Roman States, is Naples, so much better governed than Tuscany or Parma? I trust that France is proud of having given birth to so admirable a woman as the Duchess of Parma? Nothing can be more sensible or more noble than her conduct. My husband declares that the traditions of nobility and heroism are kept up by women, and that they are now the only real *gentlemen.*

"Always, dear friend, from my heart,

"Yours affectionately,

"S. A."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"Weybridge, *Oct.* 27, 1859.

"Dear Monsieur Guizot,—I am in a perplexity which I must refer to you. I know you will give me advice, both wise and kind.

"When Madame Lenormant wrote to me about her book, of which she requested me to write a notice, I willingly, nay eagerly, undertook to do it, and immediately proposed it to Reeve. I liked Madame Récamier, and respected certain sweet and noble parts of her character; I wished, and shall always wish, to oblige the person who loved and sheltered your dear mother. Above all, I wished to point out certain admirable characteristics of French society (the old French society) and of French women.

"These were my determining motives for undertaking the work. I had not, of course, then read it. Now I have read it, and there are things in it which I know not how to pass over in silence, nor how to approve. Some of these appear to me to the last degree *inconvenants.* Some place the principal personages of the narrative under a light either ridiculous or false. There is a complete *ignoratio* of the grand lines of moral distinction (in speaking of such a—I will not write hard names—as B. Constant) and an insensibility equally great to the lofty virtues and grand qualities which defy and disarm ridicule. The attempt to make the Duke of Wellington ridiculous because he was not 'amusant' to Madame R., and wrote stupid *billets* and

bad French, is a mistake of this kind ; and the reader naturally asks what is the moral taste of the person who finds nothing absurd in the ceaseless wailings, the monstrous conceit and selfish exigencies of M. de Chateaubriand, and nothing imposing and *respect-compelling* in the despatches of the Duke of Wellington. To say the writer did not know these, is only to say she should have been silent about the man. But another thing seems to me more grave.

"Madame Lenormant insinuates, or rather affirms, that the late Duke of Devonshire, a man of no talents, but of unimpeachable goodness and honour, shut up his dying step-mother and excluded her dear friends, for fear she should confess herself a Catholic and receive 'les consolations de la réligion.'

"This is a serious charge. There is no evidence that the Duchess *asked* to see Madame R. and M. de Laval, and certainly, in England at least, it is not usual to allow anybody to crowd around a death-bed but the privileged, the nearest relatives. This imputation on the Duke of Devonshire seems to me most unpardonable. It is not at all unlikely that he had the very natural fear that his mother's failing mind would be worked upon by attempts at conversion, and that he wished to let her die in peace.

"Altogether there is a certain air of *victim* given to the Duchess, which seems to convey blame to *somebody*. Lady Elizabeth Foster's life and history are notorious, and the reason for her preferring Rome to England are explicable enough. I point out things relating to my own country, simply because I am familiar with them ; but they are not all. The terms in which M. de Chateaubriand writes of his wife[1] to Madame R. are, to my feelings, indecent and ungentlemanlike in the highest degree. No *galant homme* writes so of the woman who bears his name : least of all to the woman he has put in her place. I wish I had not to add, no woman of delicacy would for one moment permit him to do so. I fear that I may be uttering harsh judgments, but why, why, why publish such things ? We all do foolish and wrong things—at least *I do*, but I hope

[1] See "Souvenirs et Correspondences de Madame Récamier," vol. i. pp. 343 and *aliunde*.

I am not a bad woman in the main, and why should my faults and follies be printed? Madame Récamier had so many charming and excellent and really noble qualities. I want to think of *them*.

"Now this is my case. Am I only to praise? Am I to object (gently, of course)? I would fain know what *you* mean to do. Not that I can follow servilely, for I write in England and for England. But at least, dearest sir and friend, advise your always affectionate and grateful

"S. Austin.

"I have been in Scotland, at pleasant Kirklands. I have been staying with Lord Grey and Lord Brougham! Wonders upon wonders! We are tolerably well. Best wishes to you and yours. I sent them to you from my very heart on the 3rd.

"Yours ever,

"S. A."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Mr. Austin's Illness and Death—Letter from M. Guizot to Mrs. Austin—Her Answer—Mrs. Austin returns to Weybridge—Letter from Mrs. Austin to Rev. Dr. W. Whewell—Mrs. Grote and old Letters—Mrs. Austin's Illness.

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[TRANSLATION.]

"WEYBRIDGE, *Nov.* 14, 1859.

"YOU cannot imagine, my dear friend, what a condition I am in! For ten days I have not left my husband's bedside. His sufferings are worse than I have ever seen. Day and night I am in his room, or in the adjoining one, thanking God that He has spared me to nurse my husband. Be so good as to write a few lines to M. Guizot to tell him what has occurred.

"Lucie writes from Brighton that she is rather better, and that her doctor is hopeful. What a cruel position for her and for me! She wants to come and help me to nurse her father; I am dying to see her and nurse her. But amid all these sorrows I thank God that He has given me strength enough to be always with my dear husband. You know what I suffer, but at all events I live and nurse him, and he is so glad to have me about him, and so thankful for any little service. Good-bye, best of friends.

"S. A."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"Esher, *Dec.* 23, 1859.

"I expected no less from you, my friend. In my desolation I thought of you as one of the few persons I could bear to see. I knew I had only to call you.

"Till now I have been unable to think. I am crushed, and I search in vain for resignation or the least calm. I pray God to grant it to me. You know how my life was ordered, and that all I lived for has been taken away from me. What I feel can only be expressed by one word—*le vide*. I find myself utterly alone, for children, dear as they are, belong necessarily to another generation and another order of ideas and feelings. My feelings, my ideas were his—I drew all from him—and now I feel that I am nothing. I thought myself less dependent than he was; he had often told me so, imploring me to outlive him and not leave him alone on earth. I know not if it would have been possible for him to suffer more than I do. But I accept this bitter sorrow, and thank God that it is to me and not to him that the cup has been given to drink.

"I have no plans. Sometimes I say to myself I shall not be able to bear this solitude—these long winter evenings by my fireside, opposite the arm-chair which he always occupied during our *tête-à-tête* of eleven years. Sometimes the idea of leaving the beloved cottage appears to me most terrible of all.

"I think of going back on the 3rd or 4th of January to arrange matters. He has left me everything, and I must do my duty, for God may soon call me to join my beloved one. Miracles have not ceased, otherwise I could never have had strength to watch for seven weeks, and to bear without flinching all the daggers which entered my heart.

"Good-bye, excellent friend. I will write to you as soon as I feel that I can see you. But when you come you must arrange to stay some time. You will be of the greatest help to me.

"Thank M. Dunoyer for his sympathy; he complains that I did not prepare him for such a blow. My God! did I expect it?

"People are very kind to me. It seems as if they guessed how united we were—how great my loneliness is. Good-bye, my dear and faithful friend. My daughter is only pretty well.

"S. A."

M. Guizot to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"Val Richer, *Dec.* 23, 1859.

"Dear Mrs. Austin,—This instant I have heard of your sorrow. I foresaw it but too plainly yesterday, when I wrote to your good little Janet. Probably you also foresaw it, but the blow has not been the less cruel. Expected or unexpected, real grief remains the same. I feel the deepest sympathy for you. Twice I have lost the companion of my life, and notwithstanding the great consolations which surrounded me and still surround me, I am alone. Not to be solitary one must absolutely possess, entirely to oneself, a human creature, and belong exclusively to her (or him). This is the power of marriage, even for those who meet with many imperfections. And your husband was one of the most distinguished men, one of the rarest intellects, and one of the noblest hearts I ever knew.

"Let this be a consolation to you, and at the same time a regret. It is better to have lost much, very much; the recollection of a great good, enjoyed only in passing, is always a treasure. Let Janet send me news of you, I thank her in advance, and when you are more at peace with your sorrow, when you feel the necessity of sharing it with a true friend, write to me. Tell me if you wish me to continue writing to you. The more solitary you are the more I desire to be of some account in your life.

"Always your affectionate

"Guizot."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"Esher, *Jan.* 1, 1860.

"You, dearest sir, are one of the very few people whom I wish to see, or from whom I expected a letter with any degree

of hope and desire. I knew you would say something to the purpose—something that my poor heart would accept with comfort and gratitude—something that would show me that you knew *what* my wound is and could measure its depth and extent. Yes, you understand that, in spite of dear and good children, and grandchildren, and friends — warm and true friends—I am *alone*. How entirely alone can only be guessed by those who know how completely my dear husband's life and mine were *one*, and how completely concentred and severed from all other lives. The last eleven years of our life have been spent in almost unbroken *tête-à-tête*. I went out each autumn for a short time to lay in a store of health and spirits and new ideas for the winter. But excepting these absences, which he always urged upon me, there was hardly a day in the year that we did not spend together, and alone. So far from finding this dull or tedious, we both became more and more fond of our retirement and of each other. I will confess it to *you*. He had not always been a very tender husband to me, nor easy to please. Ill-health, disappointment, and anxiety had naturally enough made all things distasteful to him. But since he had given up the conflict with fortune, and especially since we settled down in our quiet retreat, he had gradually come to a state of mind and temper which I can only call *heavenly*, so gentle and noble, so without all alloy of unsatisfied cravings, or vain repinings, or harsh passions, or low desires was it ! In this blessed frame of mind all his youthful and passionate love for me seemed to return, mingled with a confidence and intimacy which only a life passed together can produce. I was too happy ! It pleased God, after many years of care and toil and suffering, to permit me to taste of this tranquil happiness—only to lose it. Do not think me unthankful for the blessing ; at present I can only feel that *all is gone*, that I have no purpose or object in life, and that every thought and act of mine, which had him for their true aim, will now wander painfully in search of what they will never more find.

"But I must not grieve you with my grief. Let me rather thank my dear children, my beloved Henriette and Pauline, for their sweet letters. Young as they are, they are *true wives*, and can understand what my affliction is. Tell them I *will* seek

comfort where I know I shall not fail to find it. Wherever "the spirits of just men made perfect" dwell, there must be the pure and noble soul that has departed, for just and true he was in every word and thought.

"I wanted to say more, but I cannot now—except that I send you the truest wishes for your happiness, though out of a sad heart. God bless you all.

"Your most affectionate

"S. AUSTIN."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[TRANSLATION.]

"WEYBRIDGE, *Jan.* 3, 1860.

"DEAR FRIEND,—Only a few hours ago I returned to my solitary fireside. I cannot yet believe it—I listen, I get up every instant, and I seek for what I shall never find again. It is impossible to tell you how desolate I am. You French people are more *prévoyants* than we are. You live all together, so when one goes many are left. But when a whole life is passed *tête-à-tête*, what is left to the one who outlives the other? Good-bye; I hope to see you soon. You will come, will you not, when I call you? God bless you!

"S. A."

Sarah Austin to Rev. Dr. W. Whewell.

"ROYAL HOTEL, VENTNOR, *March* 24, 1860.

"DEAR MASTER,—I should have answered your kind letter sooner, but I have really nothing to say but what would give you pain. Everything is *come to an end* with me, and if I seek for words to express the *néant* in which I drag on my existence, I cannot find them. And why should I? They could only distress those who could understand them.

"My life has been one continual and anxious nursing, and the thought that *this* might come has often enough presented itself to my mind. But how far were my worst fears and imaginations from approaching the reality! How inadequate my idea of the desolation that extends over everything!

"I now discover that what I thought interested me for its own sake had only a reflected interest, and that everything I read, or heard, or saw, or thought, came *from* him or tended *to* him as the centre of my inward being. Now, everything that for a moment engages my attention becomes *a pang*. I fall back into the dark and dreary void.

"Do not think me insensible to the consolations that lie beyond all this suffering, but the suffering is not the less *there*.

"Believe me always, dear friend,

"Very affectionately yours,

"SARAH AUSTIN."

Harriet Grote to Sarah Austin.

"BARROW GREEN, OXTEAD, *June* 8, 1860.

"DEAR CUMMER,—I have been rusticating here for eight days, in a solitude only equalled by your own. The weather has kept me within doors, it is true, but I have found abundant occupations within my spacious *cage*. Among the rest, that of sorting old letters, destroying the larger portion, by way of loosening the connection with this world. Among these *now ancient* treasures are *some* letters of J. A.'s, and *many* of your own, for thirty years!—records of a singular series of conflicts, struggles, and chequered fate, such as, if woven into a history, would thrust modern periodical fictions into the shade for interest. Each of our lives in truth, dear Cummer, if put on paper, would offer a deep and melancholy attraction for thoughtful readers. We both came into the world endowed with the choicest gifts of a 'fairy godmother'—personal and mental.

"How striking the lesson they (the lives) have both furnished!—that destiny, accident—what you will—mixes the cup of life *for* us, strive as we may. *Your* struggle is over, and you regret your exemption from all care for another. It is well. The evening of *my* course is more serene than the morning and noon thereof, and less agitated by the currents of feeling, and by the torments which every sentimental and vehement soul *must* be subjected to in the journey through this life.

"I feel thankful accordingly, and hope that I may spend what few years are likely to be granted to me in the tranquillity which is now my portion.

"When you come to Barrow Green you shall see whether any of the letters adverted to in this letter would be acceptable to you to regain. I have destroyed but few of yours or Austin's. I go up to Savile Row on Thursday for Ella's music, staying the week probably. Where are you?

"Ever yours affectionately,

"H. GROTE.

"N.B.—I have 'done wi' London,' properly speaking. Linen, plate, and servants, all here—a couple of women-servants left for G. G.'s attendants in Savile Row."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[TRANSLATION.]

"WEYBRIDGE, *June* 27, 1860.

"DEAR FRIEND,—You have perhaps heard of my sudden and dangerous illness. On the 13th, Dr. Harcourt did not leave my bedside for four hours, and twice he thought all was over. But God has thought fit to leave me a little longer on earth, so that I may labour for my beloved husband. I am now better, and the feeling that my life is so precarious will make me work harder.

"On Monday Jeffs came to see me and tell me the result of all his efforts.[1] I cannot tell you how deplorable and shameful I think it. If one could conceive the possibility of the English press being gagged, there is no corner of the globe, however distant or uncivilised, to which we should not rush if we had a hope of being heard. Here, there was everything!—a respectable paper, a *clientèle* formed of the most distinguished names in England, which would have doubled or trebled rapidly. I withdraw my sympathy from the French (with the exception of yourself and two others), who complain of being

[1] The French Review started by Mr. Jeffs came to an end for want of sufficient contributions from France.

unable to speak openly. They do not care to do so, and it is folly on our part to pity them. How much might have been said to interest England in the good cause! However, it is finished, and will not be tried again.

"From M. d'Haussonville I have had a most touching letter. I feel that he understands the elevation of my husband's character, and that he sees a little what I have lost. But no one can really enter into my feelings who has not known what it is to marry solely for passionate love, who has not passed five years feeding only on love, and severe study, in order to become worthy of being a wife. One must have known what it is to fight for a lifetime by a husband's side against misfortunes, and have felt the shadow, even of death, warmed and illuminated by the passionate devotion, which age had no power to dim.

"I have been reading my husband's letters to me before we married. How you would admire them! Full of love and of reason, of wise and high-minded advice. He begs me to read the books he is reading—Adam Smith, Matthews, Blackstone, Bacon, Locke; he exhorts me to study Latin, and read Tacitus attentively, 'for I shall desire to talk with you on all subjects which engage my attention.' It is the love of a great heart, and greater soul.

"My sad and sacred work is advancing; the first volume of lectures will be printed immediately. I find the difficulties increase as I proceed, but they will not prevent my finishing, if God gives me health and strength. I think I shall remain the whole summer at Weybridge, in order to work hard. My daughter is not well; she is ordered to pass the winter in the south. The children are well. Good-bye, my dear and true friend.

"Your affectionate

"S. A."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Letters from Mrs. Austin to Rev. Dr. W. Whewell on the "Province of Jurisprudence"—Dr. Hawtrey at Mapledurham—Garibaldi and the Emperor Napoleon—Accident to the Comte de Paris—Marriage of Miss Duff Gordon—Lord Brougham on the Chair of Jurisprudence at Oxford—Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot on Family Matters and Mr. Austin's Books.

Sarah Austin to Rev. Dr. W. Whewell.

"WEYBRIDGE, *August* 15, 1860.

"DEAR MASTER,—I know you will do me a kindness, if you can ; and that you *can*, I am sure. Will you tell me where to find the passage in Leibnitz in which he draws a comparison between Law and Mathematics. It is referred to as intended to be quoted in one of the precious and almost illegible scraps which now occupy my life. You have seen perhaps in Murray's list that my dear husband's Lectures are to be *re*-printed and *printed*, and perhaps you will have guessed that I have the courage to attempt to put the MS. part into some form. I hope you will not think it presumption. My best excuse is that those of his friends who have seen the MSS. are quite convinced that nobody else could or would decipher and arrange them.

"Of the inestimable value of the materials there is no doubt, and if I can but succeed in giving them a permanent form, they will serve as a mine for future thinkers on these subjects. His friends and hearers—Romilly, Lewis, Booth, and many others—are unanimous in encouraging me to do this work.

But oh ! sometimes the bitterness of seeing these noble ruins fallen into my feeble hands almost makes me despair, and long to bury myself with them in his grave.

"However, if God spares my life, and gives me some little strength, I shall go on. I am entirely alone, and I live with and for these beloved remains.

"The volume is to be *re*-printed unaltered, except by the insertion of some fragments which rather show what he meant to do, than what he had done or could do. Among them is one called 'Excursus on Analogy.' It consists in great part of numerous scrawled scraps, without order or indication of sequence. I am now upon these, having deciphered all but a few words.

"But the arrangement is above me. My small knowledge of logic, which I owe to him, has enabled me to do *something* towards it, but I must get help. My friends are very kind—Lewis especially ; it is now that his regard for my husband comes out.

"Pray remember me kindly to Lady Affleck, and believe me, dear Master and Friend, always your affectionate

"S. Austin."

Sarah Austin to Rev. Dr. W. Whewell.

"Weybridge, *August* 28, 1860.

"Kind and ready help from you, dear Master, as I expected. The quotation is all I wish, and I shall insert it in your own admirable English. But now (see how the cheering warmth of kindness fosters importunity) I am going to ask more, much more. I am going to beg you to look over the whole fragment, or rather collection of fragments, entitled (as I think I told you) 'Excursus on Analogy,' and left by my poor husband in a state which I think would have baffled any eye but mine. They were, in fact, notes or memoranda scrawled down for himself to work from ; and though I have succeeded in deciphering all but a few words, I am still in doubt on two essential points. Ought *any* of this matter to be published ? If so, how much ?

"The two or three friends who have seen it, or part of it (of whom Lewis is one), are for publishing as much as can be put into a coherent form? How much is that?

"Always sincerely and affectionately yours,

"S. AUSTIN."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[TRANSLATION.]

"WEYBRIDGE, *Sept.* 21, 1860.

"I write little, dear friend, because my work absorbs and tires me. From time to time I am forced to rest, so I have been for a week with my excellent Provost, not at Eton, but at his rectory of Mapledurham, on the banks of the beautiful and silvery Thames. This incomparable brother passes his life very sadly by the side of his sister, who has become imbecile, though always affectionate and sweet-tempered. He has the courage not to banish her from his society or his table, and I admired with my whole heart the dignity with which he surrounds her with every care and respect. There is real heroism for you—a word so often profaned. Poor Lucie is not well. The weather has been horrible, and she is going to Ventnor immediately.

"Ever your affectionate

"S. A."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"RUE DE L'EMPEREUR, PARIS, *Sept.* 24, 1860.

"MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND,—Have you or Lady Lucie settled your plans? Recollect that my present apartment is at your service, for I can always stay at Barrot's house.

"Lamoricière's defeat has distressed every one; the perfidy and cunning shown now as ever by Piedmont is worthy of her august ally. The English papers are wise in preaching moderation to Garibaldi, but he is launched on his course, and I doubt his power of stopping, even if he had the prudence and

the wish to do so. He hates the French, and he and his followers believe that they owe us nothing. If he has the audacity to attack our soldiers at Rome, he will receive a severe lesson. The confusion seems to me to become greater every day, and I begin to doubt in an united Italy. You may be sure, that should Italy be made, the Emperor will attack the Rhine, as compensation for the aggrandisement of Piedmont. Do not believe a word the official papers say about the popular enthusiasm. The imperial government is not popular. There are always a certain number of idle spectators ready to applaud clever mountebanks ; and this so-called triumphant progress is simply a show. Complaints would be loud and deep if the Press were free, and the knowledge of this state of things causes war to be considered a diversion. I repeat, Lord Lyndhurst was right, let England continue her preparations, costly though they may be.

" Your ever devoted friend,

" B. St. Hilaire."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

" 2, Princes Gardens, London,

Oct. 30, 1860.

" Dear Friend,—I am here since the 24th. You will soon see my dear Lady Wm. Russell at Paris ; she has been so good as to ask me to accompany her, promising to deliver me sound and safe into your keeping there. I hesitated for an instant—I wished so much to go ! I feel the need of seeing my friends —you, M. Guizot and his daughters, Madame de Bourke, M. Dunoyer ; but after due reflection I decided not to accept the tempting offer. I know the pleasure and the interest I should feel in again seeing you all, but I am sure that no sooner should I be at Paris than I should want to come back, for my work is not yet advanced enough to be able to leave it with tranquillity to myself. A thousand questions arise. The fragment on Analogy is reserved for another volume, in which I shall also print a most precious fragment on Interpretation, and one on

Codification. When the first volume is finished it will be easier for me to take a little holiday. The more I do, the more I perceive the immense difficulty and the value of the work. Then my dear Lucie's health. She says she is better, but I am terribly anxious. Her doctor wishes her to go to Egypt, but dreads the journey. If you see M. Guizot, tell him that only a feeling of duty prevents me from going to see him and his children. Tell him that I find my only consolation in work.

"Janet showed great presence of mind and courage when M. Le Comte de Paris broke his leg. She caught his horse, and held him in spite of his kicking; and then went off at a gallop to the house of Dr. Izod (who was out hunting also), and before the poor Prince reached Claremont everything was there ready for setting the leg. When there was nothing more to be done she burst into tears, like the child she still is. I have had a charming letter from the dear patient.

"In a few days I shall be back at Weybridge. Good-bye, my best of friends. Believe me I love you with all my heart.

"Your very affectionate

"S. A."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"Weybridge, *Nov.* 13, 1860.

"Dear Friend,—How am I to tell you? Our little Janet is going to be married, and is to live at Alexandria! In a month you will see *Mr. and Mrs. Ross* at Paris, *en route* for their Egyptian home. It is like a clap of thunder, and I feel quite stunned. Mr. Ross is a banker, clever and agreeable, an intimate friend of Mr. Layard, whom he aided in his excavations at Nineveh. There is a little too much difference in their ages, but Janet never liked young men. We are all charmed with Mr. Ross, but less so with the notion of Alexandria. However, he means to settle in England in the course of a few years. She is too young, and had he resided here the marriage would have been delayed.

"Mr. Ross wished Lucie to go out with them to Egypt, but

her doctor opposes this strongly, and she will remain where she is.

"I am going to Ventnor for the marriage, which will be as quiet and simple as possible. I shall not intrude my sombre figure among the joyous company, but I shall be there—near my daughter. Good-bye, dear friend; I know you will share all my feelings, for you are in every sense of the word a friend. I embrace you cordially.

"S. A."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"Weybridge, *Nov.* 17, 1860.

"I wrote you a few lines, dear friend, the other day, and now let me thank you a thousand times for your good wishes for the happiness of our little girl. As to the present you propose sending her, we have unanimously decided that it is 'outrageous,' which does not mean *outrageant*, but *exagéré*. We have taken the liberty to vote an amendment. She has bracelets enough to cover her arms up to the shoulder, and she wishes for a good edition of Molière, which her father has seen and admired. I shall get it for her, and she will take the first volume to Paris, in order that you may write her name in it. I know you will not be offended; are you not our brother, our uncle, our friend? and we act as we should for ourselves.

"Janet begs me to thank you affectionately, and to say that on the 7th or 8th of December she will be at Paris with her husband. May I beg you to tell those who take interest in our child, of her approaching marriage, MM. Cousin, Dunoyer, dear Barbier, de Circourt, if it is not asking too much of you. I will write to M. Guizot; I am sure of his good wishes. M. Mignet does not know her. People say she is very like me, perhaps my friends would like to see this third edition. I am going to Ventnor, as I told you. Pity me, my friend, every day brings a sad memory to me, every night wrings my heart; and during these days I must take part in an event which we must try to look upon as a joyful one. I must go because my daughter

wishes it. It may perhaps be useful to the young people to see what remains of a long and true love; what past joys this deep and endless sorrow reveals!

"Ever yours, dear friend, from my heart,

"S. A."

Lord Brougham to Sarah Austin.

"BROUGHAM, *November* 27, 1860.

"MY DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—I greatly lamented not having seen you while I was in town. There is a question at Oxford of founding a chair of Jurisprudence, and the authorities of the University have done me the great honour of asking my opinion, and leave to print it. I gave it strongly in favour of such a measure, and it gave me the greatest pleasure to take occasion to mention the greatest of all professors of the science, and to state how happy I was to find that his Lectures would soon be given to the world as he had left them, and that they would furnish the most valuable assistance to the plan proposed. I daresay the letter will appear; but in case it should not, I thought it right that you should know what has passed. The expression I used was, 'The most able and learned cultivator of the science in our day, Professor Austin.'

"Yours ever,

"H. BROUGHAM."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"*December* 31, 1860.

"DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,—The year must not go out without my sending you some token that I think of and pray for you and yours. May your life be spared to be, as it is, precious—beneficent to the world, and may you see your children virtuous, happy, united—such as you see them now. For myself, I have not courage to ask for anything but *strength to endure*. I do not raise my prayers so high as happiness. That it may please God, in His mercy, to spare me a second death-blow—this is all I ask. You will ask it for me. I need not tell you that no second blow can be like the first. Yet that loss makes

what remains more precious, and leaves me without earthly refuge or solace if more grief should be in store for me.

"I cannot say that my dear daughter is worse. I am assured not. But she is not better. She has had no return of hemorrhage, but then the bitter cold has brought on cough and expectoration. In short, though, as I am assured, danger is not *present*, it is always *near;* and that is enough to keep me on the rack. Alexander is now at Ventnor, and both the children. Dear Maurice goes back to Eton on the 15th, and Alexander makes his annual *tournée* in Ireland. Then, if Lucie will have me, I shall go back to Ventnor. But one of the cruel things is, that her doctor wishes her to be alone as much as possible, that she may not be tempted to talk. While I was there, I was seldom with her above an hour in the whole day. It was the only way of keeping her silent. The baby is an enchanting little creature, overflowing with health, spirits, and vivacity. She is her poor mother's delight and amusement.

"You may think how terrible was the conflict of feelings at Janet's marriage. But it is a great satisfaction to her mother. M. St. Hilaire will tell you what impression Mr. Ross made on him and on M. Cousin, who, on leaving them, exclaimed, '*Ah voilà un homme!*' That strikes everybody, and the devoted love of such a man is not only flattering, but, if I may say so, *imposing* to a young girl. My people at Marseilles were charmed with him. He and his wife are now in Malta. She will find there an inheritance of love and veneration earned and bequeathed by her dear grandfather.

"I came home before the 17th that I might keep the anniversary of my heavy loss here, in *his* room, surrounded by every object that speaks of him, and *entirely* alone; and so I have remained. I have to do the most difficult and anxious thing I ever did yet—to write about *him*. The book—the 'Province of Jurisprudence'—is reprinted, with such small additions as I could find, and is ready for publication. But it is necessary that I should explain why it was not republished years ago, why I edit it now, what other materials I have in my hands, and what I mean to do with them. I must vindicate myself from the appearance of presumption and irreverence, and (what I care for infinitely more) him from the charge of indolence or

indifference to truth. I have written a good deal, but it is written between bursts of grief, and interrupted by tears and sobs. I must take time to meditate upon it. What a life of unbroken disappointment and failure !

"I have during the last week been reading over all his letters —from 1814 to his last tender letters written to me in Scotland. He had always an *Ahnung* of misfortune and unhappiness. All his love-letters, during our five years' engagement, speak, not of the happiness he hopes to enjoy or to give, but of his reliance on me as his prop and comforter. And this tempted me. Thanks be to God that I was strengthened for this dear and noble task ! His last letters assure me of *that*, and in that I find my consolation.

"I must leave you ; the New Year is close at hand. May it be blessed to you and yours, prays your very faithful and affectionate

"S. Austin."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Completion of First Volume of the "Province of Jurisprudence"—M. A. Barbier to Mrs. Austin on her Preface to her Husband's Book—Lady Duff Gordon goes to the Cape of Good Hope—Lord Jeffrey—Baron v. Humboldt—Lord Lansdowne's Munificence—Rome as Capital of Italy.

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT, *February* 10, 1861.

"DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,—Two lines to tell you that my work is, for the present, done; all the doubts and internal debates of my poor heart and head are closed, and what I have written is, if not good, irrevocable. I am not, indeed, satisfied, but at least I have the sort of calmness given by the consciousness of having done what I felt to be due to my honoured and dear husband, and of having tried to do my best. Perhaps you can imagine how constantly I paused and asked myself if *he* would approve, and how my heart cried out to him to guide me, and to check me if I was wrong. But for this most anxious work of my life I had *no* guide. He whose word was my law, whose judgment always convinced mine, whose few approving words were my highest reward and glory, was no longer there. Of course I feel *assured* of *nothing*. My narrative will give offence. For that I care not. If it does justice to him, I am content.

"As soon as I was free, I came to be near my dear daughter. I found her apparently much better, but I see that there is yet no *firm* ground for confidence. On the whole, however, her

doctor thinks better of her, and she of herself. I can now see her daily, and her darling baby is a little sunbeam. The windows of my two little rooms look straight upon the sea, and the ceaseless melancholy noise suits me.

"I am not as well as usual, or I am rather more ill than usual, but that is a small calamity. I am constantly thinking of Val Richer. If all goes well—oh, yes, *pour sûr*, I shall go.

"Yours ever

"S. A."

Auguste Barbier to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

Paris, *April* 17, 1861.

"Dearest Madam,—I have read your Preface; it is admirable. Impossible to describe better the eminent man England has lost. In a few striking, simple, and eloquent words you have depicted him physically and morally with a master-hand: 'He was never sanguine. He was intolerant of any imperfection. He was always under the control of severe love of truth. He lived and died a poor man.' How true is all this, but how sad are those last words, in spite of their grandeur!

"What touched me deeply is the picture you draw of the last years of his life. They were, you say, tranquil, peaceable, and just what he desired. Poor great intellect, at last he was able to rest from the terrible struggle of life for some time! This repose was in great measure due to your tenderness and your courage. If anything can soften the bitterness of your grief, it must assuredly be the thought of the happiness you procured him. There now remains the work of his life, which has become yours. Alas! how I regret that I am so ignorant of the serious topics which will form the object of your studies; and how I should have liked to trace in his works the safe and true foundation of our social condition delineated by so powerful a hand as his! But I am only a putter-together of rhymes, a searcher after images, unfit to attain to the virile conceptions of pure reason. My idea of the heart and the mind of

Mr. Austin was a very high one, but your writing has increased and vivified it. Continue, dear friend, to publish the thoughts of your eminent husband ; it is a service you render science. Your Preface is a peristyle of Roman simplicity and beauty, which decorates in the most worthy manner the monument left by the great jurist to the glory of his country. Give me your news, and

"Believe me, ever your devoted friend,
"AUGUSTE BARBIER."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[TRANSLATION.]

"31, CHESTER TERRACE, LONDON,
June 23, 1861.

"DEAR FRIEND,—Your kind heart never would admit how great was my sorrow, and how imminent was the danger. It is long since I wrote to you, for I have been devoured by an anxiety too great for words. My poor Lucie comes to London to-day for a last consultation before finally deciding her plans. She has always wished to take a long sea voyage, and that is what De Mussy and the other doctors recommend. She will probably start immediately for the Cape. I need not tell you what this means—a solitary home for Alexander and the children ; for me *le vide*. But the doctors unanimously say that another winter in England would be fatal. Poor Janet will be in despair. She counted on seeing her mother.

"It appears to me that it is impossible to get at the truth about climates. Now we are told that in Egypt, particularly in Alexandria, the climate is changeable, damp, and stormy ; it seems that it is only good on the Nile where you must live in a good boat, which is only possible for rich people. At all events, these reports have influenced Lucie, who says she will either stay in England, or go where she may hope for a radical cure.

"You may suppose that all this has not helped me in my work, but that will help me to bear what would otherwise be

unbearable. I live *with* and *for* my husband, and it is by that alone that I do live.

"When are you coming? Will you not come to see your poor old friend, who will soon be doubly solitary? But I ought not to propose such a sad visit to you.

"Good-bye, my dearest friend,

"S. A.

"P.S.—There is something frightful in Cavour's death, and in the thought that he was killed—bled six times in one day! It is inconceivable.

"My brother Philip's eldest son has been almost living in his house at Turin. It is impossible to conjecture the consequences of this death. Sir G. C. Lewis tells me that Louis Napoleon is very glad; so are Louis Napoleon's enemies. This is strange."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[TRANSLATION.]

"WEYBRIDGE, *August* 16, 1861.

"DEAR FRIEND,—I have received two more letters from Val Richer. I think I must go. M. Guizot reminds me that he is seventy-four, and his children write to me as if they were my own. Besides this, my *collaborateurs*[1] are leaving town, and I would not willingly print a line without their *imprimatur*, so that I am most undecided, torn by conflicting desires and motives. I dread the long journey, I dread the heat of Paris in August, and, above all, I dread every sort of hurry. Alas! how I am changed! Formerly, nothing alarmed me; now the slightest agitation takes away my breath. But these are all reasons for making this last effort, as time will not add to my strength.

"This journey would also help me to pass the terribly long period of suspense, for we can hope for no news of Lucie until the end of October. Alas! if you, dear friend, could take wings, fly over to Weybridge and help me. Good-bye. The children are well. I embrace you from my heart.

"S. AUSTIN."

[1] Messrs. Booth, Quain, and Stephen.

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"WEYBRIDGE, *November* 27, 1861.

"DEAREST MONSIEUR GUIZOT,—Did I know Jeffrey? One of his *qualités* was to be always in love. Sydney Smith used to talk about Jeffrey's seventy-two loves, and at that time put me at the top of the list. He was certainly *very adoring* for a time; but he fell off in consequence of my taste for Germany and German literature, which (being completely ignorant of it) he could not bear. He wrote absurd criticisms on Goethe, whom he treated as *le dernier des absurdes*.

"But Jeffrey was kind, generous, an excellent friend, and had great talents. There is a Life of him which you should see; I will get it for you.

"Do you remember my saying to you at Madame Baudrand's house, with an air of surprise, 'Mais M. de Humboldt est méchant!' To which you replied, 'Comment, ma chère amie, vous ne saviez pas cela?' Everybody knows it now at least, thanks to Mademoiselle Assing. The good old Professor Brandis calls the book '*dieses Schandbuch*.'

"The painful thing is to see such great faculties combined with so mean and malignant a character. Ah! dear sir, how different a soul is revealed to me in every line from my dear husband's hand. What elevation, what candour, what singleness of mind and purpose! In the intervals of my study of his works I read his letters to me—*forty-five years of love-letters*, the last as tender and passionate as the first. And how full of noble sentiments! The midday of our lives was clouded and stormy, full of cares and disappointments; but the sunset was bright and serene—as bright as the morning, and *more* serene. Now it is night with me, and must remain so till the dawn of another day. I am always alone—that is, *I live with him*. I don't see how I can begin a new sort of life. Oh, if I could talk with you, dear sir, and hear you talk! *That* would be comfort!

"Mr. Elwin has resigned the editorship of the *Quarterly*.

"The only fault I hear found with your third volume (and generally with the book), is that there is too little about *yourself* in it.

"I can write no more. There is much to say about Lord Lansdowne. *Pray* say it. He is the type of a *great nobleman.* Dignity, munificence, liberal thoughts, delicate feelings, gracious manners, considerate *égards*—all.

"Farewell, dear sir and friend,

"S. A."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"WEYBRIDGE, *December* 7, 1861.

"DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,—I find it impossible to give you any facts or details illustrative of Lord Lansdowne's relations to literary men. His munificences were almost always as secret as they were well timed. I do not know of one that could with propriety be mentioned. As for the respectful and gracious attention with which he has treated all persons of merit in Art, Science, or Literature, it is a matter which does not admit of a doubt nor require a proof. Not only he invited all such persons when introduced to him to his house, and treated them with distinction, but he went in search of them, especially if they were foreigners, to whom he may be said to have done the honours of England. If any particular instance of his truly liberal love of Art and Letters should occur to me, I will send it you; but it is difficult to select *one* from so long and consistent a course. His acts of delicate munificence to those *in want* are innumerable; not a quarter of them will ever be known.

"I had a letter yesterday from the Master of Trinity; he speaks with great admiration of the 'political wisdom' contained in your book. To-day I had a visit from my youngest brother, and I was struck with the curious coincidence of his views about Rome with yours, although he has not seen your book. He formerly lived in Rome long enough thoroughly to understand it, and he maintains that it is in every way *disqualified* from being the political or social capital of a large country. I cannot give you all the reasons he assigned for this opinion, but I am quite sure you would admit the justice of them. He is convinced that by any such attempt the Rome which is, and ought to be, the school, museum, and study

of Europe, would be destroyed, while the life and activity of a capital could never be imparted to it. Rome as a free city, the Pope with lay Ministers, and the dependent cities with good municipal institutions—such is his theory. You see it is not far from your own. I dare hardly talk to you about America. You know on how many subjects Mr. Austin and you agreed ; but on that his opinions differed widely from yours. He had long watched the gradual growth of fraud, lawlessness, and brutality in that country, and he frequently predicted some outrageous manifestation of depraved political morality. His predictions are fulfilled.

"Now, dear, dear friends, I can conclude with good news. We have had a second bulletin from my dear daughter. She is better ; the spitting of blood has *quite* ceased. 'C'est là la chose importante,' says De Mussy. She is cheerful, though longing for home. God be praised ! You, dear friends, will all say Amen.

"Your most affectionate,

"S. Austin."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Mr. Bentham and his Friends—Mr. Austin's relation to Mr. Bentham—"Discours" on Mr. Hallam, by M. Mignet—Letter from Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell on her own Work and M. Mignet—Modesty of Mr. Hallam.

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"*December* 18, 1861.

"Dear Monsieur Guizot,—I have only thanks to give you for your anxiety to understand perfectly what were my husband's relations to Mr. Bentham, and his sentiments with regard to the opinions of which that eminent man was the author or the advocate. I must divide Mr. Bentham's life, *I* know it, into two parts. When we married, my husband had just been introduced to him, and was an enthusiastic admirer, almost a worshipper, of him, in consequence of those great works which remain, and will remain, monuments of his original genius and acute mind—the 'Fragment on Government,' the 'Defence of Usury,' and the 'Principle of Morals and Legislation,' more especially. Concerning these, his opinion never altered. As a politician, my husband, though reared in ultra-Liberal opinions, early dissented from those held by Mr. Bentham, which were founded on his extreme ignorance of the lower classes, and his ardent, enthusiastic zeal for their welfare. At the time we first knew Mr. Bentham, he lived secluded, and his friends were few, but they were men of great eminence and honour. Sir Samuel Romilly, Dumont, Brougham, Mill, and Bickersteth (the late Lord Langdale) were the most considerable

of them. All had been attracted to him by their admiration for his learning, genius, and courage as a *Law Reformer*, and by their veneration for his ardent philanthropy and his entire devotion to the cause he had espoused. Unfortunately, however, as he advanced in age, he became more and more impatient of contradiction, and he gradually surrounded himself with very inferior men, who flattered his weakness and assented to everything he said. You may imagine that my husband was ill qualified to act this part: he had always expressed to Mr. Bentham his respectful dissent from some of his opinions; and this gradually ended in Mr. Austin seeing less and less of him. This state of things was very painful to us both, for we were extremely attached to the dear old man. In spite of great peculiarities and some weaknesses, he was not only venerable but lovable. You ask me if Mr. Austin regarded himself as one of Mr. Bentham's '*disciples*.' In politics and philosophy, *certainly not*, though in both he found much to admire in his writings; but it was as a Jurist, or rather as the most original and inventive of all writers on Law, that he looked up to him with profound veneration. In this light he is now regarded by all the leading Law Reformers of England; or rather, I should say, that all the law reforms that have been carried out of late years were suggested by him, and that hundreds of those who are ignorant of his writings and unconscious of the debt they owe him, are, in fact, acting upon the principles he laid down. Lord Brougham (to whom Mr. Bentham, under the bad influences I have alluded to, behaved very ill), much to his honour, bore testimony in the House of Lords to the enormous obligations which the country and the cause of Law Reform owed to Mr. Bentham. But the low Radicals who gathered about Mr. Bentham in the last years of his life, and who used his munificent zeal for what he thought useful for their own purposes, succeeded (as you may suppose) in alienating him from his best and worthiest friends. You know pretty nearly what were the opinions of the men I have named as Mr. Bentham's earlier friends. Without being precisely *Radicals*, they were all something beyond Whigs; but they passed, at the time of the violent contests about Parliamentary reform, under the general denomination of *Radicals*, and acted with such men as Grote,

Buller, Molesworth, and others, who certainly entertained the most democratic opinions. All this is utterly changed since the passing of the Reform Bill. No such party can be said to exist. With the exception of Mr. Grote, who is inaccessible to any new idea, I hardly think that *one* remains. The lessons given to us by France and America have not been thrown away, and Radicalism is now sunk into the ranks to which it properly belongs. Mr. Bentham's fundamental error was the belief that because the people can have no 'sinister interests' hostile to good government they would therefore always be in favour of good government. My husband used vainly to represent to him that the ignorance and wrong-headedness of the people were fully as dangerous to good government as the 'sinister interests' of the governing classes. Upon this point they were always at issue. I must add that the progress of my husband's mind was in an opposite direction to that of his venerable friend; but also the circumstances under which they lived respectively tended to this result.

"Farewell, and believe me always,

"Your faithfully attached

"S. AUSTIN."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"*Jan.* 3, 1862.

"DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,—On reflection, it seems to me that I have misled you about my husband's relations to Benthamism. I said that he dissented from Mr. Bentham's *philosophy*. Now from parts, he did. But as his exposition of the doctrine of *utility* is by many regarded as his master-work, it would be wrong to say that he differed wholly from Bentham's philosophy, of which *that* must be regarded as a main feature. Not, as he said, that Mr. Bentham *invented* a doctrine which is necessarily as old as the idea of the common weal of mankind, but that it had never been distinctly enounced. He thought that Mr. Bentham had not been fortunate in his way of enouncing it, and had given occasion for much misunderstanding and antipathy, which had been greatly increased by the still more narrow and incomplete statements of some of

Mr. Bentham's disciples ; their notions of what constitutes 'the greatest good' of mankind being of a kind to exclude some things which are, in fact, the highest good of all. This arose, not from any defect in the doctrine, but from want of imagination, want of sensibility, want of largeness of mind in those who so misapplied or so narrowed it.

"It is almost needless to say this, since Mr. Austin's whole structure of jurisprudence is based upon the only sure test to which the goodness or badness of laws can be brought. But I thought I ought to explain my too general assertion.

"I send you, dearest sir and friend, my sincerest good wishes ; they are from the bottom of a true but heavy heart. Never did a sad year close so sadly, nor a new one begin so gloomily. The woe of our Queen is a woe to each and all of us ; and besides that we feel stunned by *our* loss, and have a dim and dark presentiment that we have yet to learn *what* our loss is. Sir G. C. Lewis (no indulgent judge) says, 'He is the only man I ever saw who was *never* wrong.' The Queen's grief seems quiet, natural, profound. 'Oh that I were seventy!' was one of her exclamations. But you will hear more of these things from Mrs. Clark. Lady Canning is a grievous loss. She had the rarest qualities. When the physicians announced to Lord Canning that she was sinking fast, he fell flat down in such a swoon that for a time they thought him dead. She was like a sister to Alexander (they were related), and he feels it much.

"I have delayed writing to you till the Cape mail came in. To-day my letter is come ; and it does *not* tranquillise my anxious heart. She is not worse, the blood spitting has not returned, but she writes in a depressed tone, and seems to feel her absence and privations very painfully. Her longing for home is almost an illness. God help us through this miserable time! Now I have just learned that my dear, true, valued friend, Dr. Hawtrey, is *worse* than dying : his mind is failing —that noble, cultivated mind!

"God bless you and yours, dear sir, prays

"Your ever affectionate and grateful

"S. Austin."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"Weybridge, *Jan.* 1862.

"My dear Friend,—M. Mignet has treated me very ill; pray tell him so from me. He allows me to see in *The Times* a few extracts of his fine speech on my dear Mr. Hallam, and never even tells me that it has been pronounced. I ask you, what in France could interest me more?

"I hope he has sent a copy to the daughter of Hallam, the only representative left of that distinguished family. She wished me to write a memoir of her father. I refused, feeling incapable of doing him justice, and always said, '*Wait for M. Mignet.*' I see by the extracts that I was right, and that she will be satisfied. I should like to translate it, and publish it as a pamphlet, or if I have not the time, have it translated and correct the proofs. Pray, my dear friend, send me over a copy of the 'Discours,' which must be a *chef-d'œuvre*. M. Mignet's portraits are as if chiselled by Benvenuto Cellini.

"We are delivered from the terrible fear of war (which idiots pretended we desired). I am glad, but one cannot be sure of the future yet. A German who returned from America the other day, speaks of the destruction of Charlestown as a crime. He had been there. A long, flat and dangerous coast, of which Charlestown was the only safe harbour. It is terrible!

"As I was closing my letter I received news of the death of M. de Rémusat. Another old friend gone. Nothing but sadness surrounds me now.

"Your affectionate friend,

"S. A."

Sarah Austin to Rev. Dr. W. Whewell.

"Weybridge, *Jan.* 20, 1862.

"Your letter, dear Master, is an event in my solitary and monotonous life. I say monotonous in its simple and literal sense, and not as a complaint or a reproach—for it is my choice. I live in and for my work. I rise in the morning full of the thought of the labour before me, and I go to bed

full of what has occupied my day. So, dear Master, if you want a colloquy on the origin of the offices of *Prætor urbanus* and *Prætor peregrinus*, and of their functions, you may come to me. You will not smile at my presumption. I know you respect my motives too much. I had a very able young lawyer here last Sunday, and after much study of what I had been doing, he said: 'Don't flatter yourself that *anybody* will ever guess a hundredth part of your difficulties or your labour.' I thought this the highest and most welcome praise, and only hope it may prove true.

"Your letter, as I said, was an event; it awoke in me what I thought almost dead—a strong desire for that sort of converse which was once my daily bread, and which I used to enjoy so much with you and a few other teachers of arts, learning, and wisdom. Many of those oracles are silent, and my power of enjoyment is so diminished that I thought society was *over* for me. But when I read your letter, something within me cried out at every moment a loud and applauding 'Amen,' and I longed to see you, and to tell you all the satisfaction it gave me.

"I cannot account for St. Hilaire's remissness about Mignet. Was Mignet in Paris? If you go again, let me have the honour and pleasure of making you acquainted with the most engaging of Frenchmen. You see what he has been doing for the memory of our dear Mr. Hallam. Mrs. Cator wrote to me, long ago, to ask me to write a memoir of her father—a request which touched and flattered me more than I can express, but with which I could not think myself justified in complying. It was quite above my hand. What I did was to write to Mignet all that I knew, all that I felt and thought about that noble, excellent, and dear friend, whose great acquirements were even surpassed by his character. How beautifully has he blended these few and slight materials with others of greater value!

"I think precisely as you do about the American quarrel. But what is to be expected from a *popular* Press? It may be a little less ruffianlike in a country where a cultivated class exists, but it can never do anything but express and excite vulgar passions and stupid ignorance. The French would

have it we were partisans of the South. I said, cannot you imagine that one may hate *two* hateful things? I have not the least doubt you are right about the blacks. Look at Lincoln's proposal of *transporting* them *en masse!* I remember years ago you said (at Trinity Lodge) you had observed the slavery party always gained by every contest.

"I shall not talk of my grief at our immense loss and at the poor Queen's affliction. Her prosperity was something ideal, and so is her calamity.

"Remember me most kindly to Lady Affleck, who is so good as to *take me upon trust*, and believe me, as you know me,

"Your very affectionate friend,

"S. AUSTIN.

"Will you look at a translation of the Odyssey into Spenserian stanzas by a young man I am much interested in, Philip Stanhope Worsley?"

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[TRANSLATION.]

"*Jan.* 21, 1862.

"DEAR FRIEND,—I have so many reasons for writing as little as possible (among others my arm), that they must be strong ones to make me send you another letter at so short an interval.

"*Imprimis*, the 'Moniteur Universel' has just arrived, sent, I suppose, by M. Mignet. The *éloge* is beautiful, worthy of him and of Mr. Hallam. I only regret two omissions: *Primum*, that he has not mentioned the only surviving child, who was her father's sole support and consolation after the death of Henry, of whom M. Mignet speaks in so touching a way. Julia never left her father, as even after her marriage Mr. Hallam lived with her and her husband. When a son was born to her, she wrote to me, 'At length there is a male descendant of my father.' The little boy is alive: may he inherit his grandfather's virtues!

"*Secundo*, I should have wished M. Mignet to have men-

tioned the quality which always impressed me as so remarkable in Mr. Hallam—his extreme modesty, I had almost said humility. I think I wrote this to M. Mignet. There was no affectation about it—but it was extraordinary. I remember one day he told me how gracious the Queen and her husband had been to him. He spoke of it with a kind of surprise, mingled with pleasure—as an unexpected and uncalled-for honour. I replied that I thought it quite natural in two persons so capable of appreciating every sort of merit. He would not admit this, putting it all down to their kindness. Many other examples could I tell, but I should have wished this one to be known, as not only characteristic of Mr. Hallam, but of the Prince we are now mourning for, and of *Her* who was worthy to be his wife.

"Alexander goes to Ireland to-morrow, and Maurice goes back to Eton. Eton, which I loved so much, now contains very sad memories of my good old friend. What a year of mourning and grief! Lord Lansdowne says that during his long life of eighty-two years he has never experienced anything like it. Miss Courtenay writes to me from Cannes that Cousin talked the other day without stopping for four hours. Good-bye, my very dear friend.

"Yours from my heart,

"S. A."

CHAPTER XL.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Good News from the Cape—Dr. Milman, Dean of St. Paul's, to Mrs Austin on the Inscription on Mr. Austin's Tomb—Illness of Dr. Hawtrey—Climate of the Cape—The Exhibition—The Queen—Mrs. Austin to Miss Senior on Reasonable Dress for Hot Weather—Lord Brougham's Speech—M. B. St. Hilaire on M. Guizot's "Memoirs."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"WEYBRIDGE, *Feb.* 24, 1862.

"I WILL not defer sending you the good news for a single day to my kind and dear, honoured friend. On Saturday came another cheering letter from my dear child, and yesterday I drove to Esher and read her long and most interesting letter to her husband. I think the *tone* of her letters even more *rassuran* than her account of her physical state. But she still coughs, has irritation in the throat, and some expectoration. All this she tells us, that we may not expect too much. So my happiness and tranquillity still hang in the balance. Ah, dear Monsieur Guizot, well may you say we hold our blessings by a frail tenure! I wish a fairy could take up Pauline and set her down for a few weeks at Caledon. Lucie says she is convinced *that* is the climate of Paradise; and indeed I never heard of any earthly climate like it. All the gorgeous glories of an African sun, yet fresh evenings and nights and mornings; *coups de soleil unknown;* no oppressive langour, such as poor Janet has suffered from at Alexandria; vegetable, animal, human life developed in the most beautiful forms (*hideous ones also*). This

happy region seems to combine the regions of north and south. The most interesting parts of her letters are the descriptions of the various races, their manners, and habits, and characters. You will not wonder to hear that there is a regularly descending scale of insolence and oppression, from the Englishman, who looks down upon all. The Dutch hate the Malays and despise the 'Totties' (Hottentots). The Malays, clean, sober, and adroit, scorn the blacks; and lastly the niggers (Caffre or Hottentot) treat the Bosje men as beasts. I need not add that Lucie constituted herself the protector of a poor old creature of this miserable race, who looked at her with wondering and imploring eyes. One thing struck me as pretty. The blacks have settled it that 'Missis must be related to the Queen, 'cause she speak nice to everybody.' What a charming view of royalty!

"God bless you, dear sir and friend,

"S. AUSTIN."

Dr. Milman, Dean of St. Paul's, to Sarah Austin.

"*March* 10, 1862.

"MY DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—Let me first express my sincere admiration of the inscription over the remains of your excellent husband. It is a most successful attempt in the most difficult style of composition. Simple yet full, expressing in few emphatic, well-chosen words (and this is the somewhat unaccountable privilege of Latin over modern languages), all that ought to be expressed, suggestive but not vague, strong but neither forced nor laboured. It becomes the man, whose character will live upon his gravestone as it lives in the memories of those who had the happiness and honour of knowing him intimately.

"And now for the other sad subject of our common sorrow. With me it is a friendship of boyhood, kept up with more or less hearty intercourse since our Eton days, with very many common objects of interest. Little did I think, when I accepted the offer of his Mapledurham home in the summer, and had the enjoyment of his society every other Sunday, that we were not to meet again in this world. I begin sadly to feel

the inevitable lot of prolonged life ; my dearest friends are dropping around me with frightful frequency. I cannot say that I do not make new and younger friends ; but they are not the old. I really think the Provost (of Eton) almost the last whom I knew well, to the end of whose tether in reading, especially in reading works of imaginative scholarship, and what are called 'Les Belles Lettres,' in all languages, I do not come ; men of the Hallam and Macaulay type. And this dreary close, worse than removal ! Of all pathetic lines, none move me so much, move me to tears than old Johnson's—

> "From Marlborough's eyes," &c.,
> "And Swift expires." &c.

"And it is a case in which friendship must fold its hands and be content to do nothing. My dear Mrs. Austin, now that our ranks are so sadly thinned, we should draw closer to each other ; we must love each other more as we feel that we must soon part. With Mrs. Milman's affectionate remembrances,

"Your most sincere friend,
"H. W. MILMAN."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"WEYBRIDGE, *May* 3, 1862.

"In the first place, let me tell my good news to the dear kind friends who will share in the joy it gives me. Yesterday I received the last letter to be written from the Cape by my beloved daughter. By this time she is on the sea, and hopes to be in England in the middle or end of June. Her letter is charming ; *radiant* (I could almost call it) with satisfaction at the immense effort she made, thankfulness for the mercy which has blessed it, hope and joy at the thought of seeing all her dear ones again, and last but not least, with the physical sense of enjoyment in existence to which she had been so long a stranger. No one, she says, who has not passed two years in incessant pain, and languor, and depression, can tell what it was to stand on the mountain top, and inhale the exquisite air, and look around and feel once more the springs of life within.

Her letters are most interesting, full of acute observation, and original, courageous reflections on all around her. I hope she will print, at least, some part of them. They will have great value for all people who want to find a *really* perfect climate—heat combined with the greatest freshness and salubrity—'the climate of Paradise,' as she says.

"Far different, I fear, is that of Egypt, judging from poor little Janet's pale face. She says the summer is quite intolerable. As, however, I am in the way (I believe) to be a great-grandmother, I am less dissatisfied with her looks than I should otherwise be. I begin to feel that it is time for me to leave a world where three generations are pressing on behind me; but God's will be done in this and in all things!

"My work advances. As the second volume would not conveniently contain all the 'Lectures,' I am going on with the third, which will consist of about 100 pages of 'Lectures,' of the Tables, some papers on Codification, &c. Murray says it would be utterly useless to publish anything now. This detestable Exhibition overlays everything. To me the whole appears a melancholy mockery; and if I had been present, I should have seen but two figures—the 'Silent Father of our Kings to come' in his grave, and the sorrowing, forlorn Queen in her 'weeds of woe.' Then the state of the world. Instead of the hopeful and peaceful spirit of '51, in one country distress, in another the most savage of wars; in all, alarm and distrust. I was in London lately, and called on Miss Stanley. She had spent two hours with the Queen, whose conduct about Dr. Stanley was most considerate and touching. What struck Miss Stanley most was her simplicity and her profound humility. Her grief was the simple woman's grief; and she spoke of herself as owing everything to him. 'He taught me everything, he guided me,' and so on. She never adverted to her own position. The truth is, as one of her ministers said, *he* was our King, and she his Consort. Women who have no claims strive for power, and she was content to give her vast power to him; while he, on the other hand, effaced himself that she might appear supreme. I think this is one of the most beautiful triumphs of love. But oh! the grief, the loss, the void.

"And now I must have done. So, with kindest love to all, farewell, dearest sir.

"Yours,
"S. A."

Sarah Austin to Minnie Senior (now Mrs. Simpson).

"WEYBRIDGE, *June*, 1862.

"DEAREST MINNIE,—I am just going to write to Mrs. Senior to say that, albeit packed, or nearly so, and ready to start, the heat of this day terrifies me, and I feel as if I ought rather to make my will than attempt a visit. I really dare not answer for myself; I have had such giddiness from heat that I might fall down or do some strange thing. It is most provoking. I wish so much to see you all, and I have nothing else in the world to prevent my going but the weather. One difficulty is the necessity of being dressed with *decency*. The costume wish to adopt is that in which I found the Princess Villafranca—a shift (of the simplest and most primitive cut), a large black lace shawl, a pair of silk slippers (feet bare), and a huge fan. (N.B. She was fatter than I am.) This I call a reasonable dress for this weather; but I fear your mother's drawing-room is not the place for it. Even the most correct English ladies in Malta contented themselves with a shift and a white *peignoir*. At home, I make a very near approximation to this; but, as Lady W. Russell said, the English conclude if your dress is loose, that your morals are so. In that case I am thoroughly dissolute, but I will reform at Kensington.

"The more hyperborean the room the better. If you have an icehouse, put me in that. Seriously, I could by no means *sleep*, even were I to *lie*, in a south room, and I don't the least mind the additional stairs; that difficulty can be surmounted by prudence and patience. This arrangement has the additional advantage that your kind father is not dislodged, which I know he was on my account before. Anything that makes me feel less of a bore and a burden is a great comfort. To conclude, I wish, hope, intend to be with you to-morrow evening. If I do not arrive by half-past ten, pray conclude

that I cannot, and in that case I shall continue to have the same hopes and intentions for the following day. If that degree of uncertainty puts you to any inconvenience, pray, dear child, say so. Don't let me be a torment, if you love me, as I hope you do; for I am always with a great deal of affection.

"Yours,

"S. Austin."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

"Weybridge, *June* 17, 1862.

"Dear Friend,—It seems I only write to make you a partner of my fears and sorrows. Forgive me. Lucie has written from Cape Town that homeward-bound ships are rare, and she was hesitating between a slow sailer and a screw steamer the *Jason*, which is due in a few days. If she comes by the *Camperdown* (the sailing vessel), she will not be here until the middle of July. I have been anxiously expecting an answer from Madame de Peyronnet, to tell me when she thinks of coming.

"What do they say in France about the last volume of M. Guizot's book? Here, I am sorry to hear it blamed on all sides. They say that he tells many things which had better have been left unsaid. Did you see Lord Brougham's speech in the *Evening Mail?* If you did, you will have pitied me for being thus dragged before the public. His praise is bestowed with the best intentions; but nothing is less agreeable to me. I am working hard. I have found sketches and fragments which make me profoundly sad. But I must try and render them useful to the ungrateful world, who did not know how to appreciate *him*. That is the lot of the best and most remarkable men.

"And you, most excellent friend, when are you coming? You know I shall not budge so long as my Lucie is at Esher. In October she intends to go with Janet to Egypt for the winter.

"Remember me to M. Cousin and to Madame de Circourt. I have heard from Dozon, who is bored to death at Bucharest, and proposes to throw up his post and come to Weybridge to give French lessons! You may imagine my answer.

"Ever your affectionate

"S. A."

CHAPTER XLI.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Lady Duff Gordon goes to Egypt—Illness of Mr. Ross—Birth of a Great-Grandson—American policy of England according to M. P. Paradol—Mrs. Austin's Illness—Letter to Mrs. Grote on "Domestic morals"—"Province of Jurisprudence" used as an Examination Book at Oxford and Cambridge.

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[TRANSLATION.]

"WEYBRIDGE, *August* 12, 1862.

"DEAR AND TRUE FRIEND,—An hour since, I heard the sentence which condemns me to another year's separation from my dear Lucie! Her doctors are much pleased with the results of her sea-voyage, but decided that she must leave England again. When Dr. Walsh and De Mussy advised her to go at once to Eaux Bonnes and thence to Cairo, Lucie asked them whether this kind of life was to continue; they declared that if she followed their orders there was every hope that her health might be re-established in two years. To this everything must give way, and I shall see her depart with quite different feelings from those of last year. But, my friend, for me, at my age, a year is long; and when I received Alexander's letter announcing the decision, I thought I should die.

"With what pleasure I had looked forward to your visit, to your seeing Lucie, Janet, Alexander, and Ross! That pleasing picture has vanished. But you will come, will you not, to console me? I feel that all courage is ebbing from me. Forgive me, my poor friend, for making you participate in all my sorrows.

"Yours from my heart,
"S. A."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"Weybridge, *August* 27, 1862.

"I cannot even keep you informed, my dear friend, of all our misfortunes! I begin to say, 'My soul is weary of life,' and to long for eternal repose. Hardly recovered from the agitation of my daughter's return and the grief of her departure, I was expecting Janet's confinement with intense anxiety, when her husband falls desperately ill! The day after Lucie's departure, typhoid fever declared itself. Imagine, I beg of you, Janet, within a few days of her confinement, standing by her husband's bed, doing everything for him! Maurice has been sent away, and little Rainie also. Of all that happy group, none are left save the poor old grandmother; and Janet absolutely forbids my remaining at Esher, declaring it would only add to her anxieties. I have but one consolation, Janet is all I could wish. This young woman, apparently so giddy, seemingly caring for no one, only thinking of her own amusement, shows a devotion and a courage which astonishes every one. Never a word of complaint, never an allusion to her own condition.

"If my friends ask about me, tell them they had better forget a person who can only talk of sorrow and sadness. This is not addressed to you, dear friend; I do not even ask your pardon for the grief I know I shall cause you.

"Your affectionate
"S. A."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"Weybridge, *September* 9, 1862.

"Dear Friend,—At last I *have* good news to send you! Janet has a son; Ross is so much better that he talks of driving over to see me. God be thanked! But this is not all; my daughter is slightly better, and she is, of course, nearest to my heart. Tell my good Cousin that *a great-grandmother* sends him many greetings, I will not say embraces him, for he will think my rank so dreadful that he would be shocked. As to you, young or old, I send you my tenderest affection.

"S. A."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"Weybridge, *November* 27, 1862.

"Dear Friend,—I cannot give you a better proof of my friendship than in writing to-day, for I feel inclined to work, and I need not tell you how precious every moment is to me. But I have so much to say, and it seems to me six months since you left.

"Our Oxford friends were much pleased by our visit. I am glad to have been the means of bringing together people made to understand, help, and love one another. I have a letter from Dr. Stanley, thanking me for the pleasure I had procured them, and full of your praises.

"I must draw your attention to a sentence of M. P. Paradol's in the paper, which will, I fear, have serious consequences if it is accepted as the expression of a party. We are only too accustomed to hear all we do misrepresented in France, to be astonished at anything. But what does astonish me, is to find M. Paradol's opinion more foolish than ill-natured. What! England, shop-keeping, manufacturing England, not only desires the destruction of her best market, but has a direct interest in aiding in that ruin! Every one knows that our commerce

with America was, before the war, larger than with all Europe put together, and what the interruption of that commerce costs us. Now we are supposed to desire its entire destruction, and this is the key of our American policy! Such silly paradoxes can only be inspired by the bad passions which blind men's understandings. Unfortunately, in France, the ignorance of political economy is as great as the strength of political passion. No one would dare to address such nonsense to a public who knew the A B C of the science. The opinions of M. P. Paradol would be indifferent to me; only I fear that, in England, they will pass as those of a party. Hence my taking it up so strongly. Show this to M. de Lagardie. It would be worthy of him to expose so unfortunate an error.

"I am working—my work progresses—and I am in better spirits, for I meet with great encouragement. On Saturday I expect a lawyer I have never seen, who wrote to my friend the Lord Chief Justice, begging him to induce me to publish 'the lightest indication' left by my husband on criminal law. I invited him to come and pass a day or two here, and to examine the MSS. He accepted with evident pleasure. I must leave you to go to Esher; I have not told you that soon I shall be entirely abandoned. Alexander is leaving Esher, and goes to stay with his friends, the Tom Taylors, at Clapham, for a year. Alas! Lucie must be at Cairo by this time; the last news were better.

"Yours, dear friend, from my heart,

"S. A."

Sarah Austin to Harriet Grote.

"Weybridge, *February* 27, 1863.

"Dearest Cummer,—In the first place, come what may of movements (which seem always difficult enough), it's a clear gain to hear from you—even grievances, with which one may fairly presume one's friend's life to be thickly sown. I can't help wishing you would write a treatise—a book, on the present taste of domestic morals. Contrasting the immense efforts and pretensions of these our days as to the training of the classes out

of which servants are to come with the quality of the article produced, there never was a more deplorable *fiasco*. One cause I believe to be the general substitution of (so-called) religion for morality in the schools. To be sure, the fright of the country at the notion of 'secular teaching' is, when the results of their religious teaching are contemplated (in all our households), profoundly ludicrous.

"But what strikes me even more is the way in which every kind of immorality in servants is regarded by masters and mistresses. They speak of being robbed and cheated as matters of course, and, as you say, they give false descriptions of those who leave them. A young barrister, who has been here several times about my work, told me he had had to conduct an investigation into a long-practised system of robbery at his club, which had resulted in the dismissal of six servants. He had to consult a detective from Scotland Yard, and had much talk with him. This man treated as quite visionary the notion of an honest servant: 'Lord, sir, these things are going on in every private house in London!' This seems to me very melancholy, yet I hear people treat it as a joke.

"You may well say these things poison life. I have just heard from two young wives and mothers, happy in all other respects, each compelled to send away all three maids—each bewildered and worn with the torment.

"You will guess my sorrow at the loss of the dear old friend who has left another chasm in my life.[1] I think, dearest Cummer, my going to London is improbable. I am in the last sheets of my book, and I can work nowhere so well as here. I shall not stir till it is quite done, and then it does not signify what becomes of me. I may die, the house may be burned, and the MSS. and I in it; my dear husband's labours and thoughts are safe. Do you see, dear Cummer, that Cambridge too has adopted his book as an examination book? Every day I receive some new encouragement.

"In a few days you will have a copy of a little *brochure*, the object and nature of which you will see. It will be followed in a week or two by the two volumes. If you will have me then

[1] Marquess of Lansdowne. Died 1863.

at Barrow Green I will come. So good-night, dearest Cummer, for I am tired, having driven to Hatchford.

"Your most affectionate

"S. AUSTIN."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"WEYBRIDGE, *March* 2, 1863.

"DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,—I cannot any longer defer writing to you. I must say—lest you should doubt it—that my heart is not changed or chilled towards you and yours. And when I have said that, I feel as if I had nothing more to say. Till now, I have lived for and in my work ; but now it will last but a few days longer, and I feel as if my life were done. I have indeed the constant pain of anxiety (which is a kind of life), but it has nearly worn me out. We have not heard from my dear Lucie since her letter of 10th December, nor can we, quite yet. For this Ross prepared us, or at least forewarned us—*prepared* one can never be for such lingering tortures.

"Mr. Senior, who goes to Paris in a few days, will, I trust, be the bearer of a little extract from my book, which I have reprinted as a pamphlet, for reasons you will see. I think it will please you. I felt as if I *ought* to let my husband speak to the class of men he thought so important to the state, and who might not see his book. Yet I must tell you that his book is daily rising into fame and authority to a degree which I never hoped to live to witness, and which he would never have believed. It is become an examination book at both Oxford and Cambridge, and I am assured by barristers that there is a perfect enthusiasm about it among *young* lawyers—men among whom it was unknown till since I published the second edition. So I have lived for something.

"You will receive a copy of the second and third volumes as soon as they are out.

"Your ever affectionate

"S. AUSTIN."

CHAPTER XLII.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Marriage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales—Death of Sir G. C. Lewis—Condolences from M. Guizot—Mr. Bright at Woburn Abbey—O'Connell and Repeal—Mrs. Austin to Mr. Gladstone on Italian Unity and Liberty in France—The German Part of France.

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[TRANSLATION.]

"WEYBRIDGE, *March* 5, 1863.

"DEAR FRIEND,—Mr. Senior will tell you about me—no good; I was very ill and troublesome in his house. I am better now. Sir G. C. Lewis writes to me that nothing is thought of but the Prince of Wales's marriage. The Queen has contrived to make her children so popular that 'Friends of the People,' &c., have no chance. You had formerly the phrase, 'Les Enfans de France,' but we have now the sentiment. They are our children, and we share all their joys and sorrows. What do they say in France about us? I suppose they think us mad? Nothing could be more striking than the warm affection, mixed, as *The Times* rightly observes, with a deep political conviction.

"How are these two bright young people to repay such sentiments? I wonder if they understand what it means to see the hearts of a whole nation—a self-contained, undemonstrative, matter-of-fact nation—cast at their feet like garlands of flowers. This is what one woman can accomplish by a

simple, pure, upright life, always dedicated to duty. It is the greatest conquest and the finest triumph the world ever saw.

"Good-bye, my dear friend,

"S. A."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"WEYBRIDGE, *April* 20, 1863.

"DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,—I began and half wrote a letter to you immediately on the receipt of one from my dear Henriette. But I could not get on. Blow upon blow has stunned me, and made me incapable of writing to my friends. In little more than three weeks I lost two brothers—both excellent—the eldest, whom you remember at Kensington, a loss to be felt to the last day I live. He was my second father, my dear, kind, indulgent, generous friend, my refuge in all distresses and troubles—his house and family an inexhaustible source of comfort and cheering to me. He was eighty-four, and his bodily health had become feeble. We all said and felt that it would be a blessing to him to depart; even his loving children said so. But now he is gone there is a chasm for which nobody seem prepared, for feeble and helpless as he was, he was still the centre round whom gathered so many recollections and so many cares. We are thankful that God permitted His aged servant to depart in peace, but we are all like sheep without a shepherd.

"I was writing to you on the 13th, after having made several vain attempts to finish my letter, when Alexander came to tell me that the news had just arrived by telegraph of George Lewis's death.

"I was stunned then, and am still stupefied. The death of my brothers was to be expected, and in many senses not to be deplored.

"But besides that George Lewis was a brother in intimacy, confidence, and affection, his untimely death is a calamity to the country hardly to be calculated. If you continue to take the *Evening Mail*, you have seen a very good notice of him (some guess it to be by Lowe). Poor dear Alexander is gone to his funeral (in Wales). What a loss to him!

"Lucie is at Cairo; she has been better, but was not quite

so well the last letter. Janet, poorly, compelled I fear to leave Alexandria for the summer. The little children well, but oh! so far from poor grandma. My own health is bad enough. I am ordered to Badenweiler, not far from Freiburg, and if I can crawl there I will; not that I care for life, but I dread helplessness. For the last fortnight I have been suffering terribly from gout in the hand—a weary, painful affair.

"My book is done, though not *out*. I hope you received the small portion of it I published separately for lay readers. People congratulate me that my work is done. This leaves me nothing. But I am most thankful to have been permitted to place my dear husband's remains beyond the reach of destruction or of oblivion.

"Farewell, dear sir and friend. Think with compassion of your affectionate and afflicted

"S. Austin."

M. Guizot to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"*May* 3, 1863.

"Dear Mrs. Austin,—I feel the profoundest sympathy with your sorrows. There is no deep affection that I have not known, no crushing loss that I have not experienced. I well remember your eldest brother; we passed a day with him at Kensington in 1848. I know what Lord Lansdowne was to you and to your family, and what England and his friends have lost in Sir George Lewis. For you he had, I know, a strong and sincere friendship, and took an affectionate interest in your work. You will not be consoled for such losses, my dear Mrs. Austin; your regret will be lasting. But the memory of such friendships, and the joys they shed over your life, will also remain. This is the only comfort left when all present and palpable happiness has vanished.

"But you have one affliction which I am spared—solitude; and I pity you the more because you are not formed to live alone. Yours is an expansive and loving nature. Tell me of your projects; are you really thinking of Badenweiler? Will

Lady Gordon return to England during the summer? If your little Janet cannot bear the heat of Alexandria, where will she go to escape the worst months?

I have received and read with much interest the detached chapter you sent me, and await the whole work with great impatience. As soon as it is out I shall propose an article in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. There are, unfortunately, few men in France capable of appreciating the value and explaining the ideas of Mr. Austin. I only wish that I could undertake the task, but I will not, and I cannot, allow anything to take me from working on my 'Memoirs.' I have still three volumes to publish, and I am entering on my seventy-sixth year.

"I hope you have received the translation Henriette has made of the principal speeches of Prince Albert, with the little preface I added? Your Queen sent me a message expressing her wish that the work should be published under my eye and with my name, and she sent me a copy of the original, with a few lines written on the first page, which touched me extremely by the depth and simplicity of their emotion. Farewell.

"Yours, with all my heart,

"GUIZOT."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"WEYBRIDGE, *Jan.* 4, 1864.

"It is long since I heard from you, dear Monsieur Guizot, and I feel sensibly the privation.

"I have nothing new to tell you. My daughter is, I hope, by this time at Thebes. Cairo is too cold for the winter; but it is some time since we heard from her, and I am looking anxiously for a letter. If you continue to take the *Evening Mail*, you see Janet's letters from Egypt. She is 'Our own Correspondent.' She and Ross are well and prosperous.

"Alexander and the dear young ones are well and, just now, together. I have been absent from home, with the exception of a few days, ever since the end of November, when I went to visit my dear young friend, Hastings Russell, at Woburn

Abbey. It is very interesting to me, who love him, to see the care, the anxious thought and conscientiousness, with which he administers the vast *dominions* confided to his management. It is an oppressive charge. I met there Mr. Bright, Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne ('S. G. O.' of *The Times*), and some others. I had a great deal of talk with Bright, and told him exactly my opinion of his and Cobden's speeches. He bore this patiently. I came to the conclusion that he and Cobden have no scheme to propose. They are profoundly ignorant, and can only destroy. But their influence is greatly overrated. Crowds go to hear them, and to make a noise. But men who *know* those populations say they have no real power. But I must leave these topics.

"The immediate motive for my writing to you, dearest sir, is to introduce to you the brother of my friend, Miss Courtenay (whom I think you have seen in London). Mr. Courtenay was private secretary to Lord Dalhousie during the whole of his viceroyalty. If you talk to him of India, as I daresay you will like to do, you will expect to find him a zealous champion of the policy of his chief. Mr. Courtenay possesses *in the last perfection* one talent, which will, I hope, secure for him the favour of my dear Pauline. He is a thorough musician, and his singing is exquisite.

"Farewell, dear sir and friend. I send my cordial love and greetings to all around you, and am always, with the truest affection,

"Yours,

"Sarah Austin."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"Weybridge, *Jan.* 11, 1864.

"My dear Friend,—It is long since we have talked together, and I feel the want of some words from your faithful and kindly hand. This year begins darkly and sadly for me. My sister is dying, and my daughter's last letter alarms me, from the melancholy tone in which it is written. I cannot talk

politics to you. The spectacle in Europe is only surpassed by that of America. It is all so odious that I should advise my country to close her doors and her windows, and not occupy herself with the affairs of her neighbours. The French writers who have the face to deplore the oppression in Ireland amuse me—Ireland, where the public press insults and abuses the Government every day without let or hindrance. M. de Lasteyrie has written a good article on the state of things there; tell him that in the thick of the 'Repeal' cry, some Members of Parliament belonging to the Liberal party advised O'Connell to drop so foolish a cry, and seriously to attack the Irish Anglican Church, promising him their support and co-operation. O'Connell smiled and shrugged his shoulders; that was not at all what he wanted. Charles Buller, who made the proposal to O'Connell, told me about it at the time. Such are the idols of the masses. He stuck to Repeal because he knew it would lead to nothing. The only ray of sunshine in my life is the success my book has had, but since its completion I feel a thousand times more lonely. However, there is some idea of publishing a second edition, in which case I shall have more work before me. I must leave you. Adieu, best of friends.

"Most affectionately yours,
"S. A."

Sarah Austin to W. E. Gladstone.

"PARIS, *May* 9, 1864.

"DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,—It was not likely that I should forget your kind invitation to your Thursday breakfasts; and when in March I left England, I thought I should not be long in Paris without hearing something which would give me a better reason for troubling you with a letter than the mere apology for my absence. I did not expect that I should be confined to my bed with a violent attack of gout. But let me proceed to the immediate motive of this letter. Since I have been here, a nephew of mine has arrived, whose long residence in Italy and very peculiar acquaintance with the affairs of that country render his conversation interesting to me, and to all

who care about Italy. In listening to him, it has often occurred to me to think, 'Mr. Gladstone would be pleased to hear that,' or, 'That is a fact I should like Mr. Gladstone to know.' And so, dear sir, I take courage to give this nephew, Philip Taylor of Marseilles, a letter to you. You will understand that neither he, nor I for him, have the smallest request to make to you. Born in England, educated in France, and established for some time in Italy, he speaks, I think, without prejudice. He enjoyed a good deal of the confidence of M. de Cavour, and has had some insight into the political condition of the country. But it is not as a politician that I introduce him to you. He is an engineer, and in that capacity has been brought into immediate contact with the Italian people. His description of the tranquillity, the prosperity, and the high cultivation of the beautiful and little-known shore of the Adriatic, is very delightful, and will cheer the *Italian portion* of your benevolent heart. The degree to which the people have *slid* into the new *régime*, and have silently and practically adopted the unity of Italy, is, I think, one of the most remarkable appearances of our day.

"Perhaps, dear sir, I, in my ignorance, exaggerate the novelty and the interest of what my nephew has to tell; if so, you will forgive me, and will not lose your precious time in listening to well-known facts. Another matter on which he has ample information is curious enough, but so little agreeable that you will hardly care to hear details of what is so shameful, so afflicting. Are you aware that every postmaster in France has to send to the 'Commissaire de Police' a weekly return of the newspapers taken by every individual in his district, and that this return is forwarded to the Préfet of each Department? Perhaps you know this and a thousand other *mesquines* inquisitions and tyrannies. They will not be removed by declamations about 'La Liberté,' and I see little that looks like earnest attacks upon distinct practical grievances. There is a small movement in the right direction in Lorraine, a revival of local activity.

"Dear Mr. Gladstone, I am always most respectfully and cordially yours,

"SARAH AUSTIN."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"Niederbrunn, Bas Rhin, *May* 27, 1864.

"Dear Friend,—It is high time I should tell you where I am. I do not think I shall get over my illness at Paris; I shudder when I think of the bother I caused my friends. At Strasburg I was met by Madame Schneider, a remarkably talented and original woman, taking a virile interest in all great questions. I find this German part of France extremely interesting—the mixture of the two natures—the leaven of Protestantism, and above all the grand town of Strasburg, which, compared with Paris, has the air of a great noble by the side of a vulgar *parvenu*. Then the country is so rich and well-tilled, and the forests so magnificent. No one is here, as the season has not yet begun, but the people please me, they are quiet and civil. I have made the acquaintance of the Dietrichs and the Türckheims, influential manufacturing families, whom I regret to see resigned to having no political influence. They have immense workshops, employ thousands of workpeople, and ought to be the natural representatives of their country. Politically, they are nothing, and do not appear to regret it. It is true that a man whose grandfather died on the guillotine as a recompense for patriotism, may be excused for holding aloof from all popular movements. I must confess that the Protestants here seem to be superior in education. How much there is to study wherever one goes! Tell me how your eyes are, and do not write me more than three lines.

"Yours from my heart,

"S. Austin."

CHAPTER XLIII.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Death of Mr. N. Senior—Marriage of H.R.H. the Comte de Paris—Fourth Edition of "Ranke," and new Edition of the "Province of Jurisprudence" People no longer enjoy things—M. P. Paradol on Lady Duff Gordon—Letter from Mrs. Austin to Mrs. Grote.

Sarah Austin to Mary Charlotte Senior.

"NEIDERBRUNN, BAS RHIN, *June* 12, 1864.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have now learned that your watchings and cares, your hopes and fears are at an end. How I know them *all!* How I have felt for yours while they lasted, and oh! how I feel for you now, when all is over!

"Nobody can know better what you felt and *will* feel. For I will not mock grief like yours with any notion of its *wearing off.* My dear friend, have I not seen that from the first day to the last of your married life, you have lived *for him* and *in him*, and how can you now begin another life? No, dearest Mrs. Senior, we must continue to the end as we are—our husbands (now re-united) must still be our constant thought, and if we have any earthly consolation, it must be derived from the retrospect of the life we have passed with them.

"Nobody living has a greater right to this consolation than you; for a more unselfish wife never existed. I feel sure that you will thank God, as I do, that you were permitted to fulfil your task to the end. The more I feel the unutterable dreariness of my widowhood, the more thankful am I that it is I, and not he, who have to bear it.

"I say nothing of myself and my own loss, for how can I mention it by the side of yours? But this I must say, that few greater losses can befall me in this world. Putting aside my own nearest and dearest, there is really nobody for whom I felt a more entire and warm regard, or upon whose friendship I calculated with greater certainty. His life-long affection for my husband would alone have sufficed to attach me to him in no common degree; but how many other reasons had I—I who knew him—for respecting and loving him!

"Well, my dear friend, he has passed a useful, happy, and honourable life, and has left behind him a name that will be a treasure to all who bear it.

"Give my kindest love to my dear Minnie. She too will feel as if half her life were gone. But she is young, and will in time find new interest in life. You never will, dear friend, as I know by my own experience. We have only to await as patiently as we can the welcome call to join those we have lost.

"Ever, dearest Mrs. Senior,

"Your true and attached friend,

"S. AUSTIN."

Sarah Austin to H.R.H. the Comte de Paris.

"RÖMERBORD, BADENWEILER G. H. BADEN,

"*July* 3, 1864.

"MONSEIGNEUR,—It is needless for me to try to express the emotion with which I read the accounts of your marriage. It appeared to me to take place under all blessed and favouring auspices—not the least of which is, that you will have for the present to seek your happiness in each other, undisturbed by other interests.

"All my thoughts and wishes were with you. I question if any of the assistants were more absorbed in the scene than I in the thought.

"If your Royal Highness sees German papers, I need not attempt to describe to you the universal exasperation against us, of which you must hear enough from higher sources. It far exceeds anything I remember in French or English jour-

nals. Even *I* must admit that there is a little *fond* of *Grobheit* (coarseness) in the mass of Germans which comes out unpleasantly when they are angry or exultant. My doctor here evidently believes that Baden, single-handed, could beat England. But I heartily forgive them all their nonsense and fanfaronade, which is fully justified by Lord Russell's miserable shufflings. For the first time in my life I am ashamed of my country. However, German popular politics have seldom been worth listening to.

"If you see (as I hope) Lord Grey, pray tell him, with my regards, that I did not meet with a single man in Paris who doubted for a moment that he was right—that a fleet sent to the Baltic at the first moment would have stopped the war. Unfortunately most of them added, '*Oui, mais la difficulté est ici.*' In spite of the nature and magnitude of that difficulty, I can hardly believe that it would not have been better to risk it than suffer intolerable shame.

"Why make promises and hold out hopes? *that* at any rate might have been avoided. I am sure you feel generously towards Englishmen who love their country's honour, and are cut to the heart by this abdication of her great position and her great duties.

"I know not how to recommend myself to the gracious regard of the Comtesse de Paris. You will explain to her (if you can) how it is that an obscure old woman ventures to write to your Royal Highness as I do. Tell her, if you were my King, I could not honour you more, and if you were my son, I could hardly love you better.

"Your faithful servant,

"SARAH AUSTIN."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[TRANSLATION.]

"BOLTON STREET, LONDON, *Jan.* 22, 1865.

"DEAR FRIEND,—Since I wrote to you, I have been very anxious about Lucie. The last news were not good. At Alexandria she was delayed because her boat was not ready. You

will be surprised at my being in London, but I was forced to come, and here I am laden with honours and literary business. A fourth edition of my 'Ranke' is called for. In vain have they published a cheap translation; the few copies remaining of mine are being sold at fancy prices. I cannot deny that I feel gratified at such a recognition of my *opus*. It was done with care and conscientiousness, and it is pleasant, before dying, to know that my country appreciates those qualities. What interests me still more is the new edition that I am preparing of my husband's book, and I have come to consult some of my legal friends. It is unlikely that I shall live to see another edition, and I want to leave it as perfect as possible. The book is evidently *taking root*. One of these days you will receive a packet of M. Dunoyer's letters to my husband and to me; his widow wrote to ask me for anything I had, as M. Mignet was preparing an *éloge* of her husband. I have collected all his letters, and beg you to hand them over to her or M. Mignet. You have no idea how occupied I am, as the daughter of Felix Mendelssohn has asked me to write down my recollections of her father, for his memoir, which is in the press. I could not refuse, for if ever a man was perfect, he was. Then I wish to write every mail to my Lucie, whose published letters have made quite a sensation—I am now preparing a fourth edition.

"My poor hand refuses any more work. Good-bye, my excellent friend; you know what my feelings are towards you, nothing will ever change them.

"Yours affectionately,

"S. A."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[Translation.]

"Paris, *March* 20, 1865.

"Madam and dear Friend,—I have just seen Prévost Paradol on his return from Egypt. He is enchanted with Lady Lucie, and exceedingly struck by her talents, her eloquence, and the extraordinary strength of her understanding. Clever and witty as he is, he could not find words to express

his admiration. She is the Queen of the Arabs at Thebes; they are taught, enlightened, and improved in every way by her example. Prévost Paradol spent three days with her on his way up the Nile, and two on his return, when he saw Janet, who was going to pay another visit to the Suez Canal with M. de Lesseps.

"I have no doubt that the 'Letters from Egypt' will have as much success as those from the Cape, and probably more, as having living among the Arabs so long, Lady Lucie's descriptions must be perfect.

"When you know the date and the place of meeting, let me know, and I will do my utmost to be ready to escort you; it will be delightful to see the whole family together. At the end of this month 'Mohammed' will be published, and then I shall begin on the proofs of another volume of Aristotle.

"Your ever devoted friend,

"B. St. Hilaire."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"Weybridge, *May* 13, 1865.

"Dear Friend,—Your letter has caused me great pleasure; it remains for you to fix the place of meeting. I think I shall go by Liège and Cologne. I dare say you would like to pass a couple of days at Bonn; if you are pressed for time, you might meet me there. But I trust that you have not become such a 'man of the present' as to be bored whenever one is not projected through space like a cannon-ball, or to calculate in how many hours one can 'do' the Rhine. Only to-day I heard some young people complaining of the slowness of the steamboats. I always found that the glorious scenery passed but too quickly before my eyes. Why is this? People no longer enjoy things. Forward, ever forward! is the cry, not of war, but of peace—peace which is not repose. 'In how many hours?' is the question which has superseded all others. Lucie hopes to be at Soden by the middle of June, but I await a final letter from Luxor. Henry Reeve came to see me

yesterday ; of his Parisian news what pleased me most was his account of my old friend, Cousin. Remember me to him, and tell him that I rejoice at his good health, and am delighted at all the noble work he is doing for his child, Philosophy, and at his remaining true to Italy and her liberty ; our dear Santa Rosa would have blessed him. I look forward to meeting you about the 12th of June.

"Ever from my heart, your affectionate

"S. A."

Sarah Austin to Harriet Grote.

"SODEN, *August* 25, 1865.

"DEAREST CUMMER,—It is miserable work to be forced to reply to a letter which moves one's inmost heart through a stranger's hand ; but, alas ! I can do no otherwise. Immediately on my arrival at this place I was attacked with gout, which has finally settled in my right hand in such a degree as to render it useless. You, who for forty years and more have known the whole course of my inward and outward life, with all its privations and toils and all its compensations, can estimate better than anybody what this loss is to me. If it were likely to be permanent, life would be scarcely tolerable ; and you who, God be thanked ! enjoy the unspeakable comfort afforded you by the tender cares of your life's companion, can hardly imagine the dismay with which I contemplate any diminution of that occupation which has always been so valuable to me, and is now almost the only remnant of my once varied and active life.

Alexander and I were six weeks without news of Lucie, who was dangerously ill ; and during that time I was in such a state of mind that I really could not write to anybody. Nothing is so intolerable to write about as suspense. I left Weybridge in the middle of June, and did not find Lucie here till the 22nd of July, just about the time of your arrival at Baden. It is an additional grief to think that you and I have been so near and yet so separated. The one bright spot in my history is—what indeed brightens all the rest—the great improvement in Lucie's health.

The last sentence in your letter struck me much as to the real nullity of what is called society, when you really want it; I cannot get you out of my mind. I have often seen you in intense pain, but have always looked with confidence for the return of that matchless activity and vivacity which were the delight of all who knew you. It would be folly to hope for the revival of youthful health or youthful spirits; but I earnestly hope that I may find you tranquilly cheerful, and able to enjoy that best and dearest of all society which you have by your side. May you never know what it is to want all those watchful and tender cares which Love alone can or will bestow! Nearly the whole of my married life was passed, as you know, in rendering such offices, and a very small portion of it in receiving them: enough to know that it is vain to look for any—the smallest compensation for the loss of them. May God preserve them to you, my dearest friend!

"Your most affectionate,

"S. A."

CHAPTER XLIV.

SARAH AUSTIN (*continued*).

Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot about her Daughter—Mr. Carlyle on Letters of Condolence and Smollett's House—Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire on Prussia and Austria—Love of the Arabs for Lady Duff Gordon—Absorption of Germany in Prussia—Letters on M. Cousin's Death from M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin—Her Answer—Last Letters from Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire—Her Death—*The Times* on Mrs. Austin—Letter from M. Guizot to Sir Alexander Duff Gordon on the Death of Mrs. Austin.

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"WEYBRIDGE, *Dec.* 20, 1865.

"DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,—Alexander has been to see his poor wife, and has spent five weeks with her at Cairo. He is now on his way home, and she on hers to *her* solitary home at Thebes. He leaves her with the entire conviction that she will never again be able to visit Europe. Even Cairo was too cold for her, and she had a slight return of blood-spitting. It is only at Thebes that she is comparatively well. That she can *live*, and live with something like comfort *anywhere*, is a blessing for which I am duly thankful. But enough of sorrow remains. Her husband's broken life and broken home; her children motherless and homeless; her poor mother—how can I write it?—I shall never see that beloved face again; and so vanishes the last ray of earthly hope out of my horizon. Nor with this extinction of hope is there cessation of fear. The anxiety, the corroding anxiety *for her* remains; and after five weary years of that torture, I find myself as far as ever from repose. I keep out of the way of people; I fear their indif-

ference, and I fear yet more their condolences and consolations. The comforters are always the happy. God forgive them! They know not what they say.

"If you have seen anything of her letters from the Cape, you will see that my chief earthly comfort lies in the wonderful *trempe* of her mind—so noble, brave, generous, unselfish. Her letters from Egypt are still more interesting. They will be published, and you shall see them.

"I have just passed my woful anniversary. Markby will tell you how my husband's influence grows.

"Your most affectionate

"S. A."

T. Carlyle to Sarah Austin.

"Chelsea, *June* 28, 1866.

"Dear Mrs. Austin,—Thanks for your kind inquiry after me; I feel it all the kinder knowing too well that you are yourself so weary and heavy-laden.

"In respect of bodily health I seem *not* to be worse than I was six months ago, which, indeed, is not saying a great deal. As to my instantaneous and incalculable loss, *otherwise*. I felt, and more and more feel it to be, the sudden extinction of all that remained of humanly cheerful in my sombre existence, and had better not speak of it at present—much and continually as it insists on being thought of, and thought *to the bottom* if I can. How I understand what you say about letters of condolence! I have burnt some scores of them, unread except the first line and the signature.

"Mr. Irving did not call even in passing—out of polite and considerate motives. Please tell him, if you write, that I yesterday morning received his letter enclosing yours, and along with it his Notes upon *Tobias Smollett* and the Smolletts, which I read with interest and care, and will keep with thanks. Smollett's house stood within a gunshot of me here, and only vanished within the last twenty years.

"May peace more and more be with you, dear old friend! Accept my grateful remembrances and continuance of affectionate wishes.

"Yours faithfully,

"T. Carlyle."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"Weybridge, *October* 3, 1866.

"Dear Friend,—You will have perceived my return by receiving your papers regularly. I feel ill, and should not have written this but for my habit (to borrow a phrase from M. Cousin) of mixing myself up with what does not concern me—*i.e.*, public affairs. You are aware that I know Germany, and that I love her. The misfortunes of Austria, the insolent triumphs of Prussia, the destruction of that dear old Germany who has given us so much that is beautiful and so many profound thoughts, leave me no rest. The crowd of courtiers, applauding success in the shape of Prussian violence and cheatery, make me sick. I have published some facts in the *Examiner*, from a source above all suspicion, about the conduct of the Prussians in Bohemia. Hardly had I despatched my packet when I saw in the paper I send to-day the sentence I have underlined. Now, dear friend, you are honesty and justice personified. Go to M. Dufaure, tell him that I hold documents which will be precious to him for the defence of the 'Mémorial diplomatique.'[1] You know what Count Leo Thun is, and my opinion of him; it is from him that I have these documents, and he vouched for their truth. This I tell you, for his name must not be mentioned. You can say I guarantee the truth of all I send. The papers are of course in German, which will probably make no difference to M. Dufaure. Tell him, if he requires more proofs, that I undertake to put him in communication with some of the most eminent men in Bohemia, whom he can implicitly believe. You will laugh at my zeal! But it is too terrible to see men not only deceived, beaten, and trodden under foot, but after their fall, maligned and calumniated by their victors. What strikes me is the baseness of the Prussian nobles. The common soldiers have, on the whole, behaved well and with humanity. The officers (nobles), who open the ladies' wardrobes, take their linen, and order the wine they

[1] Attacked by the Prussian Ambassador, M. de Goltz, in the French Courts.

could not drink to be packed up to take away with them! The most brutal of Napoleon the First's officers did not behave worse. In the *Evening Mail* they mention an accusation of sheep-stealing. M. Dufaure should know that at Berlin Austrian sheep were sold publicly before the battle of Königgratz. Lord Bloomfield saw them. In Prague the officers ran races with the horses they had stolen from the stables of Count Kinsky, in whose castle they were quartered. At his brother's, Prince Kinsky, they broke open the private archives, and threw about the carefully-arranged papers. Thus M. Dufaure can say with perfect truth that the conduct of the Prussian officers has not been exaggerated by his client or any one else. I tried three papers before finding one which would publish these facts. My so-called Liberal countrymen are bewitched—deceived by words—by a name! Austria stands for despotism and darkness; Prussia for liberty and light! I must say good-bye, and will tell you my adventures another time. I enjoyed my visit to the Bishop of St. David's exceedingly. Dear Lucie is better; her last letters are delightful.

"Yours from my heart,

"S. A."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"*November* 2, 1866.

"Dear and true Friend,—I have been wishing to write to you for a long time, but I have had much to do, and have done little. The condition of Germany saddens me, and still more the state of public opinion in England. People hardly venture to express the horror felt for this mixture of falsity, fraud, and violence called Prussian policy. Imagine that Mr. Froude, our distinguished historian, refused to publish in his magazine authentic facts sent me by L. T., on the ground that he was glad to see a great Protestant Power established in the north of Europe. What a reason! As though there would be a single additional Protestant! However, the *Examiner* has printed my extracts; and I have added a few words about the good and unfortunate King of Saxony. The way he is spoken

of makes me very angry. Prussian intrigues against him had already begun when I was in Dresden. I shall be attacked in the papers—never mind, no one now will care, and I shall at least show the courage of gratitude and respect. Janet is at Venice. She has no great admiration for the Venetians, but she is struck by the moderation and dignity shown by the Austrians. I conceive that Venice will sink into comparative insignificance : she lived by her complaints.

"I hope you have seen in the paper the enlightened and patriotic munificence of my dear friend, Whewell—£70,000 consecrated to so admirable and permanent an end. What a contrast to his philosophical antagonist, John Mill, who shows his attachment to the people by the artifices of a demagogue ! His has been a fall indeed ! Our noble 'Master,' who despised popularity, really loved his country, his university—in short, the good and the true.

"Thank God ! the accounts of Lucie are better.

"Yours affectionately,

"S. A."

Sarah Austin to Lady William Russell.

"*November* 6, 1866.

"*Curios !* Your charming letter, dear Lady William, comes *a punto*. It treats of all the subjects that now occupy me. If this meeting of one's thoughts gives me great pleasure, the regret that I cannot talk with you is, on the other hand, very painful. To say truth, I have seldom been more *triste*. I do not speak of convulsions of sorrow or of fear, which I have had formerly, but of that settled gloom which, I am afraid, must in the end overpower me. The cause of this is (next to the separation from my dear daughter) my continual and increasing ill-health. Again I am incarcerated. I returned home the day after I saw you, was attacked by bronchitis, and condemned to keep my bed for four days, and my room ever since. It is not, however, the bodily pain or *malaise* that depresses me ; I have had as much of that before, and bore it cheerfully. The terrible thing is the loss of energy. I have always in my mind a number of things

that I want to do—that I ought to do—that torment me, not being done.

"I can do nothing. I sit down to write, and I fall into a sort of reverie ; the hours are gone and I have done nothing. I rise up and put away my paper, and feel ready to cry. When I think of the three winters, during which I worked with such unflinching courage and industry, and achieved (I dare say it to you) a really great work ; and now the second edition must be prepared and I seem powerless to do it. If I die leaving it undone, I shall die miserable. Dearest Lady William, do pardon this out-pouring ! These constantly recurring fits of illness will destroy my living soul before they put an end to my body.

"I have been intensely excited, however, by all that is going on—abroad and at home. The Prussomania is so violent that one can't get a hearing on the other side. Leo Thun sent a number of extracts from letters and papers describing the behaviour of the Prussian officers in Bohemia. He sent them first to Lord Clanwilliam, who took no trouble about them—'dared say they were all true, but *à la guerre comme à la guerre*,' and so turned them over to me. I translated them, and after applying in vain to two journals, got them admitted into the *Examiner*. Perhaps you saw them (Oct. 6th). Then I wrote a little sketch of the Kings of Prussia and Saxony, as typical or representative men, and added a few words about states, ending with : 'Klein ist unter den Fürsten Germaniens,' &c., &c. Exquisite lines !

"The *Athenæum* accepted and even printed it, but took fright and suppressed it. Something I sent to the *Pall Mall Gazette* has never appeared. Lastly, I wrote to ask Froude (editor of *Fraser*) if he would have an article about Saxony, for which I have very interesting materials. He is so delighted 'at the consolidation of a great *Protestant* power in North Germany that,' &c., &c.

"N.B. that all these men are immensely civil to *me* personally, full of respects and compliments. So this is the fairness of a free press !

"When your letter came I had just taken down from an almost forgotten shelf my translation of Cousin's 'Report on

Public Instruction in Prussia ;' for it was I, *meine Gnädigste*, and nobody else, who introduced that matter to the enlightened English public. If I had a spare copy you should have it, but I have only the one shabby original copy, which I am using. It was published by Effingham Wilson in 1834.

"Poor George Lewis used to say to me : 'You will go down to posterity upon that preface.' I was satisfied that he thought so ; but otherwise this dry laborious work never brought me one atom of either honour or profit.

"Of course you and I are not ignorant that Saxon civilisation is much older than Prussian. *Schulpflichtigkeit* is as old in Saxe-Gotha as 1643.

"You'll see that even then I took the *compulsory* side (in said preface). I remember Lord Brougham seized me by the arm and shook me for being such '*a friend to despotism.*' I am persuaded our mob is the most atrocious in the world. As to the imbecility about the training of women, it is nauseous. I read of a 'Working Women's College ;' I am going to write to the lady president to know what they teach.

"I am, and have always been, entirely of your mind about the second *ceto*. I have always felt more at my ease with *Allerhöchste* people than with my peers, though, indeed, the latter would not own me as an equal if they keep six servants and I three. They always measure their dignity by material things ; I have always avoided their society. My husband hated it.

"As to my going to London, you see how it is, each visit (even so short a one) followed by an illness! We have good news of my dear Lucie. She is on the Nile, her boat comfortable, and her three servants—two Arab and one negro—obedient, devoted, and cheerful. I have just heard from B. St. Hilaire ; he is going to Cannes. Cousin is there already. I would go if it were not so far.

"But I can do nothing. The only thing about me unimpaired, is my affection for you, which is not enfeebled like all the rest of

"Your very devoted
"S. AUSTIN."

Sarah Austin to M. Guizot.

"*January* 1, 1867.

"I am very unwell, dear M. Guizot, and very unable to write anything fit for you to read.

"I have long been wanting to tell you that my beloved daughter is—as we dare to hope—rather better. She thinks she may be able perhaps to come once more to Europe to meet husband and children, and, once more, her poor old mother. You may be sure I shall go if it is possible. They say it is a great risk. Perhaps so. I can die anywhere—and how much the happier if I have seen her dear face! She was at Cairo during the summer—at Cairo for *coolness!* Now she is returned to her old home at Thebes—alone, served by her faithful and devoted Omar and a negro boy. I could tell you curious things of the degree to which she is adored by the poor Arabs. Why will not those whose duty and business it is to conciliate and attach 'natives,' learn from her how easy it is? These poor people would die for her.

"My friend Markby has married my niece Lucy, to whom you were so kind. When he was appointed one of the Judges of the Supreme Court at Calcutta, the first use he made of his good fortune was to lay it at her feet, and she is, as she maintains, the happiest wife in the whole world. I have no doubt Markby will do much good there; he is so judicious and so upright. I have just had a long letter from him, which I thought so valuable that I sent it to Lord Cranborne, and received his warm thanks for the perusal of it.

"I have endured already much pain for the calamities of Germany. Perhaps, though, you do not think them calamities. I am in a very small minority, but I think I *know* Germany, and very few of my countrymen do. The absorption of Germany in Prussia is, I am sure, a calamity for the country and the world. Do you remember Goethe's exquisite lines, 'Klein ist unter den Fürsten Germaniens—freilich der meiner,' and so on?

"My letters from Saxony and Bohemia are heart-breaking.

"Now I must leave off, I am very weary, and besides the

New Year's Day will be gone without my letter. Accept, dearest sir, my affectionate wishes for the happiness of all your dear circle. Be assured that I never forget any of them, and that I am always

"Your faithful and grateful friend,

"SARAH AUSTIN."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"CANNES, *January* 14, 1867.

"MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND,—It is with the deepest sorrow that I have to tell you that we have lost our dear friend, Cousin. Yesterday he was seized at luncheon with invincible lethargy, and, in spite of all the doctor's efforts, he never regained consciousness. He died this morning at five o'clock. During the last few days we had talked much about you, and his affection for you and yours was as great as ever. On Saturday we dined with a friend, and Cousin was brilliant and amiable, as was his wont, towards the ladies of the party. Next morning at eight we had breakfast, and at one he acknowledged that he was hungry ; half an hour afterwards he was unconscious. One of the finest and most remarkable minds of this century—indeed, of all times—is no more.

"I accompany the body to Paris.

"Ever yours,

"B. ST. HILAIRE."

Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Sarah Austin.

[TRANSLATION.]

"PARIS, *January* 22, 1867.

"MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND,—Cousin has left Mignet and myself sole legatees, with the notary Frémyn. He leaves us a fortune, and has done it with the utmost delicacy ; we always knew that we were to be his executors, instead of which we are his heirs. He has named me keeper of his library for life.

"I write in haste, and am

"Ever your devoted

"B. ST. HILAIRE."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"*January* 24, 1867.

"I think no one ever felt such a mixture of sorrow and joy as your two letters have caused me—sorrow for the loss of an affectionate and tried friend; so few remain to me who could compare with him! But my sorrow is tempered by the mode of his death; he had such a horror of old age, his vanity rebelled against it; and then you were there to receive his last breath. Joy at the way in which he has disposed of his fortune, which does honour to him. I bless Cousin, I pardon all his weaknesses, and I honour his memory.

"I am very solitary. Occasionally some one comes down to talk jurisprudence, public instruction, the state of affairs in poor Austria, or some such light matter. But this, my friend, is what suits me best. Common gossip of society has no attractions for me; only the great interests of humanity have the power of making me forget my troubles for a time. I do not think Lucie will venture to come to Europe, and I cannot wish her to do so, for it is evident that she cannot face the change of climate. Her letters are extraordinary—full of courage, love of humanity, and original ideas. Have you ever met her friend, M. Brune? He must live in the artistic world.

"You must tell me what you would rather do—come to Weybridge and run up to London occasionally to see your friends, or make a little trip somewhere in England. For me the principal thing is to be with you—*ubicunque*. I am reading over Cousin's letters, written during forty years of warm friendship. Such a thing is rare to find, and one would not have expected it of him. I live with the dead, and I think generally they are superior to the living. I have translated and arranged the letters of M. de Lindenau, so that people may see what the government of Saxony was, and in what good hands. I hope they may be published.

"Good *excellentissime*, your well-being is a great joy to your faithful friend,

"S. A."

Sarah Austin to Lady William Russell.

"51, Cumberland Street, Hyde Park,

"*April* 7, 1867.

"Dearest Lady William,—It is so ordered that I am to be deprived, one by one, of every solace my sad case admitted of, and now the sight of you, the delight and animation of your conversation! It really is curious how, to the two great woes of my life, the two immense losses, have been added every kind of lesser suffering and privation. Fate is inexorable. I write in a dismal vein, for I feel faint and ill this morning. Pray forgive me.

"The *North British Review* is not mine, nor do I know anything about its management or *contribuables;* I, too, am very anxious to know who is the Runic scholar. The article is very interesting—as any good one on that subject must be. What a marked and quite peculiar nationality, and in many respects how grand!

"I entirely sympathise with you as to the joy of witnessing the loves of a young couple so completely and tenderly united. I remember M. Guizot telling me an incident which charmed me. M. de Bourquéney came from his legation for a holiday, and while in France fell in love with the girl he afterwards married. She was living with a blind grandmother. One day they were in the room with her, when she heard (you know the blind have fine ears) a sound which she instantly recognised. Instead of scolding or rebuking, the dear old granny said: 'Ne vous génez pas, mes enfants, ne vous génez pas. J'ai beaucoup d'amitié pour l'amour.' What an adorable old woman! The kiss which she heard gave her nothing but pleasure. I am afraid all the actors in this pretty scene are gone, are they not?

"*Encore* an anecdote. A maid presents herself to Madame Thiers to occupy the post of *femme de chambre*. She begins: 'Est-ce que Madame va beaucoup dans le monde? Est-ce que Madame se couche tard? Est-ce que Madame fait beaucoup de toilettes par jour?' &c., &c. 'Enfin,' Madame Thiers says, 'Mademoiselle vous m'avez fait tant de questions, que je n'en

ai pas une seule à vous faire. Je vous souhaite le bon jour.' Is it not good? Our ladies now, as I hear, 'se laissent questionner.' Send me word how you are to-day, my dear Lady William.

"Your most affectionate

"S. Austin."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"*July* 3, 1867.

"I cannot write with my own hand to my dear friend, but I must dictate a few words. You have heard I am ill. On the 25th of May I fainted away, and for three hours and a half all the attempts made by the doctor were ineffectual to recall me to life. To tell you the truth, I am not sure that I rejoice at his having succeeded, but God's will be done! Among my many sufferings the worst has been sleeplessness. The Sister of Mercy (French) who nursed me, declares that for five nights I never closed my eyes; and all this time I could not lie down for more than a few minutes, on account of the difficulty of breathing. Good De Mussy came twice to see me, and took a bad view of my case, as he told Mrs. Grote, who wrote me a farewell letter which touched me extremely. She is also very ill. And thus we separate after half a century of intimacy. One of my most painful thoughts was that I should see you no more, and I sent you a blessing from the depths of my heart. But now I had rather you came, when I shall be more able to enjoy your visit, and I do not know if I shall not even ask you to come and take me to the seaside. I will write soon, and not by the hand of another.

"S. A."

Sarah Austin to Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

[Translation.]

"*July* 30, 1867.

"Very dear Friend,—To-day I discharged my nurse, and I hope to be able to go to the seaside next week. Do as you like, come at once to Weybridge, or meet me at Broadstairs;

but *come*, do not delay, I have been too near never seeing you again in this life. I have so much to say to you, and I want to show you all Cousin's letters. Yesterday I had a visit from Ross and my dear little great-grandson Alick ; they are going to Homburg. I hope he may remember me, for I doubt his seeing me again. I am impatient to see you.

"*July* 31.

"Your letter interrupted me. Your arrangement is perfect : after your visit to Trouville I shall hope to enjoy your society. I am much changed, and I shall never again be what I was even last year, when we made our excursion to Wales. But you come *because* I am feeble, ill, and effaced. I hardly like you to make such a sacrifice, but still I accept your offer to accompany me to the sea with gratitude. My doctor says I must go to the pure bracing air of my own county. So I have decided on Hunstanton, a bathing-place I do not know : if I do not like it, I shall go on to my well-beloved Cromer. Our little trip will be interesting enough, as we shall sleep at Ely, and pass by Holkham, celebrated as the centre of agricultural knowledge, the type of a great gentleman's house, containing fine pictures and valuable manuscripts. But I do not like to take you so far from London, where so many friends await you. I should not be alone, as I shall have my maid and the faithful William, who is devoted and intelligent. So arrange all this, and do not sacrifice yourself too much. Come as soon as you like, it will be the greatest pleasure you can give to

"Your ever affectionate

"S. A."

This is the last letter Sarah Austin wrote. On the 3rd of August she had a severe fainting-fit, and she died on the morning of the 8th. Her faithful and beloved friend, M. B. St. Hilaire, arrived, alas ! a few hours after all was over. Mrs. Austin lies in the churchyard of Weybridge, by the side of the husband she loved so well, and to whose memory she raised the noblest monument by editing and arranging his great work on Jurisprudence. *The Times* truly said :—

"Mrs. Austin had a masculine intellect and a large heart. It was not by the play of a vivid imagination, or by a habitual display of what is termed wit, that she secured the affections and the friendship of so many of the wisest and noblest of her contemporaries. The power she exercised in society was due to the sterling qualities of her judgment, her knowledge, her literary style—which was one of great purity and excellence—and above all, to her cordial readiness to promote all good objects, to maintain high principles of action, and to confer benefits on all who claimed her aid."

M. Guizot wrote to my father :—

[Translation.]

"Dear Sir Alexander,—The death of Mrs. Austin is a real grief to me, for she was a trusty and intimate friend. I knew her in the most prosperous and in the saddest periods of my life, in the midst of my domestic joys and sorrows, of my political successes and disasters. I always found her the same—the same elevation of character, the same kindly sympathy, the same energy of devotion to her friends. Hers was a rare nature. I had given up all hope of seeing her again, and almost told her so in the last letter I wrote to her. She said farewell in her answer of the 11th July."

CHAPTER XLV.

LADY DUFF GORDON.

Birth of Lucie Austin—Her Childhood—J. S. Mill her playmate—Goes to Germany—Sydney Smith's Advice not to tear her Frock, to learn Arithmetic—Meeting with Heinrich Heine at Boulogne—Lucie Austin sent to School—Her Friends among the Fishermen at Boulogne—Visit of Miss Shuttleworth to Bromley—Letters from Lucie Austin to Mrs. Grote.

Lucie Austin, the only child of John and Sarah Austin, was born in Queen Square, Westminster, on June 24, 1821. At first her life was despaired of, and only saved by the skill of the surgeon Maudsley, who used to boast of his exploit, and always called her his child. Her chief playfellows were her first cousin, Henry Reeve, and her father's pupil in Roman Law, John Stuart Mill, whom she called "Bun Don" (Brother John) Jeremy Bentham's garden, next door, was the playground; his coach-house was converted into a gymnasium, and his flower-beds were intersected by threads and tapes to represent the passages of a panopticon prison. "Toodie," as she was always called, was the pet of the remarkable circle who frequented the house of her parents—the Grotes, the Carlyles, Bullers, Sterlings, Mills, Romillys, Erle, Molesworth, Rogers, Comte, Say, and many more. She grew in vigour and in sense, with a strong tinge of originality and independence, and an extreme love of animals.

In 1826, the Austins went to Germany for nearly two years and Lucie came back transformed into a little German maiden

with long braids of hair down her back, and speaking German like her own language. Her childhood was singularly lonely, days and days passed by without any companions of her own age. She lived in a world of elves and fairies: and, as she described, "Once standing in the garden at South Bank, Regent's Park, gazing dreamily at some sunflowers, my face must have been very sad, for a friend came up and asked me what was the matter? I answered, 'Nothing was the matter, only I was wishing the sunflowers could talk to me.'" "Alone by herself" she mused and roamed—unchecked, unquestioned, and unamused by the usual occupations of girlish existence. The only playfellow of her own age during their residence at South Bank was Herbert Taylor, son of the lady who afterwards became Mrs. J. Stuart Mill. The Taylors lived next door, and he tells me how well he recollects the hole in the hedge through which the two children used to creep in order to take off their shoes and stockings and paddle in the Regent's Canal. He said to me, "I remember how odd I thought your mother, and the wonderful tales she used to tell me about the newts and toads."

She had little regular instruction save the Latin lessons her mother gave her, and *accomplishments* were never attempted. For a short time she went to a boys'-school at Hampstead, kept by Dr. Biber, a German, where she showed more taste for Greek than anything else, probably in obedience to her father's strong desire that she should learn it. In 1834, Mrs. Austin decided on leaving England, and Sydney Smith wrote to the young girl :—

"Lucie, Lucie, my dear child, don't tear your frock: tearing frocks is not of itself a proof of genius. But write as your mother writes, act as your mother acts: be frank, loyal, affectionate, simple, honest, and then integrity or laceration of frock is of little import. And Lucie, dear child, mind your arithmetic. You know in the first sum of yours I ever saw there was a mistake. You had carried two (as a cab is licensed

to do), and you ought, dear Lucie, to have carried but one. Is this a trifle? What would life be without arithmetic but a scene of horrors? You are going to Boulogne, the city of debts, peopled by men who have never understood arithmetic. By the time you return, I shall probably have received my first paralytic stroke, and shall have lost all recollection of you. Therefore I now give you my parting advice—don't marry anybody who has not a tolerable understanding and a thousand a year. And God bless you, dear child."

At Boulogne, Lucie sat next Heinrich Heine at the *table d'hôte*. "He heard me speak German to my mother, and soon began to talk to me, and then said, 'When you go back to England, you can tell your friends that you have seen Heinrich Heine.' I replied, 'And who is Heinrich Heine?' He laughed heartily, and took no offence at my ignorance; and we used to lounge on the end of the pier together, where he told me stories in which fish, mermaids, water-sprites, and a very funny old French fiddler with a poodle were mixed up in the most fanciful manner, sometimes humorous, and very often pathetic, especially when the water-sprites brought him greetings from the 'Nord See.' He was at Boulogne a month or two, and I saw him often then, and always remembered with great tenderness the poet who had told me the beautiful stories, and been so kind to me and so sarcastic to every one else. He afterwards told me that the poem, 'Wenn ich an deinem Hause,' &c., was meant for me and my 'braune Augen.'" [1]

When in 1836 Mr. Austin was appointed a Commissioner to the Island of Malta, it was thought undesirable to take a girl of fifteen to a hot climate, so it was decided to send her to school at Bromley. She writes to Miss Shuttleworth, step-daughter of Mr. North, whose acquaintance she had made at

[1] "Monographs," by Lord Houghton. Written by his request for his article on "Heine," by Lady Duff Gordon.

Hastings two years before, and who had a strong influence over her :—

Lucie Austin to Janet Shuttleworth.

"London, *Oct.* 12, 1836.

"My dear Janet,—Thank you many, many times for your kind letter which I would have answered directly had I not been in such a state of worry and annoyance. I hear that I am to be prodigiously dragooned at Miss Shepherd's ; I am neither to receive nor write any letters whatever, except from mamma, and all that I write or receive from her must be read first by Miss Shepherd ; neither may I speak to any of my friends except in her presence. Now this is annoying ; but still more so is that I shall have to stay and dress in the same room with several other girls, which I think excessively improper. I don't know whether you do, but I am very prudish about such things and do not like this at all. However I think that my imperturbable *insouciance* will carry me through anything. Whomever I offend, I shall quarrel with no one.

"I was very much distressed at parting with my *matelot* friends at Boulogne, and they made such lamentations, and begged me to go again and to write to them and not to forget them, that I did not know what to say or do. I went over to Pierre Hénin's (the man who swam out to the *Amphitrite*), at about six in the morning on which we left Boulogne, to give him my address. His wife was out ; and on going in I saw Hénin sitting there with his hands before his face crying bitterly, so I went up to him; and laying my hand on his shoulder, said, 'Mais donc, Pierre, qu'est-ce que tu as?' He seized both my hands, kissed them over and over again, and said that he could not bear my going away, that I had been 'si bonne' to him, and that he loved me as much as his own daughter, and wanted to know whether there was nothing in the world he could do to serve me and to show me how much he was attached to me. I was quite *attendrie*, and cried too, promised to write to him, never to forget him, kissed him, his wife and little girl ; and when I saw the last wave of his

bonnet rouge from the end of the pier through the wind and pouring rain, I felt that I had just said adieu to as true a friend as it would ever be my chance to meet with. I have been very happy at Boulogne, and learnt to swim admirably of Hénin, and bathed every day in order to practise it. I went occasionally to the *matelot* balls and to their houses, mending their nets, playing with their children, learning their songs and their manner of fishing and navigating, and speaking their *patois* to perfection. *Par conséquent* there was not a *matelot* or a *matelote* in Boulogne or Partel (a fishing village two miles off) who was not delighted when Ma'mselle Lucie went into their cottage.

"I wish to heavens, my dear friend, that I could see you! I have so much to say, and write with such abominable stiffness and difficulty. A young curé at Boulogne tried to convert me to Catholicism; it is useless to say that he did not succeed, but I liked him very much, and he was very tolerant and gentle and took a great liking and admiration for me. His was not a very superior intellect, however, and I rather frightened him by bringing up one or two unanswerable reasonings of my father's which silenced him; and he then said no more about it, and we became very good friends, and I gave some money and an engraving for his church, and went to mass and to hear him preach. Pray write and tell me whether Miss Shepherd is Evangelical, whether I shall have to learn a catechism, whether there are prayers there, whether she will persecute me about my religion (if I *bien entendu* say nothing about it), and so forth.

"Have you a liking for queer little ballads? if you have, I will send you one by Pierre Hénin, one of the prettiest I know. Many of the *matelot* songs are charming, especially the old ones. I must be at Miss Shepherd's on the 21st, so please write to me soon. I must say I rather dread going there. Now, dearest Janet, good-bye, or rather *au revoir*—it is less sad.

"Your affectionate friend,

"Lucie Austin."

Miss Shuttleworth went with her mother, Mrs. North, to see Lucie at Bromley, and wrote in her diary :—

"We found her looking ill and wretched, and Miss Shepherd cross and not amiable about her. Harriet Stone, who is at school there too, said Lucie had been crying violently. I, who know her pride, know full well how very miserable she must have been to have cried. When she embraced me at parting, her eyes filled and her voice faltered. Dearest Lucie, she has much misery in store, with her strong feelings, philosophical pride, and lack of religion. *Insouciance* is nonsense, I have plainly told her so ; it is even worse than nonsense, and it is not her nature. By nature, Lucie's disposition is perfectly good ; she is a splendid creature, full of genius, of talent and honesty, simplicity and confidence in others and herself. I suspect Lucie may have shocked Miss Shepherd's conventionalism. I never saw a creature shrink so instinctively from the least touch of vulgarity as Lucie ; she is so totally without it herself—so above it—that it jars like discordant sounds upon her mind."

The correct and vigorous style which afterwards distinguished Lady Duff Gordon was apparent in her writing as a girl of fifteen. One of her first letters from school was written to Mrs. Grote :—

Lucie Austin to Harriet Grote.

"*Nov.* 6, 1836.

"My dearest Mrs. Grote,—As I have permission to write (not without due inspection of all letters written and received, however), I shall put you to the expense of twopence to tell you how I am getting on. I like my *convent* very much. I cannot give my opinion of Miss Shepherd, for I won't praise her to her face, and I dare not abuse her if I would ; so we must wait till Christmas, when I have a holiday of a fortnight. I have written to mamma, and upbraided her for telling me that Bromley was but four or five miles from London, whereas

I find myself twelve miles off, within a little at least. Janet Shuttleworth was in London for a day before I came here, and we had a long talk, and I liked her better than ever ; but she brought up the old subject so well named by Mr. Bentham, and I cannot reason with people who insist on such things. I hope that when you have nothing better to do, you will come down and see me. Between one and two is the best time, as we go out afterwards to walk. Or, *au pis aller*, that you will write me a note, letter, or what you will ; so long as it is from you, I shall be delighted to receive it. I am dying to see you or hear from you, and don't hope that you will escape my quartering myself upon you for a day at Christmas ; for I *will* hold a solemn palaver with you, which I could not accomplish before coming here. I shall not be able to write to you again, as I shall not have time to write to any one but mamma, and not much to her ; as, if I do my Latin and Greek lessons satisfactorily, I shall be rather hard-worked.

"Your most affectionate

"Lucie Austin."

Lucie Austin to Harriet Grote.

"London, *January* 10, 1837.

"Dearest Mrs. Grote,—As I shall be unable to come and see you before my return to Bromley, I write you my adieus. I would ask you to write to me, but perhaps it is better not, as it might cause some *désagréments* between Miss Shepherd and me, which it must be my study to avoid as much as possible. On this account do not tell any one that I find fault with anything ; nothing makes her so angry as one's not being happier with her than anywhere else.

"I cannot tell you how delighted I was at Mr. Grote's kindness to me. I really quite cried for pleasure when I went away : I felt so proud and happy that such a man should take an interest in me and my concerns ; for, after my own dear father, I do not respect and *love* any one better than Mr. Grote, or indeed so much. Do you think that he could be prevailed upon to write something in my album ? My best love to dear

Mr. Grote ; also to Henry Taylor, if you fall in with him ; to dear Carl Buller and Pawnee Chief (Sir W. Molesworth) ; and, above all, to yourself, my dearest friend.

"Yours ever,

"LUCIE AUSTIN."

CHAPTER XLVI.

LADY DUFF GORDON (*continued*).

Letters from Lucie Austin to Miss Shuttleworth—Death of Lady Nasmyth—Consolation of Christian Religion—Letter from Lucie Austin to Mrs. Grote on her Baptism—Reminiscences of Lucie Austin by Miss Marianne North—Her Tame Snake.

Lucie Austin to Janet Shuttleworth.

"LONDON, *August* 20, 1837.

"DEAR JANET,—In a few days I start for Coed-dhû, my aunt's house, near Mold, in Flintshire, where I shall remain till the beginning of October. Miss Shepherd I now like exceedingly—nay, love her dearly, as must every one who knows her; her qualities are such as must strike all minds and opinions, however different. I was deeply grieved at Lady Nasmyth's death; it is indeed a severe affliction and a dreadful loss. May your religion enable you to bear it with that Christian patience which is so deeply affecting and beautiful even to me! Do not ask or expect me to speak of my present opinions. I have been lately disgusted with a great deal of illiberality, and am not therefore in an unprejudiced state of mind. Be sure, however, that I admire the doctrines and sentiments of Christianity above all others, whatever my own feelings may be with regard to the truths of your belief, or even of that of the Socinians, to which, if to any modification of religion, I feel the greatest inclination.

"Ever your affectionate friend,

"LUCIE AUSTIN."

Lucie Austin to Janet Shuttleworth.

"COED-DHÛ, *September* 27, 1837.

"DEAREST JANET,—I must ask what you mean by refusing to Unitarians the name of Christians. I never thought, and never can think, you could be by nature intolerant, but certainly I fear you are likely to become so if you do not take care. I will give you the title of a little book on Unitarianism I should like you to read. I do not give it to you as my opinions, not being prepared to define them as yet; and really, dear Janet, our views are, and are likely to remain, so entirely opposite, that it is but vanity and vexation of spirit to have any more discussion on the subject. Depend upon it, that whatever my views may be, I shall always be of opinion that one who follows his own religion *quelconque*, with a humble and conscientious spirit, is sure of Divine mercy; and my ideas of the importance of *doctrines* are absolutely nothing. Can we not be friends just as well if our opinions differ?—or, rather, I should say, can you not be my friend? I should be sorry if that which ought to promote kindness and goodwill and charity were to be a cause of disagreement between us—no! not disagreement, that is too strong a word, but *éloignement*. Pray let us drop a subject on which we never can agree, and be assured that I can never love you less. So believe more than I can say of the affection of your faithful friend,

"LUCIE AUSTIN."

Lucie Austin to Janet Shuttleworth.

"BROMLEY, *November* 9, 1837.

"DEAR JANET,—I heard from mamma a fortnight ago; the Commissioners are coming home in the spring. Don't you congratulate me? You know I have not been with them at all since June, 1836—a long time for a spoilt child, *n'est-ce pas?* I was very happy at Coed-dhû; every one was very kind to me. I had not my own way, but I had that of people I was fond of, which is much more agreeable. You would like my cousin John Taylor, if I know your taste; he is too Utopian in his notions for me, and thinks everybody much too good; but I

am very fond of him. You remember my Londonomania? *Eh bien j'en suis revenue.* I hate London most cordially, and will live in Wales. Do you enjoy field-sports—hunting, racing, shooting, &c.? I have conceived a passion for them, more especially for such as concern horses. I used to go with John when he went shooting, till at last he used to call for his dogs, gun, Peter (the keeper), and Lucie, as part of his train, quite as much as the rest. You would have laughed at the torn, wet, scratched figure I came home after a day's shooting over the hills. You must expect to be bitten Wales-mad by me when I arrive at Hastings to spend Christmas with you. Till then, farewell.

"Yours ever,

"THONYS.

"P.S.—I think this way of spelling my name more distinguished, being Welsh."

During her visit to Mr. and Mrs. North, at Hastings, Lucie Austin determined to be baptised as a member of the Church of England at the same time with her friend Janet Shuttleworth's little half-sister, Catherine North (now Mrs. J. Addington Symonds). Mr. Spring Rice (afterwards Lord Monteagle) was her sponsor.

Lucie Austin to Harriet Grote.

"*February* 20, 1838.

"DEAR MRS GROTE,—Perhaps you have already heard of my having, and I hope most conscientiously, sought to be admitted by baptism into the Established Church, and you may think, with many, I ought not to have taken so important a step solely on my own responsibility; but till you tell me so, I will not attempt defence of that which does not appear to come under the denomination 'optional.' I believe I have done my duty, and acted in obedience to the Giver of the 'commandment with promise,' and that in no way could I more honour my parents than by confident trust they will sanction my conduct. I hope they and I will be but of one heart and one mind on

this important point. I am prepared for some slight crosses from many excellent friends, whose creed I never could satisfactorily adopt ; but with the 'fear of God' before my eyes, I could not be deterred by this difficulty, through which I know, if I place but perfect trust in Him, and cultivate *humility*, His strength will guide me. I expect to be pitied for that ignorance and weakness which has made me an easy victim to other's rule ; but my own heart tells me that I have no claims upon any such commiseration. My sponsors were wholly unprepared for my application to them to become such, and had not an unlooked-for and quiet opportunity of attending an infant of Mrs. North's to the baptismal font offered itself, I had probably yet remained in the same painfully unsatisfied state of mind that had so long been mine. I already experience happiness and advantage in and from the views and hopes which from day to day seem to unfold themselves more and more ; and I expect and pray, if I make religion my guide, that even the most opposed to my present opinions will ultimately rejoice in their influence upon my character and conduct. Surely you, who have ever been to me the best and dearest of friends, will be the last to disapprove of anything which could attend to my improvement and happiness, which I feel convinced must be the case with my present faith and feelings. Do pray then, my dearest Mrs. Grote, write me a few lines to assure me of your favour and that of dear Mr. Grote, to whom my very best love, and accept the same from

"Your ever attached and loving child,

"Lucie Austin."

In Miss Shuttleworth's diary I find an entry in February :

"I had a letter from dearest Lucie which makes my heart ache. She is persecuted by some of her relations, and Mrs. Grote is very severe upon her, and has written her a sarcastic, cutting letter. This she will deeply feel, being so much attached to Mrs. Grote, and having so high an opinion of her. She says, 'I see I shall have a good deal to put up with, but I incurred it with my eyes open ; and what I should sink under if left only to the support of my own strength, God will support

me through, I trust, unshaken. I cannot be too grateful for what I more and more find to be my greatest and only abiding happiness, and owe inexpressible thanks to those who were the means of affording it to me.' "

Miss Marianne North,[1] the half-sister of my mother's friend, Janet Shuttleworth, has been kind enough to write me her recollections, which I give in her own graphic words :—

"The person who made the strongest impression on me was Lucie Austin, then at school with Miss Shepherd, at Bromley Common. She spent many of her holidays with us while her parents were abroad, and inspired me (then about seven years old) with the most profound respect and admiration—as one raised above ordinary mortals. Her grand eyes and deep-toned voice, her entire fearlessness and contempt for what people thought of her, charmed me. Then she had a tame snake, and must surely have been something more than a woman to tame a snake! She used to carry her pet about with her, wound round her arm (inside the large baggy sleeves which were then the fashion), and it would put its slender head out at the wrist-hole, and lap milk out of the palm of her hand with its little forked tongue. It was as fond of glittering things as Lucie herself, and when she took her many rings off her fingers and placed them on different parts of the table, it would go about collecting them, stringing them on its lithe body, and finally tying itself into a tight knot, so that the rings could not be recovered till it chose to untie itself again. Sometimes Lucie would twist the pretty bronze creature in the great plait of hair she wore round her head, and once she threatened to come down to a dinner party of rather stiff people thus decorated, and only gave it up when my mother entreated her with tears in her eyes not to do so. She used to sit for hours together in a rocking-chair reading Shakespeare to us, and acting and declaiming her favourite parts over and over again, till I knew them by heart myself, and Beatrice and Portia became my

[1] Died in 1890, and left a charming autobiography, "Recollections of a Happy Life," in which this account of my mother is published.

personal friends. When my sister Catherine was to be christened, Lucie thought she would like to be christened at the same time. Her mother, who was one of the famous Unitarian Taylors of Norwich, had of course never thought of such a thing ; but when (at my father's suggestion) she wrote to ask her parents' leave first, Mrs. Austin wrote back that she was welcome to do as she liked in that matter ; and I remember well the curious scene of our good old Rector, Mr. Foyster, in a highly nervous state, performing the ceremony to the baby in arms and the magnificent lady of eighteen in the ugly old church of St. Clement, Lord Monteagle, Miss Shepherd, and my mother being the sponsors.

"Soon after that, Lucie was engaged to be married to Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, a very handsome man, who used to come down for weeks at a time, and drew wonderful devils in our scrapbooks, and walk about with her, wound up in one plaid. They especially liked doing this on the flat roof at Gawthorpe, to my mother's horror, who thought the neighbours might think it was her daughter Janet, who was quite innocent of everything but good works, schools, lending libraries, church buildings, &c., which she used to plan in one of the bow windows in the long gallery, while Lucie often employed her time in illuminating beautiful floral arabesques round her favourite poems in some book. The two were great friends, and remained so until the end of their lives ; while I lost sight of Lady Duff Gordon till I saw her in her old age at Luxor amongst all her Arab friends, who looked upon her, as I had done in my childhood, as a wise woman, with almost supernatural powers.

"I do not think I can give you much else ; the tone of her voice still seems to ring in my ears as I think of her grand head with its heavy roll of hair round it. She used to wear a brown holland blouse and a red shawl—much as you do."

CHAPTER XLVII.

LADY DUFF GORDON (*continued*).

Return of Mr. and Mrs. Austin from Malta—Sir Alexander Duff Gordon and Lucie Austin—Their Marriage—8, Queen Square, Westminster—M. Guizot's first Dinner in England in 1848—Visit to Atelier of Kaulbach in Augsburg—Translation of "Amber Witch" and Mrs. Norton's Criticisms—"The French in Algiers"—"Remarkable Criminal Trials"—Sir A. Duff Gordon has Cholera—Letter from Lady Duff Gordon to Mrs. Austin from Richmond—Eothen and Ford's "Spain"—Hassan el Bakkeet—The Chartist Riots.

In June, the Austins returned from Malta, and Lucie began to appear in the world. Mrs. Austin's old friends flocked about her, and many new acquaintances mingled with them. Lucie writes to her Italian master, Prandi, who was a devoted friend of her family :—

"I have not seen you for three days, and shall be obliged to get me a new father confessor if you perform your duties so negligently. To-night I am going to Rogers, *il rivale* of Mr. Wishaw. In good sooth it is not easy to choose between such fascinating lovers, for though no longer in the first bloom of youth, both are very charming."

Sir Alexander Duff Gordon met the Austins, I believe, first at Lansdowne House ; he was at once attracted by the mother, and became deeply attached to the daughter. They used to

walk out together, as she was left much to herself, owing to her mother's literary occupations and her father's bad health. One day Sir Alexander said to her, "Miss Austin, do you know people say we are going to be married?" She was annoyed at being talked about and hurt at his brusque way of mentioning it, but just as she was going to give a sharp answer, he added, "Shall we make it true?" She replied with characteristic straightforwardness by the monosyllable "Yes," and so they were engaged. They were married in Kensington old church, on the 16th of May, 1840. Eye-witnesses still remember the singular beauty of the young pair—tall, dark, and stately. They took No. 8, Queen Square, Westminster, an old house with a statue of Queen Anne at one end.

The talent associated with the beauty, sincerity and complete unaffectedness of Lady Duff Gordon, and her husband's remarkable charm of manner and pleasant conversation, soon attracted a remarkable circle of friends and acquaintances—many of whom, alas! have passed away. Lord Lansdowne, Lord Monteagle, Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot Warburton (who was lost in the "Amazon"), Tennyson, Henry Taylor, Mrs. Norton, Kinglake, and Tom Taylor were *habitués;* and every foreigner of talent and renown looked upon the Duff-Gordon house as a centre of interest. When M. Guizot escaped from France in 1848, his first dinner and welcome was in Queen Square; and I remember as a little child to have been much astonished at Leopold Ranke, who walked up and down the drawing-room, talking vehemently in a kind of *olla podrida* of English, French, German, Italian and Spanish. Now and then a Latin quotation would come in. It was almost impossible to understand him as he talked fast, and mixed up all the languages into a compound of his own. Soon after their marriage, my father and mother went abroad, and she wrote from Munich to her mother:—

Lady Duff Gordon to Sarah Austin.

"AUGSBURG, *July* 6, 1840.

"DEAREST MUTTER,—Alick left me to tell you that our friend Magnus took us to Kaulbach's atelier, where we saw his 'Hunnenschlacht,' his 'Tollhaus,' a great new picture he is designing of the destruction of Jerusalem, and last but not least, a set of drawings for a new edition of 'Reineke Fuchs,' for which I could have worshipped him. The lion's court, the cock accusing 'Reineke' to the King, 'Reineke' keeping school for the rabbits, and lastly 'Reineke stellte sich fromm,' over which Alick laughed till large tears ran down, were finished; but there will be forty or fifty. If you could see 'Reineke's' face and attitude, his shaven crown, his downcast eye, and mouth down at the corners!—in short, the drawings are quite as good as the poem. Kaulbach is a wonderful genius; he had beautiful *erhaben* paintings, drawings which might have been Hogarth's, and this 'Reineke,' in quite another style of work, besides which he is a beautiful portrait painter. Our friend Magnus showed us some beautiful sketches he had made of some Italian peasants. Munich disagreed with both of us excessively; I never felt so depressing and languid an air. We were amused by a bookseller here, into whose shop we went to buy the Gospel of the Life of Maria; he had not got it, and wanted us to buy Sievert's 'Leben Christi.' Alick, not hearing the name of the author, asked if it was Strauss's. The poor man looked shocked and frightened, his being a pious shop; and on our expressing decorous sympathy with his feelings, he added in a most confidential tone, 'Aber wissen Sie doch, gnädige Frau, es gibt auch Freigeister hier in Augsburg!' ('But do you know, ma'am, there are freethinkers even in Augsburg!'). His face was unutterable, and we only suppressed our laughter till the door closed behind us.

"In the library at Munich we saw Albrecht Dürer's prayer-book (exquisite beyond any of his works), and a missal illuminated by Hemlingh, which I need not say was beautiful. Albrecht's Dürer's portrait of himself, with his beautiful curls, pleased me, I believe, more than anything in the Pinacothek;

his face, so sweet and so sad, is quite *rührend* (touching), and so beautiful, no print could ever catch the life in the face and in the very hair and beard. I should not like one, and as it is, shall never forget his picture; it was like seeing himself: I never saw any portrait at all like it. I hope we shall hear from you at Bonn, where we shall not stay long, *faute de temps*. How is Da?[1] to whom best love. "Your own

"TOODIE."

Lady Duff Gordon continued after her marriage the translation she had begun of Niebuhr's "Stories of the Gods and Heroes of Greece," which was published under Mrs. Austin's name in 1842. In that year their eldest child was born; and in 1843, Lady Duff Gordon began the translation of the "Amber Witch." Before doing it, Mrs. Norton says, "she read through—in order, as she said, to familiarise her mind with the subject—a mass of narratives relating to that bygone superstition, and such trials as have survived in printed records. One of these especially struck her. A woman aged thirty-six or thereabouts, with a husband and many children, was accused of witchcraft. It was the law of the time not to execute till after confession. This woman was contumacious; not only she would not confess, but she declared that to the best of her belief there was no such thing as witchcraft. She was remanded again and again to torture and to prison. At length she announced her confession, and was led to die with others under a like sentence. She got leave to speak a few words to the crowd of spectators, and suddenly reiterated to them her utter disbelief in witchcraft and her innocence. 'But,' said she, 'since even my husband and children hold me to be a witch, I am content to die rather than to live this day.' Lady Gordon laid down the book and said, 'I feel with that woman.'"[2]

[1] Mr. Austin.

[2] "Lady Duff Gordon and her Works." *Macmillan's Magazine*, Sept. 1869.

The "Amber Witch" was followed by the "French in Algiers," which came out in 1845, and "Remarkable Criminal Trials" (Feuerbach) in the following year. My father nearly died of an attack of cholera in 1846, and Lord Lansdowne, ever kind and thoughtful, lent him his villa at Richmond for the autumn.

Lady Duff Gordon to Sarah Austin.

"RICHMOND, *August* 16, 1846.

"DEAREST MUTTER,—Alick brought me your letter of the 8th inst. to-day, and a great relief it was to me to know where you were, and where to write to you. I am furious about my letters. I am sure at least two of them have never reached you. Did you never get my account of poor Alick's dreadful illness, and afterwards a letter containing a commission for black lace? Here we are in the most perfect of villas; were the weather but tolerable it would be a paradise; but, alas! November could not be more cold, damp, and gloomy than this August. The Berrys are here in Mrs. Lamb's house, and Lady Char. (Lady Charlotte Lindsay) at Petersham, and all well and youthful. Mr. Senior is vacation-master in London this year again, and finds us a god-send for his Saturdays and Sundays. We have had various people here, and many more have announced their intention of coming. Aunt Reeve first, and the Gordons, Lord Lansdowne himself for a day or two in passing through London,—and he 'was so much obliged for our kind hospitality in giving him a dinner and a bed,'—Dwarkanauth Tagore, the clever Hindoo merchant, &c., &c., and Landseer and Eastlake. Our faithful friend Eothen[1] left us yesterday, having spent Wednesday and Thursday here, for Algeria, where he hopes to join Abd-el-Kader, if possible. I gave him several letters for Paris, and bade him find you out and call on you in October on his way back. I don't know whether you will make much

[1] Mr. A. W. Kinglake.

out of him, for he is both shy and reserved. But when the ice is broken, he is very amusing, and he nursed Alick and helped and cheered me with the gentleness and kindness of a woman. Moreover, he has lent me a horse ever since, and been constantly kind and good-natured. As to his book, I don't believe it has been translated at all ; nor would it be easy to translate—a lively, brilliant, and rather insolent style is very hard to put into German above all. Why does no one translate Dana's 'Two Years Before the Mast'? It is equal to 'Robinson Crusoe,' though written by an American, and I hear that it is perfectly true, every word of it. Or Madame Calderon de la Barca's 'Life in Mexico'? She is a Scotch woman, married to a Spaniard, a descendant of Calderon's and ambassador to Mexico. Or Drummond Hay's 'Wild Tribes and Savage Beasts in Morocco'? The most amusing book this year is Ford's 'Handbook of Spain'—one of the 'red Murrays.' It is written in a style between Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' and any work by the immortal Sancho Panza, had he ever written a book ; so quaint, so lively, and such knowledge of the country. Alick and Cosmo are in raptures with it. How I envy you Munich. If you see Kaulbach, tell him how often we talk of him, his pictures, and his beautiful little girl ; and look at Albrecht Dürer's beautiful pale face in the gallery, and *grüss* him for me. Little Janet is grown so tall, quite a girl and not a baby, and she asks *vernünftig* (reasonable) questions, and is *somebody*. She always quotes you as 'the danmama who let me play with ink.' She has quite Alick's figure, and 'turns her round lichtly as the Gordons does a'.'

"We shall be here till about the 10th of October, I think, and then home to London, unless we pay a few visits ; but much depends on the weather, which is execrable. This house is Bowood on a diminished scale as to comfort, and such a civil old housemaid, all *à la* Lansdowne. Elise's amazement and admiration were very amusing, and Hassan (a black boy) is an inch taller for our grandeur—*peu s'en faut*, he thinks me a great lady, and himself a great butler. It sounds absurd to say, but I have not yet recovered the fright of Alick's cholera, it has made me nervous about him in every way. He has

been stronger and better lately than ever, I think, and is growing fat.

"Ever your affectionate
"TOODIE."

Hassan el Bakkeet, the black boy mentioned in this letter, was quite a feature in the establishment. Lady Duff Gordon had found him crouching on the doorstep one night on her return from a theatrical party at Charles Dickens's. His master had turned him out of doors because he was going blind, and having sometimes been to Queen Square with notes and messages from Signor Prandi, who lived in the same house with his master, he had come "to die," as he said, "outside the house of the beautiful pale lady." My mother took him in, put him under a good oculist, and he became her devoted slave and servant and my playmate: he was about ten years old.

I perfectly recollect Mr. Hilliard, the American author, being much shocked at seeing me in Hassan's arms, and my rage at his asking how Lady Gordon could let a negro touch her child? whereupon she called us to her, and kissed me first and Hassan afterwards.

He was probably a Nubian, and had come into the possession of English missionaries when quite a baby, so that he not only spoke English well and without foreign accent, but was always ready with phrases in use amongst pious people, and liked, when he could, to apply them as means of giving honour and glory to his beloved master and mistress. So that if, for example, it happened that, when they were not at home, a visitor called on Sunday, he was sure to be told by Hassan, that Sir Alexander and my Lady were at church, or even—for his diction was equal to this—that they were "attending Divine Service."

Lady Duff Gordon had the courage to practise true Christian kindness under conditions from which many people might

often shrink. A certain "Mary" known to the household had brought herself into trouble by omitting the precaution of marriage, and my mother determined to secure the girl a safe refuge by taking her into her service. Before doing this, however, she assembled the other servants, and warned them that instant dismissal would be the penalty for saying a single unkind word to Mary. Then small jet-black Hassan, possessed with an idea of the dignity of his sex, conceived it his duty to become the spokesman of the rest, and accordingly advancing a little in front of the neat-aproned, tall maid-servants, he promised in his and their name a full and careful obedience to the mistress's orders ; but then, wringing his hands and raising them over his head, he added, "What a lesson to us all, my Lady ! "

The oculist who cured him offered to take him into his service, and give him £12 a year and a fine scarlet dress, and my mother advised him to accept the place ; when poor Hassan fell on his knees in a passion of tears, and begged to be whipped instead of being sent away. "Five pounds with you are far sweeter than the £12 he offers," said he.

On the birth of a son, Hassan announced triumphantly to all callers, "*We* have got a boy ;" and one evening, when Prince Louis Napoleon (the late Emperor of the French) came in unexpectedly to dinner, he gravely said, "Please, my Lady, I ran out and bought twopennyworth of sprats for the Prince, for the honour of the house."

Lady Duff Gordon's old friend, William Bridges Adams, the engineer, had a workshop, which she sometimes went to visit. She was very popular with the men, and during the Chartist riots in 1848, they came to protect their "Lady." She describes the scene in a letter to her mother :—

Lady Duff Gordon to Sarah Austin.

"*April* 10, 1848.

"DEAREST MUTTER,—I had only time to write once yesterday, as all hands were full of bustle in entertaining our guests. I never wish to see forty better gentlemen than we had here last night. As all was quiet, we had supper, cold beef, bread, and beer, with songs, sentiments, and toasts, such as 'Success to the roof we are under,' 'Liberty, brotherhood, and order.' Then they bivouacked in the different houses till five this morning, when they started home. Among the party was a stray policeman, who looked rather wonderstruck. Tom Taylor was capital, made short speeches, told stories, and kept all in high good-humour; and Alick came home and was received with great glee and affection. All agreed that the fright, to us at least, was well made up by the kindly and pleasant evening. As no one would take a penny, we shall send books to the library, or a contribution to the school, all our neighbours being quite anxious to pay, though not willing to fraternise. I shall send cravats as a badge to the 'Gordon Volunteers.'

"I enclose a letter from Eothen (Kinglake) about Paris, which will interest you. My friends of yesterday unanimously decided that Louis Blanc would 'just suit the "lazy set."'

"We had one row, which, however, ceased on the appearance of our stalwart troop—indeed, I think one Birmingham smith, a handsome fellow six foot high, whose vehement disinterestedness would neither allow him to eat, drink, or sleep in the house, would have scattered them.

"Your affectionate

"TOODIE."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

LADY DUFF GORDON (*continued*).

"Village Tales from Alsatia"—Ranke's "Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg"—Residence at Weybridge—Mrs. Norton on Lisbon Society—"Stella and Vanessa"—Mr. C. J. Bayley, "The Thunderer of *The Times*"—Working Men's Library at Weybridge—Letters from Mr. Richard Doyle to Lady Duff Gordon—Sir R. Peel—"Big Higgins"—Sir J. Graham—The Italian Opera—The Whig Ministry and Madame Tussaud.

In 1848, Sir Alexander Duff Gordon translated "Village Tales from Alsatia," by Weill, and the following year he and his wife together, Ranke's "Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg."

Mr. and Mrs. Austin having been driven out of Paris by the Revolution of '48, had taken a long, low, rambling cottage at Weybridge in Surrey ; and after the birth of their son Maurice, in March, 1849, the Duff Gordons spent the summer there. Mrs. Norton, to whom both Sir Alexander and his wife were exceedingly attached, wrote to the former from Lisbon :—

Honble. Caroline Norton to Sir Alex. Duff Gordon.

"Lisbon, *June* 9, 1849.

"Dear Semi-Hub, — I would have *delighted* in being Maurice's godmother. I thought of asking Lucie, but then I bethought me, 'Lo ! 'tis a *male* child, and a hidalgo, and there will be some family grandee who will be invited to the dignity of being the fat darling's godmother,' so I desisted.

"I am most glad that Lucie goes on well. How often I wish for you both, I cannot say; sometimes selfishly, for *me*, sometimes for your own sakes. Fletcher is too weak, Harry Howard too lazy and dispirited to see any of the sights of Lisbon, and Brownie (hear it, O Punch!) is *too fine* to like walking with me and my donkey, and says, 'ladies in a foreign capital' ought not to ride donkeys. Often I am reduced to converse with the faithful Childe,[1] who, after a pause, thus renews the topics of the day: '*I beg your pardon, ma'am*, but is it true Her Majesty has been shot at?' '*I beg your pardon, ma'am*, but there is most astonishing shabby turn-outs among the noblemen's carriages in this country,'—an observation which chimes in with my own opinions, and which I therefore receive with the more cordiality.

"I had a woman friend, very intelligent, but what with her constant rehearsals for private theatricals and performances of love (already some years rehearsed) with a velvet-eyed Spanish *attaché* here, I see little of her. The Pope's nuncio is a great friend, but he has bursts of absence (during which, I believe, he does penance for our interviews—to no purpose), reappearing gay, boyish, and sinful, like an otter coming up to breathe. The Portuguese society is stiff and disjointed—indeed, it ain't jointed at all; *only* stiff. Every one civil, smiling, and apparently anxious *if they knew how* to '*lier amitié*' with you, but never an inch nearer. A Portuguese gentleman told me, it was not unusual to see a lady in the winter and dance with her several nights, and never meet her again till the winter after. They hardly ever visit, or receive visits—never *men*, at least in very few Portuguese families. The women meet with apparent cordiality, kiss each other, and then sit down in a formal row, never stir afterwards the whole evening, and seldom speak even to those they have just embraced. Nobody reads or writes. They sing sometimes, and *always* look out of the window. I am sure it is good for the eyes to be ignorant, and to stare out of the window, for oh! the pretty eyes I see here among the women. The look of mingled laziness, curiosity and passion, which replaces the English intelligence and

[1] Mrs. Norton's maid.

good behaviour of expression ! I think the Infanta's daughter, Comtesse Quinàres, has the most beautiful eyes that ever opened on the world, like pools among the dead brown autumn leaves on a warm summer night, with stars looking down into them.

"Love to Lucie and the children.

"Your affectionate

"CARRY."

Lady Duff Gordon translated "Stella and Vanessa," from the French of Léon de Wailly, in 1850 ; it originally appeared as a *feuilleton* in a newspaper, and remained unnoticed until the English version appeared. It was then published in France as a separate volume with very great success, which the author always declared he owed to his English translator.

For some years C. J. Bayley, who was, I believe, called the "Thunderer of *The Times*," had lived with the Duff Gordons, and, to their great sorrow, was appointed Secretary to the Government of the island of Mauritius. Lady Duff Gordon wrote often to him.

Lady Duff Gordon to C. J. Bayley.

"WEYBRIDGE, *Oct.* 17, 1850.

"DEAR BAYLEY,—I have not left Weybridge this summer, except to go to Sandgate for three weeks for Maurice's health. I still like my *caompagnarde* existence of all things ; it just suits my laziness and my children's health and happiness. Alick, too, looks ten years younger than he ever did in London.

"I have set up a working man's library and reading-room here, and have forty subscribers at twopence a week. It answers very well, I think ; they all like it much ; and I go most Monday evenings and transact the business and talk over the news. I hope it will do some good here ; at any rate, it keeps a few out of the public-house. I don't know any news

to tell you of any one, as indeed how should I? But I should like to know the most sage reasons which lead you to become a Protectionist. I fear the insular and colonial life has begun to affect your intellect, and that you will want a good deal of scouring when you come home.

"We shall soon be going back to Queen Square for the winter. Would that your familiar face could greet me there!

"Good-bye, dear Lodger.

"Your affectionate
"PADRONA."

Richard Doyle to Lady Duff Gordon.

"17, CAMBRIDGE TERRACE, HYDE PARK,
"*March* 22, 1851.

"DEAR LADY GORDON,—Many thanks for the illustrated poem upon the 'aggression.' The lines are excellent, and the drawings possess point and humour.

"I am very sorry to hear that you have been ill. It is too bad that any one should be otherwise than well at Weybridge, whatever we poor wretches in town may suffer in the ordinary course of things. In the days of my early youth, it was the custom among juveniles of tender years to remark in reply to any accusation not deemed complimentary, 'You're another.' Perhaps it may not be any substantial relief to your 'influenza'd' feelings, but nevertheless it would be strictly in accordance with truth for you, addressing the inhabitants of London generally, to say 'You're another'; for there can be no doubt that that 'foreign potentate' the epidemic has committed an aggression upon the people of these realms temporal, I regret to say, as well as spiritual, and not confined to any one class of the British islanders. Ten days ago it was worse than now. At about that period, one night at the Dowager Lady Molesworth's, I do assure you, in a couple of rooms densely packed with the nobility and gentry, every lady was sneezing and blowing her nose, every gentleman sighing and feeling feverish and 'seedy' (that was the expression), and there was a low murmur on the surface of 'society' of 'Let's go home.'

"The conversation of the night was not brilliant, consisting chiefly of the words 'Have you got it yet?'

"I do hope that by this time you are quite well again, and am,

"Yours ever sincerely,
"RICHARD DOYLE."

Richard Doyle to Lady Duff Gordon.

"17, CAMBRIDGE TERRACE, HYDE PARK,
"*March* 27, 1851.

"MY DEAR LADY GORDON,—Had I known that you were so seriously ill, my last note would not have been written altogether in so jocular a spirit. I fear it must have seemed unfeeling. And yet it surely is better to amuse, if possible, than to condole with an unfortunate invalid. Acting on this last supposition I shall proceed to gossip till post hour, which is half an hour off.

"Through the kindness of the Speaker I have been permitted every evening almost during the 'Aggression' debates to sit in that part of the House of Commons devoted to the Peers and Foreign Ministers.

"Under which of these denominations I passed it is impossible for me to decide, but we will suppose it was as a diplomatic 'poor' relation from Rome. In this distinguished

position I heard the speeches of Sir James Graham with delight, of Mr. Newdegate with drowsiness, of Mr. Drummond with shame mingled with indignation, of the new Sir Robert Peel with surprise and contempt. This is what the last-named gentleman is like.—'How like his father!' you will instantly say. His appearance created in the 'House' what Miss Talbot's did in the fashionable world, according to Bishop Hendren,—a 'sensation;' and when he rose to speak, shouts of 'New Member!' rose from every side, and expectation rose on tip-toe, while interest was visible in every upturned and out-stretched countenance, and the buzz of eager excitement prevailed in the 'first assembly of gentlemen in the world.' There he stood, leaning upon a walking-stick, which from its bulk you would have fancied he carried as a weapon of defence, young and rather handsome, but with a somewhat fierce and, I would say, truculent look about the eyes, hair brown, plentiful and curly, shirt collar turned down, and, O shade of his father! a large pair of moustaches upon his republican-looking 'mug'!!!

"He has a manly voice and plenty of confidence, and his speech made up by its originality what it wanted in common sense, and was full of prejudice, bigotry, and illiberal Radicalism, while it lacked largeness of view and was destitute of statesmanship.

"I perfectly sympathise with your natural wish that some Irish member should administer personal chastisement upon Henry Drummond, for it were difficult to say whether truth or decorum was most outraged by him. Although the fact increase his guilt, yet he can plead it in mitigation of punishment, like Fagin in 'Oliver Twist,' 'An old man, my lord, an old man.'

"Mr. Moore, the Member for Mayo, is just the man, had it been otherwise, to have taken upon himself the pleasurable task of avenging the disgusting and cowardly attack upon the woman-kind of the great majority of the Christian world. It is true that he is so little a man that he would have to climb

up Mr. Drummond to kick him, but although he is little, he is full of spirit and equally clever with his tongue and pen. Perhaps you remember hearing of him as the man with whom, a year or two ago, big Higgins, the Collosus of 'Roads,' was nearly fighting a duel. Higgins made some remarks about Moore being absent from his Irish estates at the time of the famine, and Moore proved that, by coming over for a week or two to some steeplechase to which he was engaged, he was enabled to send over to the starving people of his neighbourhood £1,000 more than he could otherwise have done. And so he called on Mr. Higgins to make some apology, which Higgins would not do; seconds were appointed, letters written and published, the upshot being that Higgins' second would not let him fight, which caused Mr. Moore to terminate the correspondence with 'regretting that he had ever looked upon "Big" Higgins as a gentleman.'

"The disparity of size between the parties is so great, that had the duel taken place, as was remarked at the time by an eminent wit,[1] and Mr. Moore taken it into his head to fire in the air, his pistol would inevitably have 'taken effect' upon his antagonist.

"But to return to our muttons.

"Sir James Graham's speech was wonderfully able, so argumentative and so convincing, and towards the end very eloquent. He was quite fine when he went through a list of illustrious Whigs, the Foxes, the Grattans, the Greys, &c., &c., and told Lord John *they* never would have voted for such a Bill as this: and then turning from the dead to the living, said, 'Does Plunket approve of this Bill, does Brougham? does Denman? and, lastly, does Macaulay?' When he sat down, the 'House' cheered so long that it seemed as if they would never let the next speaker begin.

"I don't know whether you saw the Bishop of Clifton's two letters. Fault has been found with their 'smartness;' but, after all, a bishop is a man, and falsehoods daily repeated and circulated over the country will provoke any man, even a bishop.

[1] Mr. R——d D——e.

"At the time of the Dr. Hampden controversy, Lord John Russell wrote one or two very 'smart' letters, which were found fault with at the time on the ground that a First Minister ought to be above that kind of cleverness. I don't like even sarcasm in a clergyman, but at the same time I must say, and do say, that the Catholics have, throughout these 'disturbances,' behaved with extraordinary moderation and temper.

"I went to the Italian 'Uproar'—Opera, I mean—last night. It opened on Saturday night, with Madame Duprès in 'Lucia.' She is pretty, and very young, and very clever, and will no doubt be a 'prima donna' some day. Nevertheless I was in an ill-humour the whole time, partly because I was wondering if I would be happier listening to Gladstone in the House of Commons, and partly because the whole business struck me as so wanting in 'fine art' The insipid, soft, effeminate, sentimental, sweet, voluptuous Tommy-Moore's-poetry-like music, the conventional attitudinising of the singers, the stiff-legged tenor Calzolaio, the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance' of the bass, Signor Lorenzo, said to be a 'reduced' nobleman in disguise, the elderly dandies in their tight evening costumes in the stalls, the unnecessarily boisterous applause given to the dancers, the bad taste everywhere, and the absence of 'genius' anywhere, with the vanity of human (musical) wishes under the present opera management—all combined to reduce me to a state of dissatisfaction and wretchedness.

"'Moral reflection.'—It is only two short years since I thought that to be 'bored' at the Opera was an impossibility

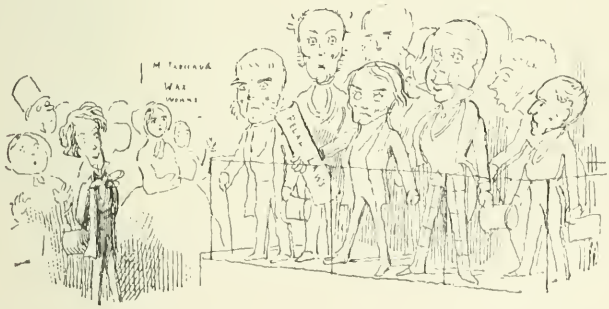
—that such an idea could only be entertained by a 'savage breast' incapable of being 'soothed' by the charms that music hath. I must, however, say that the scenery of the new ballet is very beautiful. In fact, I think there is infinitely more poetical feeling and imagination displayed by some of our painters in this department than by any of those 'picture landscapes,' R.A. or otherwise, who decorate the walls of our exhibitions with the same trees, brooks, meadows, lanes, year after year—who master one aspect, and then go on painting it ever afterwards, while Nature, with her infinite beauty and never-ending variety, invites them to 'fresh fields and pastures new.' Talking of pictures, I went on Sunday to pay a visit to Mrs. Richards, the fair Italian who paints, sings, and talks languages. I had never before been at her studio, and her pictures really do astonish me, not more for the great cleverness and dexterity of the handling than for the very (for a woman) remarkable vigour of the execution. For a foreigner, the colour is very good, though not quite up to the English mark, 'a good eye for colour' being one of the undoubted attributes of the Great Britons. Her drawing is capital, but her taste not always.

"A portrait of herself, palette in hand, in her black velvet painting jacket, is one of the best of her works. She is going to send it to the Academy Exhibition. There are also three pictures, *à la* Raffaelle, of Faith, Hope, and Charity, which promise well. I confess that in paying this visit I stood in some considerable dread of Mother C. That animated old lady is in the habit of making 'aggressions' upon me in 'society;' and although she may be a most estimable female for aught I know, yet my position is that of one who stands in bodily fear in her presence. There was an eagerness and an energy about the interest she seemed to take in every remark that fell from my lips that quite oppressed me. She rushed from picture to picture, and gabbled (if I might use without offence such a part of speech) to her daughter in, to me, unknown tongues, and in a state of much excitement. Now I think it will not be thought an exaggerated statement on my part to say that 'quietness' is one of my peculiarities. Even in my most enthusiastic moments I do not give a very boisterous vent

to my feelings. It cannot be said that I am what is called 'demonstrative.' And so, although I was very much pleased with the pictures, I felt that in the expression of my admiration I must appear tame and slow.

"I could not keep up the steam to the high (Italian) pressure, and the consequence was a sensation of being overpowered by the volubility of the fair Signora and her Titanesque mother. But the climax of my perplexity was reached when the mother rushed from the room, 'tore' upstairs, and presently returned with the 'baby,' and called upon me, in the most vehement Italian, to say 'whether it was not beautiful.' I confess with some grief that, departing from that strict truth so desirable in all communications between man and man, or between man and woman, or between man and—baby, I answered 'Yes,' although in my secret soul a profound conviction possessed me that it was the ugliest infant in the world. At the same time, it is only right to say that I am not a judge of babies.

"Mrs. Richards told me that Mrs. Norton was suffering from the influenza a few days ago; I intend to call and ask how she is to-day. Nor have I seen Tom Taylor, whose hand I regret to recognise in *Punch* in subjects much better let alone. We will most assuredly be having the 'Comic Prayer Book' next, or perhaps a series of jolly 'rollicking' papers on the authen-



ticity of the New Testament. The public, like a great roaring baby, will swallow anything that is put into its mouth, however sacred or awful the subject provided it is connected with

abuse of the religion of the great majority of the Christian world.

"John Bull reminds me of the man who said that all the world was mad, and the world said he was mad, and locked him up. I don't wish to see John Bull put in a strait waistcoat, but I am certain that he will be sent to 'Coventry' by the whole civilised world.

"I have just seen an advertisement of Madame 'Tussaud and Sons,' announcing the 'magnificent addition' of Cardinal Wiseman. Oh! how I wish that she would put the whole Whig Ministry into her Chamber of Horrors.

"Comforting myself with the reflection that although our numbers are small, we have the 'intellect' of Parliament on our side, and hoping that you are much better, and will not be bored by this long rigmarole, and with kind regards to Mrs. Austin and Janet and Sir Alexander,

"I remain

"Ever sincerely yours,

"RICHARD DOYLE."

CHAPTER XLIX.

LADY DUFF GORDON (*continued*).

Lady Duff Gordon's Illness—Moves to Esher—Mrs. Norton on Red Pots and Straight Noses—Letters from Lady Duff Gordon to Mr. C. J. Bayley—Letter to Mrs. Grote.

Lady Duff Gordon to C. J. Bayley.

"ESHER, *May* 18, 1851.

"MY DEAREST BAYLEY,—The anniversary of our parting shall continue to be celebrated with grief until your return to your '*penates*'—*i.e.* your landlady. When I received your letter of 20th January, I was still in bed, having lain there six weeks sick of bronchitis and intermittent fever, which seized me at Weybridge immediately after nursing Janet through the measles. I state this to account for my not writing either in March or April. I am now nearly well again, but had a very narrow escape for my life. If you looked at my date, it will already have told you that we have left Weybridge. We have also left Queen Square, and moved all our goods and ourselves to a very nice, pretty, old-fashioned house on the very top of a high hill close to Claremont, which indeed joins our garden and field, and where bachelor beds can be given to our friends. I only wish you were installed in one of them, dear Lodger, for if a constant longing to see you and have your company again constitutes being very much in love, as you seem to think, I also must 'own the soft impeachment.' Tom Taylor and Fred Elliot were the only friends who came to see me when I was

ill, and accordingly I have seen no one else, as I am still very weak, and very busy setting my house in order, and cannot go to London yet, even to see the Exhibition. I will send you many thanks for the sugar when it arrives, though it is not needed to sweeten our remembrance of *you*. My library at Weybridge was very successful ; I have left it with sixty members, self-supporting, and very well self-governed.

"*Evening*.—Tom Taylor and Dicky Doyle came in just as I was busy writing to you, and I handed over my pen (your gold pen) to Tom to do the same, on his expressing contrition at having so long neglected that duty.

"Your ever affectionate
"LANDLADY."

Honourable Caroline Norton to Lady Duff Gordon.

"*July*, 1851.

"MY DEAR LUCIE,—We have never thanked you for the *red Pots*, which no early Christian should be without, and which add that finishing stroke to the splendour of our demesne, which was supposed to depend on a roc's egg, in less intelligent times. We have now a warm *Pompeian* appearance, and the constant contemplation of these classical objects favours the beauty of the facial line ; for what can be deduced from the great fact, apparent in all the statues of antiquity, that *straight noses* were the ancient custom, but the logical assumption that the constant habit of turning up the nose at unsightly objects —such as the National Gallery and other offensive and obtrusive things—has produced the modern divergence from the true and proper line of profile ? I rejoice to think that we ourselves are exempt. I attribute this to our love of Pompeian Pots (on account of the beauty and distinction of this Pot's shape I spell it with a big P), which has kept us straight in a world of crookedness. The pursuit of profiles under difficulties —how much more rare than a pursuit of knowledge ! Talk of setting good examples before our children ! Bah ! let us set Pompeian Pots before our children, and when they grow up they will not depart from them.

"Stirling is gone to Scotland to look at his unfinished house.

I very much doubt its being fit to live in for two months ; none of the grates are fixed. But he will report when he returns, in a week's time.

"I called for you the wet day you departed, to carry you to our den, and Lord Lansdowne came after his dinner, making sure of finding you ; but you were gone.

"My family are all scattering abroad, but wait—some of them—for the wedding of Mabel Graham on the 7th August. It is a most satisfactory marriage in all respects.

"Brin continues very seedy. Fletcher pretty brisk. When shall you again be seen in London? Food is there at five every day on our table, but slumber is only to be had on the house-steps.

"Your affectionate
"CARRY."

Lady Duff Gordon to C. J. Bayley.

"ESHER, *July* 20, 1851.

"MY DEAREST LODGER,—I will devote this solitary Sunday evening to a gossip with you : how I wish it could be done *vivâ voce*, instead of with these odious implements, pen, ink, and paper ! *Imprimis*, the sugar came quite safe, and is the admiration of all coffee-drinkers. Many thanks for the same, dear old boy, and for the kind remembrance of us which made you send it.

"I am very sorry to hear that you have been so ill, and only hope that your recovery has been more complete than mine. I am by way of being well, but continue preternaturally weak, languid, and nervous.

"To-day I ought to be dining in London with Lord Lansdowne at Senior's (where Alexander also is spending some days), but I feel too low, and exactly what is called 'not up' to anything. Our house is charming, on the top of a sandy hill, so dry and healthy and warm and pretty. *Ojala !* that you were living in it too ! The Wigans were here the other day. She is much better in health, and less nervous, and he has got a good engagement. Tom Taylor is ill. I scarcely ever see him now ; Esher is too far for him. Ellison I see not

at all ; I suppose for the same reason. Phillips the painter comes here very often for a night's rest ; I forget whether you know him. We have a kind of half-project of going to Scotland this year, and of visiting Stirling at Keir, together with Mrs. Norton and her son, with whom I am nearly as much friends as with his mother. He has grown into a delightful young man, and certainly twenty-one is a charming age, when it is not odious.

"The Baronet is very well indeed—all the better for being here instead of at Weybridge. We have got two ponies—one we bought, and one Lord Lansdowne gave me (I call him Lucy-fer) ; and Alexander rides, and is as happy as possible.

"I fear you would think me very much altered since my illness ; I look thin, ill, and old, and my hair is growing grey. This I consider hard upon a woman just over her thirtieth birthday. I break the melancholy fact to you now lest somebody should be beforehand with me. My poor father has been very ill ; I cannot but fear that it was a sort of faint threatening of paralysis. He always asks tenderly after you, accompanying his inquiry by an emphatic remark that you are a '*gentleman*,' which I think is partly meant in commendation of you, and partly as an indirect *coup de patte* or 'back-hander' at some of our other friends or acquaintances. Whether Da[1] and my mother will stay at Weybridge, I know not ; their future plans are unknown, even to themselves.

"*July* 24.

"I now find to my infinite disgust, that I had mistaken the day for your letters, and that you will think me a brute and unnatural landlady ; but I am determined to finish my letter and send it by next post, however stale as well as flat and unprofitable it may have become.

"I continue to like Esher very much ; I don't think we could have placed ourselves better. Eothen (Kinglake) has given Alick a great, handsome chesnut mare, so he is well mounted and we ride merrily.

"How are you, dear Bayley, and how are your eyes? And

[1] Mr. Austin.

has no fair damsel of the tropics yet made any impression on your too susceptible heart? Don't bring home a creole wife if you can help it. I don't think it answers.

"I only wish you were here, in occupation of the best spare bed or closet.

"I don't find that I miss you a bit less than I did at first, if that is any satisfaction to you. Alexander is going, so I must conclude.

"Your ever affectionate
"LANDLADY."

Lady Duff Gordon to C. J. Bayley.

"ESHER, *August* 18, 1851.

"MY DEAREST LODGER,—'Twill indeed be jolly if you get a *congé*, and come over for six months; but then there's the going back again, which will be dreadful. We went over to Paris for a lark, and 'twas so hot—92° to 95°. Barthélemy St. Hilaire lent us his rooms, and Phillips the painter lodged in the same house with us, and we had a very merry time.

"I am far better than I thought I ever should be again; the heat of Paris did me a wonderful deal of good, and I now feel able once more to use my lungs.

"How delightful it will be to be once more a landlady after so long a degradation from that dignity, and to ride about our pretty commons with a faithful lodger instead of in solitary dignity as I do now! My mother has been very ill, but is better, and will winter at Torquay or somewhere. Da[1] is gloomy, I fear 'tis his normal state. I like my rural existence better and better; the garden, horses, and the health and happiness for the children are better than all London life whatever, and we are really very nicely lodged here and altogether comfortable. It appears to me, indeed, that the one roc's egg is your company here, and that when you are safely lodged under my roof I shall feel as though that indispensable ornament were suspended beneath it. I expressed such glee and exultation at the idea of your return, that my friends, all but Alick, refused to sympathise. Phillips talked of jealousy,

[1] Mr. Austin.

and Tom Taylor muttered something about a 'hated rival.' Meanwhile all send friendly greetings to you. Janet also sends her love ; she is grown very tall.

"It is now very late, and I am very sleepy, and to-morrow my letter must go, so farewell, dear Bayley, je t'embrasse mille fois.

"YOUR LANDLADY."

Lady Duff Gordon to Harriet Grote.

"ESHER, SURREY, *Nov.* 8, 1854.

"DEAR MRS. GROTE,—Alexander brought me your review last night, to my great delight. I have not seen the version given by the *Edinburgh*. I suppose they suppressed all *pokes* at Lord John ; and, indeed, to do anything but butter *him*, in the *Edinburgh*, is somewhat like setting a flunkey to thrash his own master. I was infinitely amused with the article, and as much gratified at seeing a good word said at last for poor Tom Moore, whom everybody chose to abuse, because everybody had done their best to spoil him. You have written of him according to my own heart.

"I have just returned home from between two and three months' *bootlering* an old friend, Lady Kay Shuttleworth, who is very, very ill at Homburg. The air of Homburg disagreed with me, and I came home very poorly. I am better now, a great deal, but still weakish. I hope you are well, and I wish you would some day 'look in' at the Gordon Arms.

"My mother will be home in about a week with St. Hilaire ; could not you and she *rendez-vous* here? and Da,[1] who is glorious in talk, being forced by a boil on his thigh to take all needful exercise with his tongue.

"Please give my best and dutiful love to Mr. Grote.

"Your ever affectionate

"LUCIE DUFF GORDON."

[1] Mr. Austin.

CHAPTER L.

LADY DUFF GORDON (*continued*).

The Old House at Esher, "Gordon Arms"—Boating on the Mole—The Duc d'Aumale's Harriers—The "Village Doctor" and Ranke's "Ferdinand and Maximilian of Austria"—Paris—Reminiscences of and Letter from Heinrich Heine.

Our dear old house at Esher, surnamed the "Gordon Arms," was nothing very remarkable, having been, I believe, an inn, with a cottage near. The space between the two had been built over, and made the dining-room and drawing-room L-shaped. But the house was full of quaint old furniture and china; and the old-fashioned garden, with a big mulberry-tree and many standard roses and scarlet geraniums, sloped upwards from the back of the house to the palings of Claremont Park, whose magnificent beeches overhung the end of the shrubbery. The view from the front windows was beautiful, the "sluggish Mole" and Wolsey's tower in the foreground, and Windsor Castle in the far distance. Many a merry boating-party did we have on the Mole, with picnics in the woods, varied by now and then knocking a hole in the bottom of our boat on one of the many snags and hidden stumps of trees with which the river abounds. Once we lost our wine and gingerbeer, which was hung overboard to cool, and my father and Henry Phillips had to dive for it in deep water, while Ary Scheffer, who was staying at Esher to paint the portrait of Queen Marie Amélie, and Richard Doyle, stood ready to assist in the recovery of the lost bottles.

The rides were most beautiful, through large covers, green

shady lanes, and over endless commons. In a little cottage on one of these lived our friend George Meredith ; he wrote several of his delightful novels at Copsham Cottage, and in "Evan Harrington," friends will recognise various inmates of the "Gordon Arms." Behind Claremont Park was a large fir wood with a small lake, called the Black Pool. It was near this that the Comte de Paris broke his leg out hunting ; his horse ran away and smashed his leg against a tree. It was raining, and I gave my waterproof to put under the Prince, and galloped off to announce the accident at Claremont, for fear the Queen Marie Amélie should be alarmed at seeing her grandson brought back in a litter. The Duc d'Aumale always let us know where his harriers met, and we had famous runs in the cramped country near by—small fields, big fences, and large water-jumps in the low-lying land near the river. The Princes were most popular with everybody ; and they well-deserved it, being kind, courteous, and amiable to all.

In 1853, Lady Duff Gordon translated that charming tale by Comtesse d'Arbouville, "The Village Doctor ;" and she and her husband together, Ranke's "Ferdinand and Maximilian of Austria." In 1857, the house at Esher was let to Mr. Charles Buxton, and we went to Paris for three months, chiefly in order that I might learn French. MM. Cousin, St. Hilaire, Comte, A. de Vigny, Mignet, Léon de Wailly, and others were often in the Rue Chaillot. M. Cousin was very kind to me, and made me go to see him at the Sorbonne twice a week, to *talk*. I must confess the talking was all on one side, and I used to sit entranced, listening to the old philosopher holding forth about the beautiful ladies of the seventeenth century.

My mother often went to see Heinrich Heine, and she wrote her recollections of him for Lord Houghton :—

"I had not seen Heine since I was a child at Boulogne till I went to Paris three years ago, when I heard he was very poor

and dying. I sent my name, and a message that if he chanced to remember the little girl to whom he told 'Mährchen' years ago at Boulogne, I should like to see him. He sent for me directly, remembered every little incident and all the people who were in the same inn; a ballad I had sung, which recounted the tragical fate of Ladye Alice and her humble lover Giles Collins, and ended by Ladye Alice taking only one spoonful of the gruel, 'with sugar and spices so sweet,' while, after her decease, 'the parson licked up the rest.' This diverted Heine immensely, and he asked after the parson who drank the gruel directly.

"I, for my part, could hardly speak to him, so shocked was I by his appearance. He lay on a pile of mattresses, his body wasted so that it seemed no bigger than a child under the sheet that covered him, the eyes closed, and the face altogether like the most painful and wasted *Ecce Homo* ever painted by some old German painter. His voice was very weak, and I was astonished at the animation with which he talked; evidently his mind had wholly survived his body. He raised his powerless eyelids with his thin white fingers, and exclaimed, 'Gott! die kleine Lucie ist gross geworden, und hat einen Mann; dass ist eigen!' ('God! little Lucie has grown big, and has a husband; that is funny.') He then earnestly asked if I was happy and contented, and begged me to bring my husband to see him. He said again he hoped I was happy now, as I had always been such a merry child. I answered that I was no longer so merry as 'die kleine Lucie' (the little Lucie) had been, but very happy and contented; and he said, 'Dass ist schön; es bekommt Einem gut eine Frau zu sehen, die kein wundes Herz herum trägt, um es von allerlei Männern ausbessern zu lassen, wie die Weiber hier zu Lande, die es am Ende nicht merken, dass was ihnen eigentlich fehlt ist gerade, dass sie gar keine Herzen haben' ('That is well; it does one good to see a woman who does not carry about a broken heart, to be mended by all sorts of men, like the women here, who do not see that a total want of heart is their real failing'). I took my husband to see him, and we bid him good-bye. He said that he hoped to see me again; ill as he was, he should not die yet.

"Last September I went to Paris again, and found Heine removed and living in the same street as myself, in the Champs Elysées. I sent him word I was come, and soon received a note, painfully written by him in pencil, as follows :—

[Translation.]

"'Highly honoured, Great-British Goddess Lucie,—I sent back word by the servant, that with the exception of last Wednesday, I was ready to receive your godship on any day and at any hour. But I have waited till to-day in vain for such a heavenly apparition. Do not delay any longer! Come to-day, come to-morrow, come often. You live so near me, the poor shadow in the Elysian fields! Do not let me wait too long. I send you with this the four first volumes of the French translation of my unhappy works. Meanwhile, I remain of your godship

"'The most humble and attached adorer,

"'Heinrich Heine.

"'N.B. The parson drank the gruel water.'"

"I went immediately, and climbed upstairs to a small room, where I found him still on the pile of mattresses on which I had left him three years before; more ill he could not look, for he looked dead already, and wasted to a shadow. When I kissed him, his beard felt like swan's down or baby's hair, so weak had it grown, and his face seemed to me to have gained a certain beauty from pain and suffering. He was very affectionate to me, and said, 'Ich habe jetzt mit der ganzen Welt Frieden gemacht, und endlich auch mit dem lieben Gott, der schickt mir dich nun als schöner Todesengel: gewiss sterb ich bald' ('I have now made peace with the whole world, and at last also with God, who sends thee to me as a beautiful angel of death: I shall certainly soon die'). I said, 'Armer Dichter, bleiben Ihnen doch immer so viele herrliche Illusionen, dass Sie eine reisende Engländerin für Azrael ansehen können? Dass war sonst nicht der Fall, Sie konnten uns ja nicht leiden' ('Poor Poet, do you still retain such splendid illusions, that you transform a travelling Englishwoman into Azrael? That used not to be the case, for you always disliked us'). He answered,

'Ja, mein Gott, ich weiss doch gar nicht was ich gegen die Engländer hatte, dass ich immer so boshaft gegen sie war ; es war aber wahrlich nur Muthwillen, eigentlich hasste ich sie nie, und ich habe sie auch nicht gekannt. Ich war einmal in England, kannte aber Niemand, und fand London recht traurig, und die Leute auf der Strasse kamen mir unausstehlich vor. Aber England hat sich schön gerächt, sie schickte mir ganz vorzüglich Freunde—dich, und Milnes, der gute Milnes, und noch andere' ('Yes, I do not know what possessed me to dislike the English, and be so spiteful towards them ; but it really was only petulance ; I never hated them, indeed, I never knew them. I was only once in England, but knew no one, and found London very dreary, and the people in the streets odious. But England has revenged herself well ; she has sent me most excellent friends—thyself, and Milnes, that good Milnes, and others'). I saw him two or three times a week during a two months' stay in Paris, and found him always full of lively conversation and interest in everything, and of his old undisguised vanity, pleased to receive bad translations of his works, and anxious beyond measure to be well translated into English. He offered me the copyright of all his works as a gift, and said he would give me *carte blanche* to cut out all I thought necessary on my own account, or that of the English public, and made out lists of how I had better arrange them, which he gave me. He sent me all his books, and was boyishly eager that I should set to work and read him some in English, especially a prose translation of his songs, which he pressed me to undertake with the greatest vehemence, against my opinion of its practicability.

"He talked a great deal about politics in the same tone as in his later writings—a tone of vigorous protest and disgust of mob-tyranny, past, present, and future ; told me a vast number of stories about people of all parts, which I should not choose to repeat ; and expressed the greatest wish that it were possible to get well enough to come over and visit me, and effect a reconciliation with England. On the whole, I never saw a man bear such horrible pain and misery in so perfectly unaffected a manner. He complained of his sufferings, and was pleased to see tears in my eyes, and then at once set to work

to make me laugh heartily which pleased him just as much. He neither paraded his anguish nor tried to conceal it, or to put on any stoical airs. I thought him far less sarcastic, more hearty, more indulgent, and altogether pleasanter than ever. After a few weeks he begged me not to tell him when I was going, for that he could not bear to say 'Lebewohl auf ewig' (an eternal farewell), or to hear it, and repeated that I had come as an 'ein schöner, gütiger Todesengel' (beautiful, kind angel of death), to bring nim greetings from youth and from Germany, and to dispel all the 'bösen französischen Gedanken' (bad French thoughts). When he spoke German to me he called me 'Du,' and used the familiar expressions and terms of language which Germans use to a child; in French, I was 'Madame,' and 'Vous.'

"It was evident that I recalled some happy time of his life to his memory, and that it was a relief to him to talk German, and to consider me still as a child. He said that what he liked so much was that I laughed so heartily, which the French could not do. I defended 'la vieille gaieté Française,' but he said, 'Oui, c'est vrai, cela existait autrefois, mais avouez, ma chère, que c'était une gaieté un peu bête.' He had so little feeling for what I liked best in the French character that I could see he must have lived only with those of that nation who 'sit in the scorner's seat;' whereas, while he laughed at Germany, it was with 'des larmes dans la voix.' He also talked a good deal about his religious feelings; much displeased at the reports that he had turned Catholic. What he said about his own belief, hope and trust, would not be understood in England, nor ought I, I think, to betray the deeper feelings of a dying man. The impression he made on me was so deep, that I had great difficulty to restrain my tears till I had left the room the last few times I saw him, and shall never forget the sad, pale face and eager manner of poor Heine."

CHAPTER LI.

LADY DUFF GORDON (*continued*).

Illness of Lady Duff Gordon—Ventnor—Voyage to the Cape—Life on board Ship—A Collision and a Gale—Lands at Cape Town—A Mussulman Burial—Simon's Bay—Caledon—Choslullah's Theory—Gnadenthal—The Moravian Missionaries—The last Hottentot—Worcester—Returns to Cape Town.

In the midst of her busy, intellectual life, varied by mingling in the best and brightest of social circles, and rendered precious by many friendships firmly clung to and warmly reciprocated, my mother's health became worse and worse. The death of her father in December, 1859, affected her terribly, and the bitter cold of the cottage at Weybridge, and sitting up at night, which I in vain implored her not to do, brought on a very bad attack of hæmorrhage. After spending two miserable winters at Ventnor, where she edited my translation of v. Sybel's "History and Literature of the Crusades," she was advised to try the climate of the Cape of Good Hope. Her invalided condition neither altered the cheerfulness of her temper nor abated her keen interest in all surrounding objects, and her "Letters from the Cape" obtained universal popularity. Readers to whom the dry subjects or difficult details of her German historical and political translations were unknown or distasteful, eagerly read the graphic pages, so full of life, earnestness, quick observation, and playful humour. The letters were *real* letters, written to her family, and without the slightest idea of publication.

She describes life on board ship in July, 1861, to her husband :—

"The ship's officers are very good fellows. The mizen is entirely worked by the 'young gentlemen ;' so we never see the sailors, and, at present, are not allowed to go forward. All lights are put out at half-past ten, and no food allowed in the cabin ; but the latter article my friend Avery—the cuddy boy—makes light of, and brings me anything when I am laid up. The young soldier-officers bawl for him with expletives ; but he says, with a snigger, to me, 'They'll just wait till their betters, the ladies, is looked to.' I will write again some day soon, and take the chance of meeting a ship ; you may be amused by a little scrawl, though it will probably be very stupid and ill-written, for it is not easy to see or to guide a pen while I hold on to the table with both legs and one arm, and am first on my back and then on my nose. Adieu, till next time. I have had a good taste of the humours of the Channel.

"17*th Aug.*—Since I wrote last, we got into the south-west monsoon for one day, and I sat up by the steersman in intense enjoyment—a bright sun and glittering blue sea ; and we tore along, pitching and tossing the water up like mad. It was glorious. At night, I was calmly reposing in my cot, in the middle of the steerage, just behind the main hatchway, when I heard a crashing of rigging and a violent noise and confusion on deck. The captain screamed out orders which informed me that we were in the thick of a collision—of course I lay still, and waited till the row, or the ship, went down. I found myself next day looked upon as no better than a heathen by all the women, because I had been cool, and declined to get up and make a noise. Presently the officers came and told me that a big ship had borne down on us—we were on the starboard tack, and all right—carried off our flying jib-boom and whisker (the sort of yard to the bowsprit). The captain says he was never in such imminent danger in his life, as she threatened to swing round and to crush into our waist, which would have been certain destruction. The little dandy soldier-

officer behaved capitally ; he turned his men up in no time, and had them all ready. He said, 'Why, you know, I must see that my fellows go down decently.' Sally was as cool as an icicle, offered me my pea-jacket, &c., which I declined, as it would be of no use for me to go off in boats, even supposing there were time, and I preferred going down comfortably in my cot. Finding she was of no use to me, she took a yelling maid in custody, and was thought a brute for begging her to hold her noise. The first lieutenant, who looks on passengers as odious cargo, has utterly mollified to me since this adventure. I heard him report to the captain that I was 'among 'em all, and never sung out, nor asked a question the while.' This he called 'beautiful.'

"The gale in the Bay of Biscay was a little shaking up in a puddle (a dirty one) compared to that glorious South Atlantic in all its majestic fury. The intense blue waves, crowned with fantastic crests of bright emeralds and with the spray blowing about like wild dishevelled hair, came after us to swallow us up at a mouthful, but took us up on their backs, and hurried us along as if our ship were a cork. Then the gale slackened, and we had a dead calm, during which the waves banged us about frightfully, and our masts were in much jeopardy. Then a foul wind, S.E., increased into a gale, lasting five days, during which orders were given in dumb show, as no one's voice could be heard ; through it we fought and laboured and dipped under water, and I only had my dry corner by the wheel, where the kind pleasant little third officer lashed me tight. I recommend a fortnight's heavy gale in the South Atlantic as a cure for a *blasé* state of mind. It cannot be described ; the sound, the sense of being hurled along without the smallest regard to 'this side uppermost ;' the beauty of the whole scene, and the occasional crack and bear-away of sails and spars ; the officer trying to 'sing out,' quite in vain, and the boatswain's whistle scarcely audible.

"Then the mortal perils of eating, drinking, moving, sitting, lying ; standing can't be done, even by the sailors, without holding on. *The* night of the gale, my cot twice touched the beams of the ship above me. I asked the captain if I had dreamt it, but he said it was quite possible ; he had never seen

a ship so completely on her beam ends come up all right, masts and yards all sound.

"There is a middy about half Maurice's size, a very tiny ten-year-older, who has been my delight; he is so completely 'the officer and the gentleman.' My maternal entrails turned like old Alvarez', when that baby lay out on the very end of the cross-jack yard to reef, in the gale; it was quite voluntary, and the other new-comers all declined. I always called him 'Mr. ——, sir,' and asked his leave gravely, or, on occasions, his protection and assistance; and his little dignity was lovely. He is polite to the ladies, and slightly distant to the passenger-boys, bigger than himself, whom he orders off dangerous places: 'Children, come out of that; you'll be overboard.'"

"Cape Town, *Sept.* 19, 1861.

"Dear Janet,—I arrived yesterday and the mail goes to-night, so I can only write a few lines. Sir B. Walker sent me a most kind letter and a boat, and the port captain and all quite 'pompos.' I am wild to get out as soon as my cold goes to see the glorious scenery and the hideous people. The coolies who brought my things were obviously slaves of the camp, so hideous and so gentle. The Zulu Caffres are the Auvergnats of Africa. Bankers give them £10,000 in gold, which they carry 120 miles by unknown tracks for two shillings. Mr. Anderson, a merchant who has been here thirty-five years, told me, 'Oh, if it does not arrive the man's dead, but it has never been delayed, *even* fire-arms are safe with them.' The pretty graceful Malays are no honester than ourselves, but excellent workmen.

"The vegetation is lovely, the freshness of spring and the richness of summer. Enter 'Afrikander' lad with a nosegay, only one flower I know, heliotrope—a lovely acacia overpoweringly sweet of bitter almonds, and great scarlet bells. Oranges are going out and are *dear*, two a penny.

"When I landed I felt tired and landsick, and lay down and went to sleep.

"After an hour or so I woke, hearing a little *gazouillement*, like that of chimney swallows. On opening my eyes I beheld

four demons, sons of the obedient Jinn, each bearing an article of furniture, and holding converse over me in the language of Nephelococcygia. Why has no one ever mentioned the curious little soft voices of these coolies?—you can't hear them with the naked ear three feet off. The most hideous demon (whose complexion had not only the colour, but the precise metallic lustre of an ill black-leaded stove) at last chirruped a wish for orders, which I gave. I asked the pert, active, cockney housemaid what I ought to pay them, as, being a stranger, they might overcharge me. Her scorn was sublime. 'Them nasty blacks never asks more than their regular charge.' So I asked the black-lead demon, who demanded 'two shilling each horse in waggon,' and a dollar each 'coolie man.' He then glided with fiendish noiselessness about the room, arranged the furniture to his own taste, and finally said, 'Poor missus sick;' then more chirruping among themselves, and finally a fearful gesture of incantation, accompanied by 'God bless poor missus. Soon well now.' The wrath of the cockney housemaid became majestic: 'There, ma'am; you see how saucy they have grown—a nasty black heathen Mohammedan a blessing of a white Christian!' Now I must finish this hurried scrawl."

"Cape Town, *Oct.* 3, 1861.

"We have had a fortnight of cold and damp such as the 'oldest inhabitant' never remembered, and I have had a very bad attack of bronchitis and been in bed till yesterday. Then the blessed sun shone out, the mountain threw off his cloak of clouds and all was bright and warm. I sat in the verandah over the 'stoep' (a kind of terrace in front of every house here), and they brought me a tortoise as big as a half-crown and as lively as a cricket, and a chameleon like a fairy dragon. A green fellow five inches long with no claws on his feet, but suckers like a fly. To-day I went a long drive with Capt. and Mrs. Jamison. We went to Rondebosch and Wynberg—lovely country rather like Herefordshire—red earth and oak trees. Miles of the road were like the Gainsborough Lane[1] on a large scale, and looked quite English; till a hedge of prickly pear,

[1] A lane near Esher, christened thus by Tom Taylor and H. W. Phillips.

or a date palm, or big white arums in the ditches told a different tale."

"19*th Oct.*

"I have been coughing all this time ; of course the weather has been 'unprecedented.' When it is fine here it is quite celestial—so clear, so dry, so light. A few days ago I drove to Mr. Van de Byl's farm and on to Newlands, which was Lord C. Somerset's and now belongs to Mrs. Jamison's brother. Such a beautiful place. Immense trenching and draining is going on—the foreman is a Caffre, black as ink, six feet three inches high, and broad in proportion, with a staid, dignified air, and Englishmen working under him ! At the streamlets there are the inevitable groups of Malay women washing clothes, and brown babies sprawling about. Yesterday, I should have bought a black woman for her beauty, had it been still possible. She was carrying an immense weight on her head, and was far gone with child ; but such stupendous physical perfection I never even imagined. Her jet black face was like the Sphinx, with the same mysterious smile ; her shape and walk were goddess-like, and the lustre of her skin, teeth, and eyes showed the fulness of health ;—Caffre of course. I walked after her as far as her swift pace would let me, in envy and adoration of such stately humanity.

"The ordinary blacks, or Mozambiques, as they call them, are hideous. Malay here means Mohammedan. They *were* Malays, but now they include every shade, from the blackest nigger to the most blooming English woman. Yes, indeed, the emigrant girls turn 'Malay' pretty often, and get thereby husbands who know not billiards and brandy—the two diseases of Cape Town. They risk a plurality of wives, and profess Islam, but they get fine clothes and industrious husbands. They wear a very pretty dress, and all have a great air of independence and self-respect ; and the real Malays are very handsome. I am going to see one of the Mollahs soon, and to look at their schools and mosque ; which, to the distraction of the Scotch, they call their "Kirk."

"Cape Town, *Oct. 28th.*

"Yesterday I sat in the full broil of the sun for an hour or

more in the Malay burial ground. They buried the head butcher of the Mussulmans, and a most strange poetical scene it was. The burial-ground is on the side of the Lion Mountain—on the Lion's rump—and overlooks the whole bay, part of the town, and the most superb mountain panorama beyond. I never saw a view within miles of it for beauty and grandeur. Far down a fussy English steamer came puffing and popping into the deep blue bay, and the 'Hansom' cabs went tearing down to the landing-place; and round me sat a crowd of grave brown men chanting 'Allah il Allah' to the most monotonous but musical air, and with the most perfect voices. The chant seemed to swell, and then fade, like the wind in the trees.

"A white-complexioned man spoke to me in excellent English (which few of them speak), and was very communicative and civil. He told me the dead man was his brother-in-law, and he himself the barber. I hoped I had not taken a liberty. 'Oh, no; poor Malays were proud when noble English persons showed such respect to their religion. The young Prince had done so too, and Allah would not forget to protect him. He also did not laugh at their prayers, praise be to God!' I had already heard that Prince Alfred is quite the darling of the Malays. He insisted on accepting their *fête*, which the Cape Town people had snubbed. I have a friendship with one Abdul Jemaalee and his wife Betsy, a couple of old folks who were slaves to Dutch owners, and now keep a fruit-shop of a rough sort, with 'Betsy, Fruiterer,' painted on the back of an old tin tray, and hung up by the door of the house. Abdul first bought himself, and then his wife Betsy, whose 'missus' generously threw in her bed-ridden mother. He is a fine handsome old man, and has confided to me that £5,000 would not buy what he is worth now. I have also read the letters written by his son, young Abdul Rachman, now a student at Cairo, who has been away five years—four at Mecca. The young theologian writes to his '*Hoeg eerbare Moeder*' a fond request for money, and promises to return soon. I am invited to the feast wherewith he will be welcomed. Old Abdul Jemaalee thinks it will divert my mind, and prove to me that Allah will take me home safe to my children, about whom he and his wife asked many questions. More-

over, he compelled me to drink herb tea, compounded by a Malay doctor for my cough. I declined at first, and the poor old man looked hurt, gravely assured me that it was not true that Malays always poisoned Christians, and drank some himself. Thereupon I was obliged, of course, to drink up the rest ; it certainly did me good, and I have drunk it since with good effect ; it is intensely bitter and rather sticky. The white servants and the Dutch landlady where I lodge shake their heads ominously, and hope it mayn't poison me a year hence. 'Them nasty Malays can make it work months after you take it.' They also possess the evil eye, and a talent for love potions. As the men are very handsome and neat, I incline to believe that part of it."

"Simon's Bay, *November 19th.*

"I came to this hospitable house (Admiral Sir B. Walker's) three days ago and enjoy the kindness with all my heart and the comfort with a body much wearied with the manifold discomforts of the colony. But I cough badly and feel worn with it, so shall take the advice of the Naval Hospital doctor and go up to Caledon for warmth. I fear that up-country is very 'hard lines' as to comforts or even necessaries. You should see a family arrive—what savages they look after ten days' travel in a waggon. The climate here is decidedly too cold ; the Sou'-Easter only leaves off now and then for half a day, then all is heavenly—but the S.Er. is *ice*. No one here seems to mind it, and everybody has from eight to twenty-two children except the coloured people. I fell in with such a charming Canadian black and his Madagascar wife. He had been a 'British seaman' and was so pleased when I told him, very truly, that he was the only 'real Englishman' I had seen. So neat, and well-mannered, and digging his ground with a will. The 'won't you sit down, ma'am?' sounded quite like home. The negroes here are very engaging ; they speak and smile like Lalage, hideous as they are. The Malays are polite and reserved, cleaner than any working people I ever saw.

"Just as I write arrives a packet of my old Malay friend's 'bosjes tee' (herb tea), which will relieve my cough I know, as

it did before. But the Cape people assure me I am poisoned, as 'it is part of their religion you know, to murder Christians.' Being mixed by a Malay priest and doctor it must of course be like the Borgia poison. N.B.—If I were younger it would act as a love-potion, and I should become the second wife of a Malay coolie. This may serve as a sample of colonial 'intelligence.'"

"CALEDON, *December* 9, 1861.

"Simon's Bay is decidedly colder than Cape Town. The naval surgeon came to see me, very clever, and as kind as a sailor and a doctor knocked into one. During the last fortnight it blew a South-wester which cut off all communication with the flag-ship (whose captain was weather-bound ashore), and kept us close prisoners indoors. Dr. Shea said I should never get right if I remained on the coast, and made a bargain for me with a Dutchman for a light Malay cart.

"I was most lucky, had two beautiful days, and enjoyed the journey immensely. It was most '*abentheuerlich*;' the light two-wheeled cart, with four wild little horses, and the marvellous brown driver, who seemed to be always going to perdition, but made the horses do apparently impossible things with absolute certainty; and the pretty tiny boy who came to help his uncle, and was so clever, and so preternaturally quiet, and so very small: then the road through the mountain passes, seven or eight feet wide, with a precipice above and below, up which the little horses scrambled; while big lizards, with green heads and chocolate bodies, looked pertly at us, and a big, bright amber-coloured cobra, as handsome as he is deadly, wriggled across into a hole."

The climate at Caledon was far better, and Lady Duff Gordon's descriptions of the country life, the horses and the birds, make one long to go there. She was very popular with the coloured people, which an old "Bastaard" woman married to the Malay tailor explained, as set forth by "dat Malay boy, Choslullah," her driver;—

"CALEDON, *December* 29, 1861.

"She told them he was sure I was a '*very* great Missis,' because of my 'plenty good behaviour;' that I spoke to him just as to a white gentleman, and did not 'laugh and talk nonsense talk.' Never say, 'Here, you black fellow, dat Missis.' The English, when they mean to be good-natured, are generally offensively familiar, and 'talk nonsense talk,' *i.e.* imitate the Dutch-English of the Malays and blacks; the latter feel it the greatest compliment to be treated *au sérieux*, and spoken to in good English. Choslullah's theory was that I must be related to the Queen, in consequence of my not 'knowing bad behaviour.' The Malays, who are intelligent and proud, of course feel the annoyance of vulgar familiarity more than the blacks, who are rather awe-struck by civility, though they like and admire it.

"I made friends here the other day with a lively dried-up little old Irishman, who came out at seven years old a pauper boy. He has made a fortune by 'going on Toch' (Tausch= barter) *i.e.* he charters two waggons with twelve oxen each, and two Hottentots to each waggon, leader and driver. These he fills with cotton, hardware, &c., &c., an ambulatory village shop, and goes about fifteen miles a day on and on into the far interior swapping Bafta's (calico), Punjums (loose trousers), and Voerschitz, pronounced Foossy (cotton gown-pieces), against oxen and sheep. When all is gone he swops his waggons against more oxen and a horse; and he and his four Totties drive home the spoil, and he has doubled or trebled his venture. *En route* home, each day they kill a sheep and eat it *all*. 'What,' said I, 'the whole?' 'Every bit; I always take one leg and the liver for myself, and the Totties roast the rest, and melt all the fat and entrails down in an iron pot, and eat it with a wooden spoon.' *Je n'en revenais pas.* 'What, the whole leg and liver at one meal?' 'Aye and you'd do the same, ma'am, if you were there. No bread, no salt, no nothing—mutton and water.' The old fellow was quite poetic and heroic in describing the joys and perils of Toch. I said I should like to go too, and he bewailed having settled a year ago in a store at Swellendam, 'else he'd ha' fitted up a waggon all nice and snug for me, and shown me what going on Toch was like,

Nothing like it for the health, ma'am, and beautiful shooting.' My friend had £700 in gold in a carpet bag without a lock, lying about on the stoep. 'All right ; nobody steals money or such like here ; I'm going to pay bills in Cape Town.' "

"CALEDON, *January* 19, 1862.

" . . . I like my new life because I see all the 'neighbourhood'—farmers and traders—whom I like far better than the *gentility* of Cape Town. The Dutch are *grob* except when they are very good-natured, like the postmaster, Heer Kleen, and his old Pylades, Herr Ley. They are great cronies of mine, and I sometimes go and sit on their stoep with the two old bachelors, and they take it as a great compliment. One day I found a handsome Malay there with a basket of 'Klipkos,' a shellfish much esteemed here, which old Kleen told me were sent him by a Malay who was born in his father's house, a slave, who had been his 'boy' and playfellow. Now the slave is richer far than the old young master ; and no waggon comes without some little gift for 'Wilhem.' When he goes to Cape Town the old Malay seats him in a grand chair, and sits on a little wooden stool at his feet. Kleen begs him as 'Huisheer' to sit by his side, but '*Ne Wilhem Ik soll ni, Ik Kan niet vergeten.*' 'Good boy!' said old Kleen, 'good people these Malays.' I have heard other instances of the same fidelity, but they were utterly unappreciated—'only shows what a good thing slavery was, and how well the rascals were treated.'

"I am going in a few days to Gnadenthal, the Moravian missionary station founded in 1736. '*Die Blühende Gemeinde von Hottentoten ;*' how little did I think to see it, when your father and I laughed at the phrase in old Mr. Steinkopf's sermon years ago. The *missionarised* Hottentots are not thought well of at all, they are tipsier than the rest I hear."

"CALEDON, *January 28th.*

"I wish I could send you a pair of Cape horses, they are wonderful! We started early on Saturday for the 'blooming parish,' and did the twenty-four miles up and down the mountain roads in two hours and a half. Nothing but a Cape cart, Cape horses and a Hottentot driver, above all, could have ac-

complished it. I felt more like Bürger's Lenore than anything else when we arrived at a nice cottage on the hill-side belonging to one Christian Rietz, a *ci-devant* slave. He was *white*, with brown woolly hair, sharp features, and grey eyes. He said he was a 'Scotch Bastaard,' and '*le bon sang parlait ;*' for a more shrewd, sensible fellow I never saw. His father (and master) had to let him go when the slaves were emancipated, and he came to Gnadenthal, and keeps an inn and a shop in the village.

"I asked one of the Herrenhut brethren whether there were any *real* Hottentots, and he told me 'Yes, one;' and next morning, as I sat waiting for early prayers under the big oak-trees in the Plaats (square), he came up, followed by a tiny old man hobbling along with a long stick to support him. 'Here,' said he, 'is the *last* Hottentot ; he is a hundred and seven years old, and lives all alone.' I looked on the litttle, wizened yellow face, and was shocked that he should be dragged up like a wild beast to be stared at. A feeling of pity which felt like remorse fell upon me, and my eyes filled as I rose and stood before him, so tall and like a tyrant and oppressor, while he uncovered his poor old snow-white head, and peered up in my face. I led him to the seat, and helped him to sit down, and said in Dutch, 'Father, I hope you are not tired ; you are old.' He saw and heard as well as ever, and spoke *good* Dutch in a firm voice. 'Yes, I am above a hundred years old, and alone—quite alone.' I sat beside him, and he put his head on one side, and looked curiously up at me with his faded but still piercing little wild eyes. Perhaps he had a perception of what I felt—yet I hardly think so ; perhaps he thought I was in trouble, for he crept close up to me, and put one tiny brown paw into my hand, which he stroked with the other, and asked (like most coloured people) if I had children. I said, 'Yes, at home in England ;' and he patted my hand again, and said, 'God bless them!' It was a relief to feel that he was pleased, for I should have felt like a murderer if my curiosity had added a moment's pain to so tragic a fate.

"People would say, just like my nonsense, but you cannot conceive the effect of looking on the last of a race once the owners of all this land and now utterly wiped out. He had

travelled with one of the missionaries about the year 1790 and remained with them ever since. Physically speaking, he was not quite human—a good head ; small, wild-beast eyes, piercing and restless ; strangely high and prominent cheek-bones and nose quite flat ; rather a wide mouth with thin, shapeless lips, and an extraordinarily small, long, pointed chin, with just a little soft white wool on it. The very close short white wool on his head ended round the poll in little, little ringlets. He was about the size of a child of eleven, and had hands and feet like a child of seven or eight. His teeth were all perfect, and though shrunk to nothing was hardly wrinkled in the face and not at all in the hands which were dark brown, while his face was yellow.

"I went into the church and heard a very good sort of Litany. The organ was beautifully played by a 'Bastaard' lad. The Herrenhuters use very fine chants, like old Catholic ones, and the perfect ear and heavenly voices of the coloured congregation made music more beautiful than any chorus singing I ever heard. Men and women sit separately, and the women's side was like a bed of tulips. The girls wear net-handkerchiefs tied round their heads like the ancient Greek head-dress with a double fillet, and their gowns were of every conceivable bright colour. The young men were very smart with white, pink or blue muslin rolled round their hats, on account of the sun. Hottentots, as they are called, *i.e.* Bastaards of mixed Dutch and Hottentot blood, have a blackguard elegance in gait and figure peculiar to them—a mixture of black blood alters that entirely. It often gives real beauty, but takes off from the 'air' and generally from the talent. The girls have the elegance without the blackguard look. Slender, tall and graceful, with good hands and feet ; some few are handsome, and many very interesting looking. The old women of this breed are the grandest hags I ever beheld. They tie up their old faces in white handkerchiefs like corpses, and have faces like Andrea del Sarto's old women ; also they are clean and well dressed.

All Gnadenthal is wonderfully fruitful, being well supplied with water. There are three or four thousand coloured people under the control of the seven missionaries, who allow no drinking-shops. We had to take our own wine for the three

days. It is not popular in the neighbourhood; 'it makes the d——d niggers cheeky to have homes of their own,' and the girls are said to be immoral. As to that, there are no so-called 'morals' among the coloured people, and how or why should there be. It is an honour to have a child by a white man, and it is a degradation to him to marry a dark girl.

"I wandered all over the village on Sunday afternoon, the people nodded and said good day; but no one took much notice of me save the poor old Hottentot. He was sitting on a door-step, and rose when he saw me coming, and took my hand. He seemed to like being helped along and seated down again carefully, and stroked my hand and shook it quite hard when I said good-bye. On Monday morning I saw all the schools. It was queer in the infant school to see the prim, little, blonde German mädels mixed up with jet black niggerlings and yellow Bastaards. The latter are as clever as whites, the rector told me, and all are intensely musical.

"I am persecuted by the ugliest and blackest Mozambiquer I have yet seen, a bricklayer's labourer, who can speak English, and says he was servant to an English captain—'Oh, a good fellow he was, only he's dead!' He now insists on my taking him as a servant. 'I dessay your man at home is a good chap, and I'll be a good boy, and cook very nice.' He is thick-set and short and strong. Nature has adorned him with a cock-eye and a yard of mouth, and art with a prodigiously tall white chimney-pot hat with the crown out, a cotton nightcap, and a wondrous congeries of rags. He professes to be cook, groom, and 'walley,' and is sure your father would be pleased with his attentions."

"Caledon, *February* 19, 1862.

"The post has but just come in and I must send off my letters to-day. I feel much better and shall start in a few days for my journey back to Cape Town where the South-Easters may be expected to abate next month. A clergyman here tells me he came with only one lung, and that a bad one, and went through the same process of coughing in a far more violent degree for six months and then found himself well and has remained so ever since. The climate here is certainly wonderful,

it quite changes people's constitutions. The quantity of fruit consumed by every man, woman and child, ripe and unripe (chiefly the latter) is prodigious, and stomach-aches are unknown. I think it has done me good. Heer Kleen sends up 'just a leetle fruits' for my breakfast—3lbs. of grapes, thirty peaches, figs, apples and pears—a large basketful as much as his 'boy' can carry.

"I have been most fortunate in my abode here and can say truly that I have found 'my warmest welcome at an inn.' Civility to strangers is by means of course here. I don't wonder at it for the old Dutch families *are gentlefolks* of the good dull old school and the English colonists can scarcely suit them. In the very few instances where I have succeeded in *thawing* a Dutchman I have found him good-natured and kindly. Then the Boers are not so intelligent as the English and hate them for their 'go ahead' ways. As to drink I fancy it is six of one and half a dozen of the other, only the Dutch are more addicted to solemn drinking bouts while the English take perpetual drams. I can't understand either in this stimulating climate. Talking of wine reminds me of an old gentleman whose grounds march with Constantia I believe, and who in a fit of sumptuosity sent to England for the 'most expensive' wine that could be had. He received by the next ship a large consignment of choice Constantia!"

"Worcester, *Sunday*, *March* 2, 1862.

"Oh, such a journey! Such country! Pearly mountains and deep blue sky, and an impassable pass to walk down, and baboons, and secretary birds, and tortoises! I couldn't sleep for it all last night, tired as I was with the unutterably bad road, or track rather. The change of climate is complete—the summer was over at Caledon, and here we are into it again—the most delicious air one can conceive; it must have been a perfect oven six weeks ago. The birds are singing away merrily still; the approach of autumn does not silence them here. The canaries have a very pretty song, like our linnet, only sweeter; the rest are very inferior to ours. The sugar-bird is delicious when close by, but his pipe is too soft to be heard at any distance.

"I slept the first night at Filjee's-dorp, a tiny village in a valley, and next morning went up-hill to the summit of a pass. Sally [1] and I exclaimed together, 'How beautiful!' and Sabaal, our driver, thought the exclamation was an ironical remark on the road, which was excessively steep, barely wide enough, and as slippery as a flagstone pavement, being bare rock. I walked down, holding on from time to time.

"How shall I describe the view from that pass! In front was a long, long level valley, at the extreme end in a little gap between two low brown hills that crossed each other one could just see Worcester five hours' drive off. Behind it and on each side the flat, mountains of every conceivable shape and colour, chiefly delicate pale, pale lilac and peach colour but varied with red, brown, and Titian green, the strangest cliffs and peaks and crags topling every way all the colour of opal. Water sparkled on the mountain sides in little glittering threads, and here and there in the plain, and pretty farms were dotted on either side at the very bottom of the slopes toward the mountain foot. The sky *such* a blue! I never did see anything so beautiful.

"On we went crossing drift after drift (the bed of a stream) when Sabaal pulled up and said: 'There are the Baviāans missis want to see,' and so they were. By the river was a great brute bigger than a Newfoundland dog stalking along with the hideous baboon walk, his tail vehemently cocked up. A troop more followed at a distance hiding and dodging among the palmiets.

"As we neared Worcester the road got more and more beautiful, and the mountains grew higher and craggier. Presently a huge bird like a stork on the wing pounced down close by us—it was a secretary bird and had caught sight of a snake. Our inn is a nice old Dutch house, but the town is not so pretty to my taste as the little villages. I wonder whether my delight in the new birds and beasts and people seem very stupid to you.

"I can't help it if it does, and am not ashamed to confess that I feel the old sort of enchanted wonder with which I used

[1] Lady Duff Gordon's maid.

to read Cook's voyages and the like as a child. It is very coarse and unintellectual of me ; but I would rather see this *now*, at my age, than Italy ; the fresh, new, beautiful nature is a second youth—or *childhood*, *si vous voulez*. To-morrow we shall cross the highest pass I have yet crossed, and sleep at Paarl—then Stellenbosch, then Cape Town."

"Cape Town, *March 7th.*

"You must read my long yarn to your father about the glorious drive, I cannot write it all over again. Here I am in my old quarters, very comfortable ; but Cape Town looks *murky* after Caledon, there is a haze over the mountains, and they look far off and indistinct. At Paarl I saw four Hottentots, so they are not quite extinct. They are very, very small but exquisitely shaped ; hideous in face and quite light-yellow, not darker than Europeans. There were two men and two women, all drunk—too drunk to remember where they had left their child. *C'est assez dire* that I should have had no scruple in buying it for a bottle of 'smoke' (spirit distilled from grape skins). A real 'Hottentotje' would have been a funny addition to the household at Esher. Every one agrees that when *tamed* they make the best of servants, gentle, clever, and honest ; but the one penny a glass spirit they can't resist unless when caught young.

"I hear that two Indiamen, the *Barham* and the *Camperdown* touch here soon. I am told the *Barham* is the fastest, and the *Camperdown* the most comfortable but mortal slow. If I find this confirmed I shall take the latter and have all the sea I can for my money. So don't be alarmed if I am three weeks or so after the time that might reasonably be expected. You will be home from Egypt before me, I daresay. I feel it would be madness to risk arriving just a little too soon in the channel after the glorious heat here now, I have a great idea that the voyage will do me more good now than the voyage out did, providing I time it well.

"*March* 15, 1862.

"We have been amused by a naval captain and his wife who are just come here, such absurdly disagreeable people, full of airs and graces. They complained that the merchant service

officers spoke familiarly to their children on board ! *quel audace !* When I remember the excellent, modest, manly young fellows who spoke very familiarly and pleasantly to me on board the *St. Lawrence* I longed to give a bit of mind to the idiots.

"I am just come from prayer at the Mosque in Chiappini Street, on the outskirts of the town. A most striking sight. A large room like a county ball-room with glass chandeliers, carpeted with common carpet all but a space at the entrance railed off for shoes. The Caaba and pulpit at one end, over the niche a crescent painted, and over the entrance door a crescent, an Arabic inscription, and the Royal Arms of England ! A fat jolly Mollah looked amazed as I ascended the steps, but when I touched my forehead and said, 'Salaam aleykum,' he laughed and said, 'Salaam, Salaam, come in.' The faithful poured in all neatly dressed in loose drab trousers, blue jackets, and red handkerchiefs on their heads. They left their wooden clogs in company with my shoes and proceeded, as it appeared, to strip. Off went jackets, waistcoats, and trousers with the dexterity of a pantomime transformation. The red handkerchief was replaced by a white skull-cap, and a large white shirt and full white drawers flowed around them—how it had all been stuffed into the trim jacket and trousers one could not conceive. Gay sashes and scarves were pulled out of a clean silk handkerchief tied up as a bundle, and a towel served as prayer carpet. In a moment the whole scene was as Oriental as if the hansom cab I had come in existed no more. The chanting was very fine and the whole ceremony very decorous and solemn. It lasted an hour, and then the little heaps of garments were put on and the congregation dispersed, each man first laying a penny on a very curious little old Dutch-looking, heavy, iron-bound chest standing in the middle of the room.

"I am quite in a fever now to be under weigh for England."

"*March* 20, 1862.

"I caught cold on returning to Cape Town, which I am sure is not healthy, indeed it can't be, from its stench and dirt ; indeed I believe the whole seashore is more or less bad, compared to the upper plateaux, of which I only know the first. I

coughed furiously, but consider it a *triumph* that it was cured by two bottles of mild mixture. Dr. Shea came all the way from Simon's Bay to see me, he is another of the kind sea-doctors. He says he fears I must not winter in England yet, but that I am greatly improved, as indeed I could tell him. So I shall come and see you in Egypt, dear Janet. When I look back upon my dreary, lonely prison at Ventnor, I wonder I survived it. And then people have the impudence to pity me for having been 'so very dull' up-country. *Sie merken's nicht* that it is *they* who are dull. The people here are *wunderlich*. Mrs. Jamison, born here, and with £7,000 a year, has never been further than Stellenbosch—about twenty miles; and I am asked how I lived and what I ate as if I had been to Lake Ngami. If only I had known how easy it all is I would have gone to East London by sea, and seen the Kuysna and George district, and the primæval African forest, the yellow wood and other giant trees. However, 'for that which I have received,' &c., &c. No one *can* conceive what it is after two long years of prison and utter languor to stand on the top of a mountain pass and *breathe*, and enjoy physical existence.

"It is now Ramadan, and my Muslim friends are very thin and look glum, old Abdool turns down the corners of his mouth just like your father at an evening party."

"*April 4th.*

"I was going to have a photograph of my cart done to-day, but when Choslullah (whom I sent for to complete the picture) found out what I wanted he implored me to put it off till Monday that he might be better dressed. He was so unhappy at being immortalised in an old jacket that I agreed to the delay. Such a handsome fellow may be allowed a little vanity.

"I went on the last evening of Ramadan to the Mosque, and was civil, in my usual absurd way, to a priest in a red turban. In a few minutes I found myself supplied by one Mollah with a chair, and by another with a cup of tea. I was surrounded with delighted faces as I sipped, and I saw that it was quite a demonstration that I drank up the tea unhesitatingly. The little boy who waits in this house had followed us, and was horrified. He is still waiting to see the poison work. An un-

precedented circumstance is that Choslullah is wild to go with me as my servant to England, or 'anywhere,' as he says in his tranquil way. It has never been possible to bribe a Malay out of the colony, so I am proud of such a conquest."

"CAPE TOWN, *April* 19, 1862.

"To-day is lovely, all April showers with such a sweetly clear blue sky, and such a fragrance. But the winter has fairly set in and I long to be off. A big ship came in yesterday, but turned out to be a transport and not the old *Camperdown* as I had hoped. This weather is beautiful in itself, but I feel it from the suddenness of the change. We passed in one night from hot summer to winter which is like *fine* English October.

"I shall grieve to think I shall never see my Malay friends again, they are the only people here who are really interesting. The priest is a bit of a proselytiser, and amused me much with an account of how he had converted the English girls from their evil courses and made them good Mussulwomen. I would have given pounds to have had Lord Shaftesbury or some one of that ilk to hear him. I never heard a naïf and sincere account of conversions *from* Christianity and its iniquities before —and I must own it was much milder than the Exeter Hall style. It is very difficult to see anything of the Malays as they want nothing of you, and expect nothing but dislike and contempt."

"*May* 3, 1862.

"After five weeks of waiting and worry I have at last sent my goods on board the *Camperdown*. I have been eating my heart out at the delay. How glad I am to be homeward bound at last! I am very well and have every prospect of a pleasant voyage. We are sure to be well found as the Attorney-General goes by our ship; he is a very great man, 'inspiring terror and respect' here, and I am told he is very agreeable."

CHAPTER LII.

LADY DUFF GORDON (*continued*).

Lady Duff Gordon returns to England—Eaux Bonnes—Egypt—Hekekian Bey—Omar—The Bazaar—Her Crew—Bibeh—Slave Merchants at Aswán—St. Simon Stylites—Death of Marquis of Lansdowne—The Mahmal—Impressions of Cairo—Muslim Piety—The Christian Dyer—Herodotus.

In July, 1862, my mother returned from the Cape slightly better in health, but was unfortunately persuaded to go to Eaux Bonnes, which did her great injury. "I hear the drip, drip, drip of Eaux Bonnes when I am chilly and oppressed in my sleep," she wrote afterwards. In October she landed in Egypt, and stayed at our house at Alexandria. But the climate did not suit her, and she went to Cairo, whence she wrote to her mother :—

Lady Duff Gordon to Sarah Austin.

"*Tuesday, November* 11, 1862.

"I write to you out of the real 'Arabian Nights.' Well may the Prophet (upon whom be peace!) smile when he looks down on Cairo.

"I went this morning with Hekekian Bey to the two earliest mosques. We were accosted most politely by some Arab gentlemen, who pointed out remarkable things, and echoed my lamentations at the neglect and ruin of such noble buildings (which Hekekian translated to them) most heartily. That of the Tooloon is exquisite, noble, simple, and what ornament there is,

is the most delicate lacework and embossing in stone and wood. This Arab architecture is even more lovely than our Gothic. The mosque of Sultan Hasan (early in our fourteenth century) is, I think, the most majestic building I ever saw, and the beauty of the details quite beyond belief to European eyes. No one has said a tenth part enough of Arab architecture."

"*Wednesday.*

"My contract was drawn up and signed by the American Vice-Consul to-day, and my Reyyis kissed my hand in due form; after which I went to the bazaar and sat on many a divan to buy the needful pots and pans. The transaction lasted an hour. The copper is so much per oka, the workmanship so much. Every article is weighed by a sworn weigher, and a ticket sent with it. More 'Arabian Nights.' The shopkeeper compares notes with me about numerals, and is as much amused as I. He treats me to coffee and pipes from a neighbouring shop, while Omar eloquently depreciates the goods, and offers half the value. A waterseller offers a brass cup of water; I drink, and give the huge sum of twopence, and he distributes the contents of his skin to the crowd (there is always a crowd) in my honour. It seems I have done a pious act. Finally, a boy is called to carry the *batterie de cuisine*, while Omar brandishes a gigantic kettle which he has picked up, a little bruised, for four shillings. The boy has a donkey, which I mount astride *à l'Arabe*, while the boy carries all the copper things on his head. We are rather a grand procession, and quite enjoy the fury of the dragomans and other leeches who hang on the English, at such independent proceedings; and Omar gets reviled for spoiling the trade, by being cook and dragoman and all in one. The young man of whom I bought my fingáns was so handsome, elegant, and melancholy, that I knew he must be the lover of the Sultan's favourite slave."

My mother's faithful servant, Omar, surnamed Abu-l-Halá-weh, "the Father of Sweets," had been recommended to her by my friend Mr. Thayer, the American Consul-General, who also gave her letters for all the consular agents depending on

him, so that she writes, "I rather think the agents, who are all Copts, will think I am the Republic in person."

Lady Duff Gordon to Sir Alex. Duff Gordon.

"Boat off Embabeh, *Nov.* 21, 1862.

"Dearest Alick,—We embarked yesterday, and are abiding to-day at a village opposite to Cairo. It is Friday, and therefore would be unlucky to get out on our journey. The scenes on the river are wonderfully diverting and curious. But the boatmen are sophisticated, my crew have all sported new white drawers in honour of the Sitti Inkelezeh's supposed modesty. Poor fellows, they are very well-mannered and quiet; and their queer humming song is rather pretty—'Eyàh Mohammad, Eyàh Mohammad,' *ad infinitum*, save when an energetic man cries 'Yallah!' *i.e.* 'Oh God!' which means 'Go it' in every-day life.

"Next winter I shall stay with you. If this voyage does me as much good as it has done to others I shall be well enough for anything. If not it is not worth while to drag on a sickly life at such annoyance to others. My cough has been better now for the last five days—the first reprieve for so long! Don't be uneasy if you don't get letters, for of course the communication is uncertain."

"Feshn, *Nov.* 30, 1862.

"My crew are a great amusement to me. They are mostly men from the First Cataract about Aswán—sleek-skinned, gentle, patient, merry black fellows. The little black Reyyis is the very picture of good-nature, and full of fun, 'chaffing' the girls as we pass the villages, and always smiling. The steersman is of lighter complexion, also very cheery, but decidedly pious. He prays five times a day, and utters ejaculations to the apostle 'Rasool' continually. The most important person on board is the 'weled' (boy), Ahmad—the most merry, clever, omnipresent little rascal, with an ugly pug-nosed face, a shape like an antique Cupid liberally displayed, and a skin of dark-brown velvet. His voice, shrill and clear, is always heard above the rest; he cooks for the crew; he jumps overboard

with the rope, and gives advice on all occasions. My favourite is Osmán, a tall, long-limbed black, who seems to have stepped out of a hieroglyphical drawing, shirt, skull-cap and all. He has only those two garments, and how any one contrives to look so inconceivably 'neat and respectable,' as Sally [1] said, in that costume is a mystery. He is always at work, always cheerful, but rather silent; in short, the able seaman and steady respectable 'hand,' *par excellence*. Then we have Ez-Zankalonee, from near Cairo—an old fellow of white complexion and a valuable person; an inexhaustible teller of stories at night, and always '*en train*'; full of jokes, and remarkable for dry humour, much relished by the crew. I wish I understood the stories, which sound delightful, all about Sultans and Efreets, with effective 'points,' at which all hands exclaim, 'Máshá-alláh' or 'ah!' (as long as you can drawl it out). The jokes perhaps I may as well be ignorant of. There is also a certain Shereef, who does nothing but laugh and work and be obliging; helps Omar with one hand and Sally with the other, and looks like a great innocent black child."

At Bibeh, near Feshn, Lady Duff Gordon went to a large Coptic church, which was being restored by a staunch old Muslim,

"Who told how the Sheykh buried in the church of Bibeh had appeared to him three nights running at Cairo, and ordered him to leave his work and go to Bibeh and mend his church; how he came, and offered to do so without pay, if the Copts would find the materials. He spoke with evident pride, as one who had received a divine command, and the Copts all confirmed the story, and every one was highly gratified by the miracle."

My mother passed Minyeh and beautiful Asyoot,[2] and only remained in Thebes to get letters. It was a very cold winter (for Egypt), and she went straight up the Nile to Wady Halfeh. On the way down she stopped at Thebes and wrote:—

[1] The maid.

[2] See "Letters from Egypt," by Lady Duff Gordon.

Lady Duff Gordon to Sir Alex. Duff Gordon.

"THEBES, *Feb.* 11, 1863.

"We have had the coldest winter ever known in Nubia—such bitter north-east winds; but when the wind, by great favour, did not blow, the weather was heavenly. If the millennium does come, I shall take out a good deal of mine on the Nile. At Aswán I had been strolling about, in that most poetically melancholy spot, the granite quarry of old Egypt and burying-place of Muslim martyrs; and as I came homewards along the bank, a party of slave merchants, who had just loaded their goods for Sennár out of the boat upon the camels, were cooking, and asked me to dinner. And oh! how delicious it felt to sit on a mat among the camels and strange bales of goods, and eat the hot, tough bread and sour milk and dates, offered with such stately courtesy. We got quite intimate over our leather cup of sherbet (brown sugar-and-water); and the handsome jet-black men, with features as beautiful as those of the young Bacchus, described the distant lands in a way which would have charmed Herodotus. They proposed to me to join them, 'they had food enough'; and Omar and I were equally inclined to go. I have eaten many strange things with strange people, in strange places; dined with a respectable Nubian family (the castor-oil was trying); been to a Nubian wedding (such a dance I saw!); made friends with a man much looked up to in his place, Kalábsheh, inasmuch as he had killed several intrusive tax-gatherers and recruiting-officers. He was very gentlemanlike and kind, and carried me up a place so steep I could not have reached it without his assistance."

Lady Duff Gordon to Janet Ross.

"LUXOR, *Feb.* 17, 1863.

"MY DEAR JANET,—. . . I got your letter two days ago, and am glad to tell you that I am much better in spite of the piercing cold we have endured for the last six or seven weeks with only now and then a mild day. I shall stay here till it is warm enough to venture down the river, but must be in Cairo on the 20th March, on which day my lease of the Zeenet-el-

Bahreyn is up. To-day we had a 'fantasia' on horseback for General Parker. The jereed-throwing and lance business are beautiful, and we both got quite excited over it. I hear that a boat has been sunk in the cataract. Coming down it is certainly 'fantasia khatir' (fine fun) as my Nubian pilot said. But all my crew prayed away manfully, and turned as pale as their complexions permitted. It is queer to hear the crew invoking Sally, 'Ya Sara,' for all sorts of things; they are dear, good, lazy fellows, or rather children, and are an infinite amusement to me.

"Philæ is a bit of Paradise, and Aswán is beautiful; the old burial-ground there charmed me more than I can say. All about Kalabshee is very fine, too. I won't talk about the ruins—except Aboo Simbel, which is no ruin, and which is the most imposing thing I ever saw. It is quite worth going to Nubia to see the lovely little girls running about in a graceful dress consisting of a leather fringe four inches wide—and the women draped like Greek statues and more beautifully shaped. But they are an unpleasant people, harsh and sly. Write to me to Siout, dear."

When coming down the Nile in March, Omar eagerly asked for leave to stop the boat, as a great sheykh had called to them.

"So we stopped, and Omar said, 'Come and see the sheykh, ma'am.' I walked off, and presently found about thirty people, including all my own men, sitting on the ground round St. Simon Stylites, without the column. A hideous old man, like Polyphemus, utterly naked, with the skin of a rhinoceros all cracked with the weather, sat there, and had sat night and day, summer and winter, motionless for twenty years. He never prays, he never washes, he does not keep Ramadán, and yet he is a saint. Of course I expected a good hearty curse from such a man: but he was delighted with my visit, asked me to sit down, ordered his servant to bring me sugar-cane, asked my name, and tried to repeat it over and over again; he was quite talkative, and full of jokes and compliments, and took no notice

of any one else. Omar and my crew smiled and nodded, and all congratulated me heartily. Such a distinction proves my own excellence (as the sheykh knows all people's thoughts), and is sure to be followed by good fortune. Finally, Omar proposed to say the Fat'hah, in which all joined except the sheykh, who looked rather bored by the interruption, and who desired us not to go so soon unless I were in a hurry. A party of Bedawees came up on camels, with presents for the holy man, but he took no notice of them and went on questioning Omar about me, and answering my questions. What struck me was the total absence of any sanctimonious air about the old fellow; he was quite worldly and jocose. I suppose he knew that his position was secure, and thought his dirt and nakedness were sufficient proofs of his holiness. Omar then recited the Fat'hah again, and we rose and gave the servant a few faddahs. The saint takes no notice of this part of the proceedings, but he asked me to send him twice my handful of rice for his dinner, an honour so great that there was a murmur of congratulation through the whole assembly."

A few days later, at Siout, my mother heard the sad news of the death of Lord Lansdowne, "that kind, wise, steadfast man." Unfortunately she caught cold and was very ill when she arrived at Cairo in April. She went to see the sacred Camel bearing the Holy Mahmal, rest for its first station outside the town.

Lady Duff Gordon to Sir Alex. Duff Gordon.

"CAIRO, *April* 16, 1863.

"It is a deeply-affecting sight, when one thinks of the hardships all these men are prepared to endure. Omar's eyes were full of tears and his voice husky with emotion as he talked about it, and pointed out the Mahmal and the Sheykh-el-gemel, who leads the sacred camel, naked to the waist, with flowing hair.

"I loitered about a long time admiring the glorious 'free people.' The Bedawee and the Maghrabee and their noble-looking women are magnificent, and the irregular Turkish and Arab horsemen, so superior to the drilled cavalry, are wildly picturesque. To see a Bedawee and his wife walk through the

streets of Cairo is superb. Her hand resting on his shoulder, and scarcely deigning to cover her haughty face, she looks down on the Egyptian veiled woman who carries the heavy burden and walks behind her lord and master.

"Muslim piety is so unlike what Europeans think it: it is so full of tender emotions, so much more sentimental than we imagine, and it is wonderfully strong. I used to hear Omar praying outside my door while I was so ill, 'O God, make her better!' 'Oh, may God let her sleep!' as naturally as we should say, 'I hope she will have a good night.' I found great kindness here. Hekekian Bey came to see me every day, and Deleo Bey, the doctor, attended me with the utmost care and tenderness. It had an odd dreamy effect to hear old Hekekian Bey and my doctor discoursing in Turkish at my bedside. I shall always fancy the Good Samaritan in a tarboosh and white beard and very long eyes.

"It would be delightful to have you at Cairo. Now I have pots and pans, and all things needful for a house but a carpet and a few mattresses, you could camp with me *à l'Arabe*. How you would revel in old Masr-el-Kahirah, peep up at lattice-windows, gape like a 'Ghasheem' (green one) in the bazaar, go wild in the mosques, laugh at portly Turks and dignified sheykhs on their white donkeys, drink sherbet in the streets, ride wildly about on a donkey, peer under black veils at beautiful eyes, and feel generally intoxicated! I am quite a good *cicerone* now of the glorious old city. Omar is in rapture at the idea that 'Seedee-el-kebeer' (the great Master) might come. Máshá-alláh! how our hearts would be dilated!

"It may amuse you to see what impression Cairo makes. I ride along on my valiant donkey, led by the stalwart Hasan, and attended by Omar, and constantly say, 'Oh, if our master were here, how pleased he would be!' ('Husband' is not a correct word.)

"Our street and our neighbours would divert you. Opposite lives a Christian dyer, who must be a seventh brother of the admirable Barber; he has the same impertinence, loquacity, and love of meddling with everybody's business. I long to see him thrashed, though he is a constant comedy. The Arabs next door, and the Levantines opposite, are quiet enough; but

how *do* they eat all the cucumbers they buy of the man who cries them every morning as 'fruit gathered by sweet girls in the garden with the early dew'?

"Nothing is more striking to me than the way in which one is constantly reminded of Herodotus. Both the Christianity and the Islam of this country are full of the ancient practices and superstitions of the old worship. The sacred animals have all taken service with Muslim saints: at Minyeh, one of the latter reigns over crocodiles. I saw the hole of Æsculapius's serpent at Gebel Sheykh Haradee; and I fed the birds who used to tear the cordage of the boats that refused to feed them, and who are now the servants of Sheykh Nooneh, and still come on board by scores for the bread which no Reyyis dares to refuse them. Bubastis has not lost her influence, and cats are as sacred as ever: they are still fed in the Kádee's court, at Cairo, at public expense, and behave with singular decorum when the 'servant of the cats' serves their dinner.

"Among gods, Amun Ra, the god of the sun and great serpent-slayer, calls himself Mar Girgis (St. George); and Osiris holds his festival twice a year as notoriously as ever at Tanta, in the Delta, under the name of Seyyid-el-Bedawee. In Cairo, of course, one is more reminded of the beloved 'Arabian Nights,'—indeed, Cairo *is* the 'Arabian Nights.' I knew that Christian dyer who lives opposite to me, and is always wrangling, from my infancy; and my delightful servant Omar, Abu-l-Haláweh (the father of sweets), is the type of all the amiable *jeunes premiers* of the stories. I am privately of opinion that he is Bedr-ed-Deen Hasan,—the more, as he can make cream tarts, and there was no pepper in them. Cream tarts are not very good, but lamb stuffed with pistachio-nuts fulfils all one's dreams of excellence,—and dates with Nile water! they are excellent indeed, especially together, like olives and wine."

Lady Duff Gordon to Tom Taylor.

"CAIRO, *April* 22, 1863.

"MY DEAREST TOM,—Your letter and Laura's were a great pleasure to me in this distant land. I could not answer it at once as I have been very ill. But Samaritans came with

oil and wine and comforted me. It had an odd dreamy effect to hear my friend Hekekian Bey, a learned old Armenian, and Deleo Bey, my doctor, discoursing Turkish at my bedside, while my faithful Omar cried and prayed, 'Yah Robbeena! Yah Saatir!' 'Oh Lord! oh Preserver! don't let her die.' Alick is quite right that I am in love with the Arab ways, and I have contrived to see and know more of family life than many Europeans who have lived here for years. When the Arabs feel that one really cares for them they heartily return it. If I could only speak the language well I could see anything. Cairo *is* the 'Arabian Nights,' there is a little Frankish varnish here and there, but the government, the people, all, is unchanged since that most veracious book was written. No words can describe the departure of the Holy Mahmal and the pilgrims for Mecca. I spent half the day loitering about in the Bedaween tents, admiring the glorious free people.

"By no deed of my own I have become a slave-owner. The American Consul-General turned over to me a black girl of eight or nine who was sent as a present to him from Khartoum. She thought we were going to eat her and was very sad and timid at first, but now she is as merry as a blackbird, and sings and laughs and has fits of ecstasy at her own good fortune. Omar explained to her that I could not have slaves and that she was free, but this produced such a dreadful wailing that we were obliged to desist. Her fancy is to be a present to Rainie. She is such a quaint little coal-black thing with the sweetest voice. In consequence of her reports the poor little black boy who is the slave and marmiton of the cook here has been intreating Omar to beg me to buy him and take him with me. It is touching to see the two poor little black things recounting their woes and comparing notes.

"I went yesterday to deposit my cooking things and boat furniture at my washerwomen's house. Seeing me arrive on my donkey followed by a cargo of household goods, about eight or ten Arab women thronged round delighted at the idea that I was coming to live in their quarter. Of course all rushed upstairs, and my old washerwoman was put to a great expense of pipes and coffee. I think, as you say, I must have the 'black drop' and that the Arabs see it, for I am always told that I am

like them, with praises of my former good looks, 'You were beautiful Hareem once.'

"A very kind friend of mine, a Coptic merchant at Siout, wishes to send his son to be educated in England. Can you suggest anything? Of course classical learning would be quite out of place. Modern languages and engineering would be useful here. The boy looks nice, but is dreadfully shy, I can't get him to talk. He is now at school here with Lazarist French monks and bad enough it seems. It is a great step for a Christian to think of such an innovation as even learning English. They are far more close and reserved and backward than the Arabs, and they have been so repudiated by Europeans that they are doubly shy of us. The Europeans resent being called 'Nazranee,' as a genteel Hebrew gentleman may shrink from 'Jew.' But I said boldly, 'I am a Nazraneeh, Alhamdullillah' and found it was much approved by the Muslims as well as the Copts. Curious things are to be seen here in religion—Muslims praying at the tomb of Maree Girgis (St. George) and the resting places of Sitti Mariam and Seyidna Issa (Lady Mary and Lord Jesus), and miracles bran-new of an equally mixed description.

"If you have power over any artists send them to paint here. No words can describe either the picturesque beauty of Cairo or the splendid forms of the people, in Upper Egypt and above all in Nubia. I was in raptures at seeing how superb an animal man and woman really is. My donkey girl at Thebes, dressed like a Greek statue, Werd es Sham (the rose of Syria), was a feast to the eye. And here too what grace and sweetness—and how good is a drink of Nile water out of an amphoræ held to your lips by a woman as graceful as she is kindly—'May it benefit thee,' she says, smiling with her beautiful teeth and eyes. 'Alhamdullillah,' you reply, and it really is worth thanking God for.

"The days of the beauty of Cairo are numbered. The superb mosques are falling to decay, the exquisite lattice windows rotting away and replaced by European glass and jalousies. Only the people and the Government remain unchanged. While the Sultan was here all hareem was ordered to remain indoors, and I saw women beaten by the police. Read of all the pretty paragraphs about civilisation here and say BOSH!

"Omar has been my friend and companion as well as my cook and general servant now for six months, and we are very sad at our approaching separation at Alexandria, where I am to spend a day in his house with his young wife and to eat his bread. He sadly wants to go with me to England to see my children. What a yarn I have made."

CHAPTER LIII.

LADY DUFF GORDON (*continued*).

Lady Duff Gordon returns to England, but is compelled to go back to Egypt —The "Maison de France" at Thebes—H.R.H. of Darfoor—Visit to Tomb of Sheykh Abu-'l-Hajjáj—Life very Biblical—Character of Sheykh Yoosuf—Letter from Lady Duff Gordon to Tom Taylor describing Life at Luxor.

In June, 1863, Lady Duff Gordon came back to England, but was forced to return to Egypt in October.

Lady Duff Gordon to Sarah Austin.

"Alexandria, *Oct.* 19, 1863.

"I am sorry my letter from Marseilles alarmed you. However I am very well now, and that after a horrid voyage, good as to weather, but wretched as to ship and odious as to company. I found that people in France are very angry at the movement in Egypt against forced labour, and lay it all to English intrigue against the Suez Canal. *Liberté, égalité, fraternité* must sound well to the tune of the courbash cracked upon the backs of the fellaheen! They are convinced that carrying earth in baskets for French masters is civilisation!—*la drôle d'idée!*

"I found Janet in a boat to meet me as fresh and bright as a spring day, and the faithful Omar radiant with joy and affection. He has refused excellent offers, as he conceives that his God has given me to him to take care of, and has won golden opinions of Ross by his behaviour. What exquisite gentlemen

did he and Janet's old bowab (porter) Hamees appear after the genteelest French on board!

"The Nile is still over all the land, and eight miles of the railway to Cairo gone, which renders the journey intolerable and very costly. So Omar is gone to look for a dahabieh, that we may go up like old-fashioned folk by water. My donkey-driver Hassan has already sent me a message from Cairo hoping I do not forget that he is my servant. Mustapha Agha's son Seyd came on Saturday to say that his father was repairing and cleaning a house at Thebes for me, and that there were glass windows in two rooms. So you see I meet a kind welcome at once."

She stayed a fortnight with us, but the damp of Alexandria again disagreed with her, and she went up to Cairo, hoping to start almost immediately for Thebes. M. Tastu, the French Consul-General, had kindly lent her the "Maison de France" built over part of the great temple of Amenhoteb III. at Luxor. Champollion and Rosellini lived there in 1829, and the French naval officers in 1831, when sent out to remove the great obelisk now in the Place de la Concorde at Paris. It was demolished by Professor Maspero some years ago while excavating the great temple of Luxor.

M. Mounier, Halim Pasha's agent at El-Mootaneh, had offered my mother the steamer which was to tow his dahabieh and she waited day after day at Cairo for it to start. On the 28th December they left Cairo and had a slow journey up the Nile.

Lady Duff Gordon to Janet Ross.

"Luxor, *Jan.* 14, 1864.

"Dearest Janet,—We had a queer voyage up the Nile. Our poor little steamer was ordered at the last moment to do the work of three, and we took in tow M. Mounier's boat and that of the envoy and son of the Sultan of Darfoor. We took on board a Turkish Pasha going to Rhoda, an Effendi to Esneh, seven women in the engine-room (among them a Bey's wife

who wanted to share my cabin, but our jolly old captain would not let her), a heap of Arnaouts, three Greeks, a lot of Copts, three prisoners in chains and their guard, and the 40,000 Imams know who besides. If the dear old captain had not been the kindest and most attentive of men it would have been a perfect Gehennum. As it was it did very well, only the close confinement for seventeen days in the cabin was rather trying, and on deck there was literally not standing room. The captain had been a seafaring man and had all the ways of an old 'reg'lar-built' tar. So funny in an Arab. We stopped at Benisouef a whole day because there were no coals, whereupon H.R.H. of Darfoor lost his temper and was brought to me, as I, being English, could certify that a steamer could not go without coals. The small nigger prince, about eleven, eyed me with scorn and said, 'Why she's a woman, she can't talk to me.' 'Wallah! what a way to talk to English hareem!' exclaimed the captain. A box of sweetmeats soon altered the boy's ideas and we became quite friendly. At Keneh we stopped for business, and there I dined with Seyd Achmet, the English Consul, and went after dinner (at which our old captain would feed me with his old brown fingers) to the French Consul's, Jesus Buktoor, a Copt, where there were dancing-girls. At first I did not care for the dancing, but when Lateefeh—an ugly, clumsy-looking woman—sprang to her feet, I understood your raving about Arab dancing.

"My house here is a palace. I never lived in a more beautiful habitation, and so warm and nice. The thick walls keep out the cold of night completely. I killed a whip-snake in the hall last night, and Omar is rather uneasy lest it should be 'the snake of the house,' and I have committed sacrilege on our *Dii Lares et tutelares* whom Islam has not deposed. I arrived here on Monday morning and breakfasted with some nice kind people, who asked me into their boat and turned out to be acquaintances of yours called Arrowsmith.

"Two tiny owls come and peep in at my window, walking very tiptoeishly and bent forward like those in the hieroglyphics, and bark at me like little puppies. My house rambles over the top of the temple of Khem, you must come and pay me a visit here."

Lady Duff Gordon to Sir Alex. Duff Gordon.

"LUXOR, *Jan.* 22, 1864.

". . . . Yesterday, I rode over to Karnac with Mustafa's[1] sais running by my side; glorious hot sun and delicious air. To hear the sais chatter away, his tongue running as fast as his feet, made me deeply envious of his lungs. Mustafa joined me, and pressed me to go to visit the Sheykh's tomb for the benefit of my health, as he and Sheykh Yoosuf wished to say a Fat'hah for me; but I must not drink wine that day. I made a little difficulty on the score of difference of religion, but Sheykh Yoosuf, who came up, said he presumed I worshipped God and not stones, and that sincere prayers were good anywhere. Clearly the bigotry would have been on my side if I had refused any longer, so in the evening I went with Mustafa.

"It was a very curious sight; the little dome illuminated with as much oil as the mosque could afford over the tombs of Abu-l-Hajjáj and his three sons. A magnificent old man, like Father Abraham himself, dressed in white, sat on a carpet at the foot of the tomb; he was the head of the family of Abu-l-Hajjáj. He made me sit by him, and was extremely polite. Then came the Názir, the Cadi, a Turk travelling on government business, and a few other gentlemen, who all sat down round us, after kissing the hand of the old sheykh. Every one talked; in fact it was a *soirée* in honour of the dead sheykh. Every now and then, one of our party left off talking and prayed a little, or counted his beads. The old sheykh sent for coffee, and gave me the first cup—a wonderful concession; and at last the Názir proposed a Fat'hah for me, which the whole group repeated aloud, and then each said to me: 'Our Lord God bless thee and give thee health and peace, to thee and thy family, and take thee back safe to thy master and thy children;' every one adding 'Ameen' and giving the salám with the hand. I returned it and said, 'Our Lord reward thee and all people of kindness to strangers,' which was considered a very proper answer."

[1] English Consul at Thebes.

Lady Duff Gordon to Janet Ross.

"Luxor, *Feb.* 8, 1864.

"Dearest Child,—I have been very lazy in writing, for it has been cold (for Thebes) and I have been very seedy—no severe attack, but no strength at all. The last three days the weather is warm and I am beginning to feel better.

"I have been learning to write Arabic and know my letters. No trifle I assure you. My Sheykh is a perfect darling, the most highbred, graceful young creature and a Seyyid. Poor fellow, his brother died the other day, and he took measures that I should not hear it because I had been kind to him, and he told Mustafa Aga that he knew 'all the kindness in my stomach towards his family,' and that I was not well and he feared I should be so sorry it would make me worse. I had been at Sheykh Yoosuf's desire to see the lad, who came home from studying in El-Azhar at Cairo. I found him very ill and gasping for breath, so gave him a little soothing medicine and put mustard plasters on him. He lay in a dark little hut with mud walls and all the family and a lot of neighbours crowded in to look on. I pulled the blankets up against the wall and put my arm behind his back to make him rest while the plasters were on him, whereupon he laid his head on my shoulder and presently held up his delicate brown face for a kiss like an affectionate child. As I kissed him a very pious old Mollah said '*Bismillah*' ('in the name of God'), and Sheykh Yoosuf's old father (a splendid old man in a green turban) thanked me and in a broken voice prayed that my children might always find help and kindness. So much for Mussulman bigotry, &c. These Saeedees are much nicer than the Lower Egypt people, they have good Arab blood in their veins, keep pedigrees, and are more manly and independent and more liberal in religion. My great friend is the Maohn (police magistrate) here, a very kind, good man, much liked I hear by all except the Cadi who was displeased at his giving the stick to a Mussulman for some wrong to a Copt.

"The house here is delightful, rather cold now but will be perfect in hot weather, so airy and cheerful. I think I shall stay on here all the time, the expense is *nil* and it is very com-

fortable. I have a friend in a farm in a neighbouring village and am much amused at seeing country life. It cannot be rougher, as regards material comforts, in New Zealand or Central Africa, but there is no barbarism or lack of refinement in the manners of the people. I have written to M. Mounier to beg him to buy me a donkey. I can't get one here, and the hired ones can no longer stand on their legs. Mustafa lends me his horse, but I don't like to ask for it too often. I think it wonderful that Omar cooked the dinner without being cross. I am sure I should swear if I had to cook for a heretic in Ramadan. They all look miserable to-day. . . ."

Lady Duff Gordon to Sir Alex. Duff Gordon.

"Luxor, *Feb.* 26, 1864.

". . . . It is impossible to say how exactly like the early parts of the Bible every act of life is here ; and how totally new it seems when one reads it on the spot here. Old Jacob's speech to Pharaoh really made me laugh (don't be shocked), because it is so exactly like what a Fellah says to a Pasha, 'Few and evil have been my days,' &c. (Jacob being a most prosperous man) ; but it is manners to say all that. I feel quite kindly now towards Jacob, whom I used to think ungrateful and discontented. And when I go to Seedee Omar's farm does he not say, 'Take now fine meal and bake cakes quickly,' and want to kill a kid ? Fateereh, with plenty of butter, is what the 'three men' who came to Abraham ate ; and the way in which Abraham's chief memlook, acting as wekeel, manages Isaac's marriage with Rebecca, is precisely what a man in his position would do now. All the vulgarised associations with Puritanism, and abominable little 'Scripture tales and pictures,' peel off here, and the inimitably truthful representation of life and character comes out ; as, for example, Joseph's tears, and his love for the brother *born of the same mother*, which are perfectly lifelike. Leviticus and Deuteronomy are very heathenish compared to the law of the Koran, or to the early days of Abraham.

"I want to photograph Yoosuf for you ; the feelings and

prejudices and ideas of a cultivated Arab, as I get at them little by little, are curious beyond compare. It won't do to generalise from one man, of course, but even one gives some very new ideas. The most striking thing is the sweetness and delicacy of feeling, the horror of hurting any one (this must be individual, of course; it is too good to be general). I apologised to him two days ago for inadvertently answering the 'Salám aleykum,' which he of course said to Omar on coming in, and which is sacramental to Muslims. Yoosuf blushed crimson, touched my hand and kissed his own, and looked quite unhappy.

"Yesterday evening he walked in, and startled me by a 'Salám aleykee,' addressed to me; he had evidently been thinking it over, whether he ought to say it to me, and came to the conclusion that it was not wrong. 'Surely it is well for all the creatures of God to speak peace (*Salám*) to each other,' said he. Now, no uneducated Muslim would have arrived at such a conclusion. Omar would pray, work, lie, do anything for me—sacrifice money even; but I doubt whether he could utter 'Salám aleykum' to any but a Muslim. I answered as I felt—'Peace, O my brother, and God bless thee!' It was almost as if a Catholic priest had felt impelled by charity to offer the Communion to a heretic.

"In answer to the invariable questions about all my family, I once told him that my father had been a great Alim of the law, and that my mother had got ready his written book, and put his lectures in order, that they might be printed. He was amazed first that I had a mother, as he told me he thought I was fifty or sixty, and immensely delighted at the idea. 'God has favoured your family with understanding and knowledge. I wish I could kiss the Sheykhah your mother's hand. May God favour her!' . . ."

Lady Duff Gordon to Sir Alex. Duff Gordon.

"Luxor, *March 7th.*

"Dearest Alick,—The real hot weather (speaking after the manner of the English) has begun, and the fine sun and

clear air are delicious and reviving. My cough fades away and my strength increases slowly. One can no longer go out in the middle of the day, and I mount my donkey early and late with little Achmet trotting beside me. I am glad to say that Ramadan 'dies' to-morrow. Everybody is cross and Omar very seedy from the fasting. In the evenings comes my dear Sheykh Yoosuf, and I blunder through an hour's dictation and reading of the story of the barber's fifth brother (he with the basket of glass). I presume that Yoosuf likes me too, for I am constantly greeted with immense cordiality by graceful men in green turbans, belonging like him to the holy family of Sheykh Abu-l-Hajjáj. They inquire tenderly after my health, and pray for me and hope I am going to stay among them. The magistrate here, 'el Maohn,' Seleem Effendi, visits me often; yesterday he came and immediately told me he had bought a black slave girl 'for his bed' as his wife will not leave Cairo. He had to buy the mother too, as the girl refused to be sold without her; he gave £35 10s. for the two to a Copt. What would a Southerner say to a slave with such a will of her own? Poor Seleem, how the old body will bully him if her daughter is lucky enough to have a child! Seleem was full of his purchase and told it over again to Omar, who said afterwards it was 'rude' of him to talk to men so—to me it was quite proper. You would be much struck here with the resemblance to Spain I think. 'Cosas de España' is exactly the 'Shorgli el Arab' and 'Don Fulano' is the Arabic word 'foolan' (such a one), as 'Ojala' is 'Inshallah' (please God). The music and dancing here too are Spanish, only more so—and much more.

"The steamer is going at once, so I must say good-bye—fancy the lady 'does not care to see Karnac' and so goes at once."

Lady Duff Gordon to Tom Taylor.

"Luxor, *March* 16, 1864.

"Dear Tom,—I cannot tell you how delighted I was to hear that all had gone well with Laura and your little daughter. Maashallah! God bless her! When I told Omar that a

friend 'like my brother,' as Arabs say, had got a baby, he proposed to illuminate our house and fire off all the pistols on the premises. Pray give my kind love and best wishes to Laura.

"I am living here a very quiet dreamy sort of life in hot Thebes—visiting a little among my neighbours, and learning a little Arabic from a most sweet gentle young Sheykh, who preaches on Fridays in the mosque of Luxor. I wish I could draw his soft brown face and graceful brown draped figure; but if I could, he is too devout, I believe, to allow it. The police magistrate, el Maohn, Seleem Effendi, is also a great friend of mine, and the Cadi is civil, but a little scornful to heretical hareem, I think. It is already very hot here (to-day is the 16th of March), and I should go down soon to Cairo, but I hear such terrible reports of the dearness of everything, that I dare not venture upon the expense of a long stay there, and my house here is excellent. The last few travellers' dahabiehs are now here on their way down the river; after that I shall not see a white face for many months, except Sally's. The same faithful Omar is with me, and more excellent than ever, but suddenly grown from almost a boy into quite a man, as people do here in a few months' time. I hear Phillips is in Cairo. I have written to invite him to come and see the glories of Thebes; I wish he may. I hope he will paint half-a-dozen pashas in Cairo, and get well paid, and come and make studies of the brown Saeedees up here to please his eye. Sheykh Yoosuf laughed so heartily over a print in an illustrated paper from a picture of Hilton's of Rebekah at the well, with the old 'wekeel' of 'Sidi Ibraheem' (Abraham's chief servant) *kneeling* before the girl he was sent to fetch, like an old fool without his turban, and Rebekah and the other girls in queer fancy dresses, and the camels with snouts like pigs. 'If the painter could not go into 'Es sham' (Syria) 'to see how the Arab' (Bedaween) 'really look,' said Sheykh Yoosuf, 'why did he not paint a well in England, with girls like English peasants—at least it would have looked natural to English people? and the wekeel would not seem so much like a Majnoon' (a madman) 'if he had taken off a hat!' I cordially agree with Yoosuf's art criticism. *Fancy* pictures of Eastern things are hopelessly absurd, and fancy poems, too.

I have got hold of a stray copy of Victor Hugo's 'Orientales,' and I think I never laughed more in my life.

"The corn is now full-sized here, but still green ; in twenty days will be harvest, and I am to go to the harvest home of a fellah friend of mine in a village a mile or two off. The crop is said to be unusually fine. Old Nile always pays back the damage he does when he rises so very high. The real disaster is the cattle disease, which still goes on, I hear, lower down. It has not at present spread above Minyeh, but the destruction has been fearful ; meat in Cairo and Alexandria is fifteen to eighteen-pence a pound, and other food and necessaries of course rise in proportion. Up here it is about the same as in London, and rising every week. Last year, meat was three-pence a pound here. I believe there is an impression that the present Pasha has the evil eye, or is in some way unlucky and the cause of calamities. I more and more feel the difficulty of quite understanding a people so unlike ourselves—the more I know them, I mean. One thing strikes me, that, like children, they are not conscious of the great gulf which divides educated Europeans from themselves, at least I believe it is so. We do not attempt to explain our ideas to them, but I cannot discover any such *reticence* in them. I wonder whether this has struck people who can talk fluently, and know them better than I do? I find they appeal to my sympathy in trouble quite comfortably, and talk of religious and other feelings apparently as freely as to each other. In many respects they are more unprejudiced than we are, and very intelligent, and very good in many ways ; and yet they seem so strangely childish ; and I fancy I detect that impression even in Lane's book, though he does not say so.

Write to me, dear old Tom, please ; I shall be so glad to hear of you and yours. Janet is going to England. I wish I were going too, but it is useless to keep trying a hopeless experiment. At present I am very comfortable in health, so long as I do nothing and the weather is warm. I suffer little pain and have little cough and blood-spitting—only I feel *nohow*, weak and weary. I have extensive practice in the doctoring line, and think I must soon send to England for more drugs. Bad eyes, of course, abound. If you see Layard, give

him my kind love, and beg him to get the English consular agent here (one Mustafa Agha) paid ; he is the only man of any use to the English in Egypt, and he don't get a penny, which is a shame. Wish Watts joy for me of his new hareem, and give greetings to any other of my friends. I grieve over Thackeray much, and more over his girls' lonely position. What news can I send from Luxor ? I can only beg for some. If I should die in these regions, I bequeath the reputation of my Omar Abu-'l-Haláweh of Alexandria to my friends, and hope they will never fail to recommend him and befriend him as far as possible, in consideration of his excellent and disinterested conduct to me, and of his general integrity and kindliness. His whole behaviour to me has been truly filial. I think you would enjoy, as I do, the peculiar sort of social equality which prevails here ; it is the exact contrary of French *égalité*. There are great and powerful people, much honoured (outwardly, at all events), but nobody has *inferiors*. A man comes in and kisses my hand, and sits down, *off* the carpet, out of respect, but he smokes his pipe, drinks his coffee, laughs, talks, and asks questions as freely as if he were an Effendi or I were a Fellahah ; he is not my inferior, he is my poor brother. The servants in my friends' houses receive me with profound demonstrations of respect, and wait at dinner reverently, but they mix freely in the conversation and take part in all amusement, music, dancing girls, or reading of the Koran. Even the dancing girl is not an *outcast ;* she is free to talk to me and it is highly irreligious to show any contempt or aversion. The rules of politeness are the same for all. The passer-by greets the one sitting still, or the one who comes into a room, those who are already there, without distinction of rank. When I have greeted the men, they always rise, but if I pass without, they take no notice of me.

"All this is very pleasant and graceful, though it is connected with much that is evil. The fact that any man may be a Bey or a Pasha to-morrow, is not a good fact, for the promotion is more likely to fall on a bad slave than on a good or intelligent free man. Thus the only honourable class are those who have nothing to hope from the great ; I won't say nothing to fear, for all have cause for that.

"Hence the high respectability and *gentility* of the merchants, who are most independent of the Government. The English would be a little surprised at Arab judgments of them. They admit our veracity and honesty, and like us on the whole, but they blame the men for their conduct to women. They are shocked at the way Englishmen talk about hareem among themselves, and think the English hard and unkind to their wives and to women in general. English hareemāt is generally highly approved, and an Arab thinks himself a happy man if he can marry an English girl. I have had an offer for Sally from the chief man here for his son, proposing to allow her a free exercise of her religion and customs as a matter of course. I think the influence of foreigners is much more real and much more useful on the Arabs than on the Turks, though the latter show it more in dress, &c. All the engineers and physicians are Arabs, and very good ones, too. Not a Turk has learnt anything practical; and the dragomans and servants employed by the English have learnt a strong appreciation of the value of a character for honesty—deserved or no—but many *do* deserve it. Compared to the couriers and *laquais de place* of Europe, these men stand very high.

"Omar has just run in to say that Achmet's boat is going, and he will post this letter for me in Cairo.

"So good-bye, and God bless you.

"L. D. G."

CHAPTER LIV.

LADY DUFF GORDON (*continued*).

Arab Opinion of English Hareem—Harvesting—Sitti Noor-âlâ-Noor—Lady Duff Gordon as Doctor—The words of Ruth in the Nineteenth Century—Arab and Egyptian types—Christian and Muslim morality—Ill-treatment of the fellaheen—An Arab Deborah—Patriarchal Feelings in the East—Reception at Thebes—Death of the dragoman Mohammad Er-Rasheedee—Gratitude of the People—Letters from M. P. Paradol to Lady Duff Gordon—A fellah's blessing—"Sheykh" Stanley—Lady Duff Gordon visits the Cadi at Keneh—Miss North's visit to Luxor—Mr. Gifford Palgrave at Luxor—The Maohn's children at Benisouef.

Lady Duff Gordon to Sir Alex. Duff Gordon.

"LUXOR, *March* 22, 1864.

". . . I HEARD Seleem Effendi and Omar discussing English ladies one day lately, while I was inside the curtain with Seleem's slave-girl, and they did not know I heard them. Omar described Janet, and was of opinion that a man who was married to her could want nothing more. 'By my soul, she rides like a Bedawee, she shoots with the gun and pistol, rows the boat; she speaks many languages and knows what is in their books; works with the needle like an Efreet; and to see her hands run over the teeth of the music-box (keys of the piano) amazes the mind, while her singing gladdens the soul. How, then, should her husband ever desire the coffee-shop? Wallâhee! she can always amuse him at home. And as to *my* lady, the thing is not that she does not know. When I feel my stomach tightened, I go to the divan and say to her, 'Do you want anything—a pipe or sherbet or so-and-so?' and I talk till she lays down her book and talks to me, and

I question her and amuse my mind ; and, by God ! if I were a rich man and could marry one English hareem like these, I would stand before her and serve her like her memlook. You see I am only this lady's servant, and I have not once sat in the coffee-shop, because of the sweetness of her tongue. Is it not true, therefore, that the man who can marry such hareem is rich more than with money ? '

" I nearly laughed out at hearing Omar relate his manœuvres to make me ' amuse his mind.' It seems I am in no danger of being discharged for being dull."

Lady Duff Gordon to Janet Ross.

" Luxor, *April* 7, 1864.

" Dearest Janet.—A boat goes down to-morrow, the very last. I have continued very fairly well—we had great heat ten days ago, now it is quite cool. Harvesting is going on, and never did I see, in any dream, a sight so lovely as the whole process—the brown reapers, the pretty little naked boys helping and hanging on the stately bulls at the threshing floor. An acquaintance of mine, one Abd-er-Rahmán, is Boaz ; and as I sat with him on the threshing-floor, I felt quite puzzled as to whether I were really alive, or only existing in imagination in the Book of Ruth. It is such a *keyf* one enjoys under palm-trees with such a scene. The harvest is magnificent here ; I never saw such heavy crops. There is no cattle disease, but a good deal of sickness among the people ; I have to practice very extensively, and often feel very anxious, as I cannot refuse to go to the poor souls and give them medicine, though with sore misgivings all the while.

" Fancy, that Hekekian Bey can't get me an Arabic dictionary in Cairo ! I must send to London, I suppose, which seems hardly worth while. I wish you could see my teacher Shekyh Yoosuf. I never before saw a pious person amiable and good like him. He is intensely devout and not at all bigoted—a difficult combination ! and moreover he is lovely to behold and has the prettiest and merriest laugh possible. It is quite curious to see the mixture of a sort of learning with utter ignorance and great superstition, and such perfect

high-breeding and beauty of character. It is exactly like associating with St. John.

"Give my salaam to Madame Tastu,[1] and ask her whether I may stay on here, or if I go down-stream during the heat, whether I may return next winter. In which case I might leave some of my goods here. There is a very nice Mohammed, who takes care of the house, in whose charge I could leave them. Hekekian strongly advises me to remain here and thinks the heat will be good—I will try. Eighty-eight degrees seemed to agree with me wonderfully. . . ."

Lady Duff Gordon to Sir Alex. Duff Gordon.

"Luxor, *April* 14, 1864.

"Dearest Alick,—I have but this moment received your letter of 18th of March, which went after Janet, who was hunting at Tel-el-Kebir. We have had a tremendous Khamseen wind, the thermometer was 92, but it did me no harm.

"Luckily I am very well, for I am worked hard, as a strange epidemic has broken out, and I am the Hakeemeh of Luxor. The Hakeem Bashi from Cairo came up and frightened the people, telling them it was catching; and Yoosuf forgot his religion so far as to beg me not to be all day in the people's huts. But Omar and I despised the danger, I feeling sure it was not infectious, and Omar saying, 'Min Alláh.' The people have named me Sitti Noor-âlâ-Noor. A poor woman, whose only child, a young man, I was happy enough to cure when dreadfully ill, kissed my feet, and asked by what name to pray for me. I told her my name meant 'noor' (light, *lux*); but as that was one of the names of God, I could not use it. 'Thy name is Noor-âlâ-Noor,' said a man who was in the room; that means something like 'God is upon thy mind,' or 'Light from the Light'; and 'Noor-âlâ-Noor' it remains: a combination of the names of God is quite proper, like Abdallah, Abd-er-Rahmán, &c., &c. . . ."

"*April 23rd.*—Happily the sickness is going off. I have just heard Suleyman's report as follows:—Hasan Aboo-Ahmad kisses the Emeereh's feet, and the *bullets* have cleaned his

[1] Mother of the French Consul-General and a well-known poetess.

stomach, and he has said the Fat'hah for the lady. The two little girls who had diarrhœa are well. The Christian dyer has vomited his powder, and wants another. The mother of the Christian cook who married the priest's sister has got dysentery. The hareem of Mustafa Aboo-Obeyd has two children with bad eyes. The Bishop had a quarrel, and scolded and fell down, and cannot speak or move ; I must go to him. The young deacon's jaundice is better. The slave girl of Khursheed Agha is sick, and Khursheed is sitting at her head in tears ; the women say I must go to her too. Khursheed is a fine young Circassian, and very good to his hareem. That is all. Suleyman has nothing on earth to do, and brings me a daily report.

"To turn to something more amusing—such a joke against my grey hairs. I have had a proposal or at least an attempt at one. A very handsome Sheykh el Arab (Bedawee) was here for a bit, and asked Omar whether I was a widow or divorced—as in either case he would send a dellalleh (marriage brokeress) to me. Omar told him that would never do. I had a husband in England, besides, I was not young, had a married daughter, my hair was grey, &c., &c. The Sheykh swore he didn't care. I could dye my hair and get a divorce ; that I was not like stupid modern women, but like an ancient Arab Ameereh, and worthy of Antar or Abu-Zeyd (a woman for whom men killed each other, or themselves), and he would pay all he could afford as my dowry. Omar came in, in fits of laughter at the idea, and the difficulty he had had in the stopping the dellalleh's visit. He told the Sheykh I should certainly beat her, I should be so offended. The disregard of differences of age here in marriage is very strange. My adorer was not more than thirty, I am sure. Don't tell people, it is so very absurd, I should be ashamed before the people. . . ."

Lady Duff Gordon to Sarah Austin.

"Luxor, *Monday*, *May* 23, 1864.

"Dearest Mutter,—I meant to have written to you by Arthur Taylor who left for Cairo yesterday morning, but the simoon made me feel so stupid that I could barely finish a

letter to Alexander. So I begin one to-day to recount the wonders of the season here. I went over to Mustafa's island to spend the day in the tent, or rather the hut of dourra stalks and palm branches which he has erected there for the threshing and winnowing. He had invited me and 'his worship' the Maohn to a picnic. Only imagine that it *rained!* all day a gentle slight rain, but enough to wet all the desert! I laughed and said I had brought English weather, but the Maohn shook his head and opined that we were suffering the anger of God. Rain in summer time was quite a terror. However, we consoled ourselves, and Mustafa called a nice little boy to recite the 'noble Koran' for our amusement, and out of compliment to me he selected the chapter of the family of Amran (the history of Jesus), and recited it with marvellous readiness and accuracy. A very pleasant mannered man of the Shurafa of Goorneh came and joined us, and was delighted because I sent away a pipe which Abdurrachman brought me (it is highly improper to smoke while the Koran is being read or recited). He thanked me for the respect, and I told him I knew he would not smoke in a church or while I prayed, why should I? It rather annoys me to find that they always expect from us irreverence to their religion which they would on no account be guilty of to ours. The little boy was a fellah, the child of my friend Omar, who has lost all his cattle, but who came as pleasant and smiling as ever to kiss my hand and wait upon me. After that the Maohn read the second chapter, 'The Cow,' in a rather nasal quavering chant. I perceived that no one present understood any of it except just a few words here and there, not much more than I could follow myself from having read the translation. I think it is not any nearer spoken Arabic than Latin is to Italian. After this Mustafa, the Maohn, Omar, Sally and I sat down round the dinner-tray and had a very good dinner of lamb, fowls and vegetables, such as bahmias and melocheech, both of the mallow order, and both excellent, cooked with meat, rice, stewed apricots (mishmish), with nuts and raisins in it; and cucumbers and watermelons strewed the ground. One eats all 'durch einander' with bread and fingers, and a spoon for the rice, and green limes to squeeze over one's own bits for sauce. We were very

merry if not very witty and the Maohn declared Wallahi the English were fortunate in their customs and in the enjoyment of the society of learned and excellent Hareemāt ; and Omar lying on the rushes said, 'This is the happiness of the Arab. Green trees, sweet water, and a kind face makes the garden' (paradise), an Arab saying. The Maohn joked him as to how 'a child of Cairo' could endure fellah life. I was looking at the heaps of wheat and thinking of Ruth, when I started to hear the soft Egyptian lips utter the very words which the Egyptian girl spake more than 2,000 years ago. 'Behold my mother ! where she stays I stay, and where she goes I will go, her family is my family, and if it pleased God nothing but the separator of friends (death) should divide me from her.' I really could not speak so I kissed the top of Omar's turban—Arab fashion—and the Maohn blessed him quite solemnly and said, 'God reward thee, my son, thou hast honoured thy Lady greatly before thy people, and she has honoured thee—and ye are an example of masters and servants and of kindness and fidelity,' and the brown labourers who were lounging about said, 'Verily it is true, and God be praised for people of excellent conduct.' I never expected to feel like Naomi, and possibly many English people might only think Omar's unconscious repetition of Ruth's words rather absurd, but to me they sounded in perfect harmony with the life and ways of this country and these people, who are full of tender and affectionate feelings when they have not been crushed out of them. It is *not humbug ;* I have seen their actions. Because they use grand compliments Europeans think they are never sincere, but the compliments are not meant to deceive, they only profess to be forms. Why do the English talk about the beautiful sentiment of the Bible and pretend to feel so much, and when they come and see the same life before them they spit upon it ?

"*Tuesday.*—We have a family quarrel going on. Mohammed's wife, a girl of eighteen or so, wanted to go home on Ramadan, for her mother to wash her head, and unplaited her hair. Mohammed told her not to leave him on that day and to send for a woman to do it for her, whereupon she cut her hair off and Mohammed in a passion told her to 'cover her face' (that is equivalent to divorce), and take her baby and go home

to her father's house. Ever since he has been mooning about the yard and in and out of the kitchen, very glum and silent. This morning I went into the kitchen and found Omar cooking with a little baby in his arms and giving it sugar. 'Why what is that?' says I. 'Oh don't say anything, I sent Achmet to fetch Mohammed's baby and when he comes here he will see it, and then in talking I can say so and so, and how the man must be good to the harcem, and what this poor small girl do when she big enough to ask for her father,' in short, Omar wants to exercise his diplomacy in making up the quarrel. After writing this I heard Mohammed's low quiet voice and Omar's boyish laugh, and then silence, and went to see the baby and its father. My kitchen was a pretty scene, Mohammed in his ample brown robes and white turban lay asleep on the floor, with the baby's tiny pale face and little eyelids stained with kohl against his coffee brown cheeks, both fast asleep; baby in her father's arm and wide brown sleeve. Omar leant against the 'fournaise' in his house dress —a white shirt open at the breast, and white drawers reaching to the knees with the red tarbosh and red and yellow koofych round it turban wise, contemplating them with his great soft eyes. The two young men make an excellent contrast between Upper and Lower Egypt. Mohammed is the true Arab type, coffee brown, thin, spare, sharp-featured, elegant hands and feet, bright glittering small eyes, and angular jaw—not a handsome Arab, but 'bien charactérisé.' Omar, the colour of new boxwood or old ivory; pale, with eyes like a cow, full lips, full chin and short nose, not the least negroish, but perfectly Egyptian; the eyes wide apart—unlike the Arab—moustache like a woman's eyebrows, curly brown hair, bad hands and feet and not well made, but graceful in movement, and still more in countenance, very inferior in beauty to the purer Arab blood which prevails here, but most sweet in expression. He is a true Achou-el-Benat (brother of girls). I never knew any one so truly chivalrous to harcem in my life. How astonished Europeans would be to hear Omar's real opinion of their conduct to women! He mentioned some Englishman who had divorced his wife and made her frailty public. You should have seen him spit on the floor in abhorrence.

"*Friday.*—We have had better weather again, easterly wind and pretty cool, and I am losing the cough and langour which the damp of the simoon brought me. Sheykh Yoosuf has just come back from Keneh, whither he and the Cadi went on their donkeys for some law business. Yoosuf acts for the Cadi a great deal here, and is in fact more lawyer than curate. He took our saddle bags, at Omar's request, and brought us back a few pounds of sugar and some rice and tobacco. (Isn't it like Fielding's novels)? It is two days' journey, so they slept in the mosque at Koos half way. I told Yoosuf how Suleyman's child has the small-pox, and how Mohammed only said it was 'Min Allah,' 'from God,' when I suggested that his baby should be vaccinated at once. Yoosuf called him in and said, 'O man, when thou wouldest build a house dost thou throw the bricks in a heap on the ground and say the building thereof is from God ; or dost thou use the brains and the hands which God has given thee, and then pray to Him to bless thy work ? In all things do to the best of thy understanding and means, and then say, "Min Allah," for the end is with Him.' There is not a pin to choose in *fatalism* here between Muslim and Christian, the lazy—like Mohammed and Suleyman (one Arab, the other Copt), say 'Min Allah,' meaning 'poco a poco,' or 'nabochish,' or any form of dawdle you please—but the true Muslim doctrine is just what Yoosuf laid down, 'do all you can and be resigned to whatever be the result.' 'Fais ce que dois advienne que pourra,' is good doctrine.

"In fact I am very much puzzled to discover the slightest difference between Christian and Muslim morality or belief—if you exclude certain dogmas—and in fact very little is felt here. No one attempts to apply different standards of morals or of piety to a Muslim and a Copt. East and West is the difference, not Muslim and Christian. As to that difference I could tell volumes. Are they worse, are they better ? both and neither. I am perhaps not quite impartial because I am 'sympathique' to the Arabs and they to me, and I am inclined to be 'kind' to their virtues if not 'blind' to their faults which are visible to the most inexperienced traveller. You see all our own familiar 'bunkum' (excuse the vulgarity) falls so flat on their ears, 'brave words,' about 'honour,' 'veracity,'

&c., &c., they look blank and bored at. The schoolboy morality—as set forth by Maurice—is current here among grown men. Of course we tell lies to Bashas and Beys 'why shouldn't we?' But shall I call in that ragged sailor and give him an order to bring me up £500 in cash from Cairo, when he happens to come? it would not be an unusual proceeding. I sleep every night in a makaah (sort of verandah), open to all Luxor, and haven't a door that has a lock. They bother me for backsheesh; but oh, how poor they are, and how rich must a woman be whose very servants drink sugar to their coffee; and who lives in the Kasr (palace), and is respectfully visited by Ali Bey—and come to that, Ali Bey would like a present even better than the poorest fellah.

"When I know as I now do thoroughly all Omar's complete integrity without any sort of mention of it, his self-denial in going ragged and shabby to save his money for his wife and child (a *very* great trial to a good-looking young Arab), and the equally unostentatious love he has shown to me, and the delicacy and real nobleness of feeling which come out so oddly in the midst of sayings which to our ideas seem very shabby and often time-serving. I wonder if there be anything as good in the civilised West. And as Sally most justly says, 'All their goodness is quite their own. God knows there is no one to teach anything but harm!'

"*Tuesday.*—Two poor fellows have just come home from the Suez Canal work with gastric fever I think. I hope it won't spread. The wife of one said to me yesterday, 'Are there more Sittat (ladies) like you in your village?' 'Wallah,' said I, 'there are many better, and good doctors, Alhamdullillah.' 'Alhamdullillah,' said she; 'then the people don't want *you* so much, and by God you must stay here, for *we* can't do without you, so write to your family to say so, and don't go away and leave us.'

"*Thursday, June 2nd.*—I have just received Alick's letter and am so grieved to hear how ill you have been in Paris, and at the same moment a steamer has arrived going down which will take this letter directly. So I can only say good-bye, my own dearest Mutter, and God bless you. I continue very fairly well. The epidemic here is over, or all but. But my medical

fame has spread so, that the poor souls come twenty miles (from Koos) for physic. I have written to Izod to send me medicines and a book or two. The constant phrase of 'Oh our sister, God hath sent thee to look to us,' is so sad. *Such* a little help is a wonder to my poor Fellaheen. I send this to Alick for fear it should miss you somehow. It is not so hot as it was, I think, except at night, and I now sleep half the night outside the house. The cattle are all dead—perhaps five are left in all Luxor. 'Allah Kereem' (God is merciful), said Fellah Omar, 'I have one left from fifty-four.' The grain is unthreshed and butter 3s. a lb. here, and meat 1s. or 1 4d. We get nothing here but by post; no papers, no nothing. I suppose the high Nile will bring up boats. Now the river is down at his lowest—and now I really know how Egyptians live.

"The man waits for my letter, so good-bye again, dearest Mutter, God bless you,

"Your ever affectionate,

"Toodie."

In June and July the heat was intense, and the dust-storms prevented my mother from going out of the house. In a letter to my father[1] she says :—

"I am a 'stupid, lazy Arab' now, having lain on a mat in a dark passage for six weeks or so. I won't describe my costume, it is two months since I have worn gloves or stockings, and I think you would wonder at the 'Fellahah' who owns you; so deep a brown are my face, hands, and feet."

In August she came down the river, and my father spent the month of November with her at Cairo. To Mrs. Austin she wrote :—

"Alick will tell you how curiously Omar illustrated the patriarchal feelings of the East by entirely dethroning me, to whom he is so devoted, in favour of the 'Master,' whom he had never seen. '*That our Master;* we all eat bread from his hand and he work for *us*.' Omar and I were equal before *our*

[1] See "Letters from Egypt."

'Seedee.' He can sit at his ease at my feet, but when the Master comes in he must stand reverently, and gives me to understand that I too must be respectful."

Her reception on her return to Thebes, in December, was enthusiastic :—

"'El-hamdu-lilláh salámeh!' ('Thank God, thou art in peace!'), and 'Ya Sitt, ya Emeereh' ('O lady, O noble lady!') till my head went round. To-morrow night is the great night of Sheykh Abul-'l-Hajjáj's moolid, and I am desired to go to the mosque for the benefit of my health, &c., and that my friends may say a prayer for my children. The kind, hearty welcome I found has been a real pleasure, and every one was pleased because I was glad to come home to my 'Beled—Beledee'; and they all thought it so nice of my 'master' to have come so far to see me, because I was sick; all but one Turk, who clearly looked with pitying contempt on so much trouble taken after a sick old woman."

Lady Duff Gordon to Sarah Austin.

"Luxor, *Jan.* 9, 1865.

"Dear Mutter,—I wrote to Alexander a week ago such a long yarn that I had not time or courage to write any more by that day's post. Ross's agent arrived yesterday, and came to me for information as he had discovered that mine of last summer was correct. He is a Frenchman and seems intelligent, and like almost every one that comes here and 'sees with his eyes' boiling with indignation at the state of things. I brought a lantern of coloured glass to present to the Mosque here; it excited immense delight, no one here had ever seen one so handsome. I also brought the Shereef the Psalms in Arabic, to his great delight. The old man called on all 'our family' to say a Fat'hah for their sister after making us all laugh by shouting out 'Alhamdullillah, here is our darling safe back again.'

"I wish you could have seen me in the crowd at Keneh, holding on to the Cadi's farageeyeh (a loose robe worn by the

Ulema). He is the real original Cadi of the thousand and one nights. Did ever Cadi tow an Englishwoman round a Sheykh's tomb before? I thought his determination to show the people that he considered a Christian not out of place in a Muslim holy place very edifying. I find an exceedingly pleasant man here, Ababdeh, a very great Sheykh from beyond Khartoum. He is fifty I suppose, with the manners of an English nobleman, simple and polite and very intelligent. He wants to take me to Khartoum for two months, having a tent and a takhterawan (camel litter), and to show me the Bishareen in the desert. But for the expense I would certainly go, Sheykh Yoosuf and Mustafa are going. We traced the route on my map which to my surprise he understood, and I found he had travelled into Zanzibar, and knew of the existence of the Cape of Good Hope, and the English colony there. He had also travelled in the Dinka and Shurook country, where the men are seven and eight feet high. (Alexander saw a Dinka girl at Cairo three inches taller than himself.) You may fancy that I find Sheykh Ali very good company.

"To-day the sand in front of the house is thronged with all the poor people with their camels, of which the Government has made a new levy of eight camels to every 1,000 feddans (a feddan is not quite an acre). The poor beasts are sent off to transport troops in the Soudan, and not being accustomed to the desert they all die—at all events their owners never see them again. The discontent is growing stronger every day. Last week the people were cursing the Pasha in the streets at Aswán.

"*Jan. 11th.*—The whole place is in desolation, the men are being beaten; one because his camel is not good enough, another because the saddle is old and shabby, the rest because they have not money enough to pay two months' food and the wages of one man to every four camels to be paid for the use of Government beforehand. The courbash has been going on my neighbours backs and feet all the morning. It is a new sensation too when a friend turns up his sleeve and shows the marks of the wooden handcuffs and the gall of the chain on his throat! The system of wholesale extortion and spoliation has reached a point beyond which it would be difficult to go. The story of Naboth's vineyard is repeated daily on the largest scale.

I grieve for Abdallah-el-Habbashee, and men of high position like him, sent to die by disease or murder in Fazoogloo, but I grieve still more over the daily anguish of the fellaheen, who are forced to take the bread from the mouths of their starving families, and to eat it while toiling for the private profit of one man. Egypt is one vast 'plantation,' where the master works his slaves without even feeding them. From my window now I see the men limping about among the poor camels that are waiting for the Pasha's boats to take them, and the great heaps of maize which they are forced to bring for their food. I can tell you the tears such a sight bring to one's eyes are hot and bitter. These are no sentimental grievances. Hunger, and pain, and labour without hope and without reward—and the constant bitterness of impotent resentment!

"To you all this must sound remote and fabulous. But try to imagine Farmer ——'s team driven off by the police, and himself beaten till he delivered his hay and oats and his farm-servant for the Lord-Lieutenant, and his two sons dragged in chains to work at railway embankments, and you will have some idea of my state of mind to-day.

"Sheykh Hassan dropped in and dined with me yesterday, and described his mother and her high-handed rule over him. It seems he had a 'jeunesse orageuse,' and she defended him against his father's displeasure. But when the old Sheykh died she informed her son that if he ever again behaved in a manner unworthy of a Sheykh-el-Arab, she would not live to see it. 'Now if my mother told me to jump into the river and drown, I should say "Hader" (ready), for I fear her exceedingly, and I love her above all people in the world and have left everything in her hand.' He was good enough to tell me that I was the only woman he knew like his mother, and that was why he loved me so much. I am to visit this Arab Deborah, at the Ababdeh village, two days' ride from the first cataract. She will come and meet me at the boat. Hassan was splendid when he said how he *feared* his mother exceedingly. To my amazement to-day in walked the tremendous Alim from Tunis, Sheykh Abd-el-Mootooal, who used to look so black at me.[1]

[1] See "Letters from Egypt."

He was very civil and pleasant, and asked no end of questions about steam engines and telegraphs and chemistry—especially whether it was true that the Europeans still fancied they could make gold. I said no one had believed that for nearly two hundred years, and he said that the Arabs also knew it was 'a lie,' and he had wondered to hear that Europeans, who were so clever, believed it. He had just been across the Nile to see the tombs of the Kings and of course 'improved the occasion,' and uttered a number of the usual fine sayings about the vanity of human things. He told me I was the only Frank he had ever spoken to. I observed he did not say a word about religion, or use the usual pious phrases. By the by, Sheykh Yoosuf filled up my inkstand for me the other evening, and in pouring the ink, said 'Bismillah-er-Rachman-er-Racheem' ('in the name of God the merciful, the compassionate'), I said, 'I like that custom, it is good to remind us that ink may be a cruel poison or a good medicine.'

"I am better. No blood-spitting since ten days and little cough. The people here think it is owing to the intercession of Abu-'l-Hajjáj, who specially protects me. I was obliged to be wrapped in the green silk cover of his tomb when it was taken off to be carried in procession, partly for my health and general welfare, and as a sort of adoption into the family. I made a feeble resistance on the score of being a Nazraneeyeh, but was told 'Never fear, does not God know thee and the Sheykh also? no evil will come to thee on that account, but good.' And I rather think that general goodwill and kindness is wholesome. . . .

"Your ever affectionate

"Toodie."

A young Jew, who was going up the Nile in state in one of the Viceroy's steamers, turned out his dragoman at Thebes because he fell ill, and my mother took him in, and nursed him till he died. Two Prussian doctors who happened to be at Thebes gave her help, but the French doctor who was with the young Jew refused to come and see poor Mohammad er-Rasheedee. She writes to my father :—

"*Feb.* 2, 1865.

". . . The 'respectable men' came in by degrees, took an inventory of his property, which they delivered to me, and washed the body ; and within an hour and a half we all went out to the burial-place ; I following among a troop of women who joined us, to wail for 'the brother who had died far from his place.' The scene, as we turned in between the broken colossi and pylones of the temple to go to the mosque, was overpowering. After the prayer in the mosque we went out to the graveyard—Muslims and Copts helping to carry the dead, and my Frankish hat in the midst of the veiled women ; all so familiar and yet so strange !

After the burial, the Imám, Sheykh Abd-el-Waris, came and kissed me on the shoulders ; and the Shereef, a man of eighty, laid his hands on my shoulders and said 'Fear not, my daughter, neither all the days of thy life, nor at the hour of thy death, for God leadeth thee in the right way (sirát mustakeem).' I kissed the old man's hand and turned to go, but numbers of men came and said, 'A thousand thanks, O our sister, for what thou hast done for one among us!' and a great deal more."

Some months after my mother wrote :—

"I often feel quite hurt at the way in which the people here thank me for what the poor at home would turn up their noses at. I think hardly a dragoman has been up the river since er-Rasheedee died, but has come to thank me as warmly as if I had done himself some great service, and many to give me some little present. While the man was ill, numbers of the Fellaheen brought eggs, pigeons, &c.—even a turkey ; and food is worth money now, not as it used to be (*e.g.* butter is three shillings a pound). I am quite weary, too, of hearing, 'Of all the Frangee, I never saw one like thee!' Was no one ever at all humane before? For, remember, I give no money, only a little physic and civility. How the British cottager would 'thank you for nothing!' and how I wish my neighbours here could afford to do the same!"

Lady Duff Gordon saw much that Europeans in general have no chance of seeing, as the "cunning women" set up a theory that her "eye was lucky," and her description of marriages, where she had to "look at" the brides, and the stories told at the marriage feasts are wonderfully interesting and vivid. She had become "Sitti Betáana," "Our own Lady," and one corner of her brown abbaieh (cloak) was faded with much kissing. In March, 1865, she wrote sad and indignant letters [1] about the massacres at Gow, when a certain Ahmad-et-Teiyib rose with a few followers against the intolerable exactions and ill-treatment of the Turks. She ends one of her letters :—

"You will think me a complete rebel, but I may say to *you* what most people would think 'like my nonsense'—that one's pity becomes a perfect passion when one *sits among the people* as I do, and sees it all. Least of all can I forgive those among Europeans and Christians who can help to break these bruised reeds."

In February M. Prévost Paradol went up the Nile and my mother enjoyed his company thoroughly, she wrote to say if ever he visited Egypt again he must go up the river with her.

Prévost Paradol to Lady Duff Gordon.

[Translation.]

"Paris, *July* 2, 1865.

"Dear Madam,—How kind of you to have remembered me while descending the Nile, always beautiful in spite of the horrible misery you describe. The name of the dahabieh, *Urania*, recalls all my longing for dear Egypt. How much better my trip on the Nile would have been in your company ! I remember our two delightful evenings at Luxor ; and Sheykh Yoosuf, and the good magistrate, and Omar ; and above all, you, the fairy of those ruins, and the providence of the poor people who inhabit them. I have often talked about you this

[1] "Letters from Egypt," p. 341 *et seq.*

winter with St. Hilaire, and asked about your book. When am I to have it? But if it is as eloquent and as plain-speaking as your letter, it may close Egypt against you, and then what would you do? Could you ever descend to mere European life? God knows where this letter will find you! it will only feebly express the great pleasure yours gave me, and the charming recollection I shall always retain of you.

"Yours ever,

"PRÉVOST PARADOL."

Prévost Paradol to Lady Duff Gordon.

[TRANSLATION.]

"PARIS, *August* 27, 1865.

"DEAR MADAM,—I have just received the charming volume and your kind letter. I have only discovered one 'author's mistake,' which I forgive with all my heart. It is on page 334, where you say of M. P. P., 'He is a delightful person.' It ought evidently to have been, 'He is a delighted person;' for if ever any one was 'delighted,' it was the Parisian who found in that lovely but silent solitude such a person as yourself, and who could there 'enjoy a great indulgence of talk' after long abstinence. Your cordial invitation, the idea of the dahabieh gliding over the tranquil river under the sun, and the 'sweet home of Luxor' shared with you, and surrounded with such wonders, makes my heart beat. But destiny has promulgated an inexorable decree against all this. My reception at the Académie Française, which is fixed for February, will keep me here all the winter. Pity me, excuse me, and do not forget.

"Your grateful guest and true friend,

"PRÉVOST PARADOL."

Lady Duff Gordon to Sir Alex. Duff Gordon.

"NILE BOAT URANIA, *May*, 1865.

"DEAREST ALICK,—It is so long since I have written that I shall bore you with a long yarn. Happy as I was in the prospect of seeing you all and miserable as poor Upper Egypt has become, I could not leave without a pang. Our Bairam

was not gay. There was horse-riding for Sheykh Gibreel (the cousin of Abu-'l-Hajjáj), and the scene was prettier than ever I saw. My old friend Yunis the Shereef insisted on showing me that at 85 he could still handle a horse and throw a jereed 'for Sheykh Gibreel and the Lady,' as he said. Then arrived the Mufettish of Zenia with his gay attendants and filled the little square in front of the Cadi's castellated house where we were sitting. The young Sheykh of Salamieh rode beautifully, and there was some excellent neboot play (very severe quarterstaff peculiar to the fellaheen). Next day was the great dinner given by Mohammed and Mustafa outside Mohammed's house opposite Sheykh Gibreel's tomb. Two hundred men ate at his gate. I sat to see it and was of course asked to eat, 'Can one like thee eat the melocheea of the fellaheen?' So I joined a party of five round a little wooden tray, tucked up my sleeve and ate, dipping the bread into the melocheea which is like very sloppy spinach but much nicer. Then came the master and his servants to deal the pieces of meat out of a great basket—sodden meat—and like Benjamin my piece was the largest, so I tore off a bit and handed to each of my companions, who said, 'God take thee safe and happy to thy place and thy children and bring thee back to us in safety to eat the meat of the festival together once more.'

"The moon rose clear and bright behind the one tall palm tree that over-hangs the tomb of Sheykh Gibreel—he is a saint of homely tastes and will not have a dome over him or a cover for his tomb, which is only surrounded by a wall breast-high, enclosing a small square bit of ground with the rough tomb on one side. At each corner was set up a flag and a few dim lanterns hung over-head. The two hundred men eating were quite noiseless, and as they rose one by one, washed their hands, and went, the crowd melted like a vision. But before all were gone came the Bulook, or sub-magistrate, a Turkish jack-in-office with the manners of a Zouave turned parish beadle. He began to sneer at the melocheea of the fellaheen, and swore he could not eat it if he sat before it 1,000 years—hereupon Omar began to 'chaff' him. 'Eat, oh Bulook Pasha, and if it swells in thy belly the Lady will give thee of the physic of the English to clean thy stomach upwards and downwards of

all thou hast eaten of the food of the fellaheen.' The Bulook is notorious for his exactions—his 'eating the people'—so there was a great laugh. Poor Omar was very ill next day, and every one thought the Bulook had given him the eye. Then came the Mufettish in state to pay his *devoirs* to the Sheykh in the tomb. He came and talked to Mustafa and Yoosuf, and enumerated the people taken for the works. 200 from Luxor, 400 from Karnac, 310 from Zenia, 320 from Byadyeh, and 380 from Salamieh—a good deal more than half the adult men to go for sixty days leaving their fields uncultivated and their hareem and children hungry—for they have to take all the food for themselves.

"I rose sick at heart from the Mufettish's harsh voice and went down to listen to the Moonsheeds chanting at the tomb, and the Zikheer's strange sobbing 'Allah-Allah.' I leaned on the mud wall watching the slender figures swaying in the moonlight when a tall handsome fellah in his brown shirt, felt libdeh (skull-cap), and his blue cotton melaya tied up in a bundle full of dried bread on his back. The type of an Egyptian. He stood close beside me and prayed for his wife and children. 'Ask our God to pity them, oh Sheykh, and to feed them while I am away; thou knowest how my wife worked all night to bake all the wheat for me, and that there is none left for her and the children.' He then turned to me and took my hand and went on, 'Thou knowest this lady, oh Sheykh Gibreel, take her happy and well to her place and bring her back to us, el-Fat'hah yah Beshoosheh!' and we said it together. I could have laid my head on Sheykh Gibreel's wall and howled. I thanked him as well as I could for caring about one like me while his own troubles were so heavy. I shall never forget that tall athletic figure and the gentle brown face with the eleven days' moon of Zulheggeh and the shadow of the palm tree. That was my farewell. 'The voice of the miserable is with thee, shall God not hear it?'

"In a few days arrived the boat *Urania*. She is very nice indeed, dirty of course, but will be extremely comfortable when cleaned and painted. On the 15th we sailed. Sheykh Yoosuf went with me to Kench, Mustafa and Seyd going by land, and one of Haggi Sultan's disciples and several Luxor men were

deck passengers. The Shereef gave me the bread and jars of butter for his grandsons in Gama 'l Azhar and came to see me off. We sat on the deck outside as there was a crowd to say good-bye, and a lot of hareem in the cabin. The old Shereef made me sit down on the carpet close by him and then said, 'We sit here like two lovers,' at 85 even an Arab and a Shereef may be 'gaillard.' So I cried, 'Oh, Shereef, what if Omar tells my master the secret thou hast let out, it is not well of thee.' There was a great laugh which ended in the Shereef saying, 'No doubt thy master is of the best of the people, let us say the Fat'hah for him.' And he called on all the people, 'El Fat'hah for the master of the lady!' I hope it has benefited you to be prayed for at Luxor.

"*June 12th.*—I had written so far and passed Minyeh when I fell ill with pleurisy. I've lots more to tell of my journey but am too weak after two weeks in bed. But I am better and a man from the Azhar is reading the Koran for me outside, while another is gone with candles to Seydeedeh Zeyneb, 'the fanatics'! . . ."

My mother had been far worse than she told my father. She was not able to leave Egypt for Germany until July, where we all met together at Soden—Mrs. Austin, my father, my husband and myself, my brother, and my little sister Urania, for whose company my poor mother had longed more than for anything else in the world.

In October, Lady Duff Gordon returned to Egypt, considerably worse, and wrote to her mother:—

Lady Duff Gordon to Sarah Austin.

"Cairo, *December* 5, 1865.

"Dearest Mutter,—Alexander will have told you I had another attack of hæmorrhage, but it seems inclined to pass off without further mischief, only I must keep very quiet. I have got all the boat in order, and my captain Reis Mohammed, is very satisfactory. We sail to-day as soon as Omar comes back with the meat, &c., from the market. The Pasha is beginning

to worry the Europeans I hear, in hopes of disgusting them out of the country, especially out of Upper Egypt where they see his iniquities. Mohammed Gayonee begs you to give his best salaam to Sheykh Stanley whom he longs to see again. He says that all his people said he was not a Christian for he was not proud even towards them as Christians are, but a real Sheykh, and that the Bedaween still talk of Sheykh Stanley and of his piety and goodness.

"The old half-witted jester of Luxor has found me out—he has wandered down here to see his eldest son who is serving in the army. These licensed 'possenreisser' are like our fools in old times, but less witty than we fancy them to have been—thanks to Shakespeare I suppose. Each district has one who attends all moolids and other gatherings of the people, and picks up a living. He tells me that the Turkish Nazir of Zenia has begun some business against our Cadi Sheykh Ibraheen and Sheykh Yoosuf—accused them of something, he does not know what, *perhaps of being friends of Haggi Sultan*[1] *or of stealing wood!* If all the friends of Haggi Sultan are to be persecuted that will include the whole Saeed. Of course I am anxious about my friends. The meneggets who picked and made ten mattresses and fourteen cushions for me in half a day were laughing and saying, 'for the Pasha's boat we work also, at so much a day, and we should have done it in four days.' 'And for me if I paid by the day instead of by the piece how long?' 'One day instead of half, oh Lady, for fear thou shouldest say to us, you have finished in half a day and half the wages is enough for you.' That is the way in which all the work is done for 'Effendina'—no wonder his steamers don't pay. . . ."

At Benisouef my mother was too ill to leave her bed, but at Kench she was well enough to go to the Cadi's house to leave a string of beads,

"*December*, 1865.

"Just to show that I had not forgotten the worthy Cadi's courtesy in bringing his little daughter to sit beside me at

[1] For the story of Haggi Sultan see "Letters from Egypt."

dinner when I went down the river last summer. He was giving audience to several people, so I sent in the beads and my salaam ; but the jolly Cadi sallied forth into the street, and 'fell upon my neck' with such ardour, that my Frankish hat was sent rolling by contact with the turban of Islam. The Cadi of Keneh is the real original Cadi of our early days ; sleek, rubicund, polite—a puisne judge and a dean rolled into one, combining the amenities of the Law and the Church ; with an orthodox stomach and an orthodox turban, both round and stately. I was taken into the hareem, welcomed and regaled, and invited to the festival of Seyd Abd-er-Racheem, the great saint of Keneh. I hesitated, and said there were great crowds, and some might be offended at my presence ; but the Cadi declared 'by Him who separated us,' that if any such ignorant persons were present, it was high time they learnt better, and that it was by no means unlawful for virtuous Christians, and such as neither hated nor scorned the Muslimeen, to profit by, or share in, their prayers, and that I should sit before the Sheykh's tomb with him and the Mufti ; and that, *du reste*, they wished to give thanks for my safe arrival. Such a demonstration of tolerance was not to be resisted. So after going back to rest, and dining in the boat, I returned at nightfall into the town and went to the burial-place. The whole way was lighted up and thronged with the most motley crowd, and the usual mixture of holy and profane, which we know at the Catholic fêtes also ; but more *prononcé* here. Dancing girls, glittering with gold brocade and coins, swaggered about among the brown-shirted fellaheen, and the profane singing of the Alateeheh mingled with the songs in honour of the Arab prophet chanted by the Moonsheeds and the deep tones of the 'Allah Allah' of the zikr's. Rockets whizzed about and made the women screech, and a merry-go-round was in full swing. And now fancy me clinging to the skirts of the Cadi-ul-Islam (who did not wear a spencer, as the Methodist parson threatened his congregation he would do at the Day of Judgment), and pushing into the tomb of the Seyd Abd-er-Racheem, through such a throng! No one seemed offended or even surprised. (I suppose my face is so well known at Keneh.) When my party had said a Fah'tah for me and another for my family, we

retired to another Kubbeh, where there was no tomb, and where we found the Mufti, and sat there all the evening over coffee and pipes and talk."

Lady Duff Gordon to Sarah Austin.

"Luxor, *February* 15, 1866.

"Dearest Mutter,—I have only time for a short letter to say that the cold weather is over, and that I continue to improve, not very fast but still very sensibly. My young Frenchman turns out to be a M. Brune, *grand prix de Rome*, an architect, and a very nice fellow indeed, and a thorough gentleman. His odd awkward manner proved to be mere vexation at finding himself quartered *nolens volens* on a stranger and a woman. But we have made great friends, and I have made him quite happy by telling him that he shall pay his share of the food. He was going to hurry off from shyness, though he had begun a work here by which I fancy he hopes to get κυδος. He goes out to the temple at sunrise, and returns to dinner at dark and works well. His drawings are very clever. In short I am as much obliged to the French consul for sending me such an intelligent guest as I was vexed at first. An '*homme sérieux*' with an absorbing pursuit is always good company in the long run.

"To-morrow is the smaller Bairam, and I shall have all the hareem to visit me.

"Two such nice young Englishmen called the other day and told me they lived in Hertford Street, opposite No. 34, and saw Alexander go in and out. It gave me a terrible twinge of '*Heimweh*,' but I thought it so kind and pretty and '*herzlich*' of them to come and tell me how Alexander looked as he went along the street. I must leave off as a steamer is going. . . . Fancy my surprise the other day just when I was dictating letters of introduction for some of Ross's inspecting agents to Sheykh Yoosuf, in walked Marianne North whom I had not seen since she was a child. She and her father were going up to the second cataract. She had done some sketches which, though unskilful, were absolutely true in colour and effect, and are the very first that I have seen that are so. Mr. North looked

rather horrified at the turbaned society in which he found himself. I suppose it did look odd to English eyes. . . ."

Mrs. Symonds has been good enough to send me the following extracts from her sister's unpublished Egyptian journal. Miss North often spoke to me about this visit to my mother, and of the extraordinary influence she had over the Arabs and the love they bore her.

"*February*, 1866.

". . . . The air was most delicious, but as the wind continued contrary, and we were told it was 'about' six miles only to Thebes, we three English decided to walk with the distant towers of Karnac as our guide across the fields. Achmet persisting in slouching after us in his red slippers, as his bad conscience made him think we were going to complain of him and have him bastinadoed, and he would not believe our assurances to the contrary. My father wished to leave him behind, and put on his seven-leagued boots. The race was terrible, over the roughest ground too, and of course, as usual, it was much further than we expected, but we reached the forest of pillars by 11 o'clock. We took a couple of hours' rest on comfortable flat stones near the great obelisk of Karnac, where I believe we all went to sleep. The air was fresh, but the sun was the sun of Egypt, and we had gone at a most mad pace for some hours, punishing ourselves quite as much as poor Achmet, and the grandest ruin in all the world could not have kept my eyes open. But we awoke refreshed, and able to take in the enormous size of that temple, and the rich colouring of its ornamentations, and to enjoy walking through an avenue of sphinxes, who were apparently waiting for a surgeon to come and set their broken bones and put the right heads on the right beasts. That avenue led us to Luxor, which is spoilt by a village taken out of it, sand and all, for at that time it was difficult even to trace the temple amidst all its rubbish, and in the middle of the finest group of columns nestled the house of Mustafa Agha. Many people said he was a thief, but he was a courteous friend to all Europeans on the Nile, and gave us bundles of letters and newspapers, and entertained my father

and Mr. S—— with pipes and coffee ; while I was seized and carried off by the faithful Omar to see Lady Duff Gordon, who I had not seen for twenty-five years. She said she should have known me anywhere. She herself was old and grey, but had still the handsome face which had captivated me years ago. In spite of having burst two blood vessels that year, she said the air at Luxor did wonders for her. The natives all worshipped her, and she doctored them, amused them, and even smoked with them. They looked on her as something mysterious, and even rather uncanny, and respected her accordingly. She lived in some rooms raised up amongst the pillars of the old temple like a second story. While I was there a native gentleman and his brother the Mollah came to pay her a visit, and the latter wrote a letter under her direction to a friend at Siout on the palm of his hand, and rubbed his ring in the ink to sign it with afterwards. From her balcony she could look across the broad Nile, and the great green plain with its two sitting colossi, many ruins, and the noble mountain with rosy shadows even at mid-day. One native visitor held an opera glass to my eye, and with his other hand pointed out the different objects he named just in front of it, so that I had an uninterrupted view of a very clean Turkish hand, for which kindness I thanked him most humbly, and when he looked through my glass I let him see my hand in the same way, and he expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the view.

"Ramadan had begun the day before, and the talk was all about the exhausted state every one was in, as they only eat by moonlight. The moon was just then a mere thread of silver with its ends turned up in a most unchristian way, but very lovely. We hoped to have stayed a day at Thebes, but when the boat came up the Frenchman (our fellow passenger) was in such a fever to go on that my father indulged him, and fired a salute under Lady Duff Gordon's window as we passed, promising to stay a week or more on our return. We went on drag, drag, drag, again, eight miles only in thirty hours, and had plenty of time to think of what we had seen the day before—a hall with one hundred and thirty-three pillars, the centre ones 60 feet high, the outer ones 40 feet, all carved and coloured most elaborately from top to bottom, with the obelisk of 93 feet high

made out of a single stone. Such things made one feel very small, and the whole scene would have seemed as a dream to me had I not still the two sketches I made there between sleeping and waking to prove its reality. . . . On the return journey (April, 1866) we rested about five hours at Aswán, then came the great Edfou with its stupendous portico, the fossils and limestone mountains of El Kab, more sticking in the mud, more contrary winds, and at last we found ourselves anchored amongst the other dahabiehs and mosquitoes off Luxor, with a pile of letters and papers from home. We took coffee with Lady Duff Gordon who had a circle of admiring Arabs round her, and gave my father a chibouk lighted by her own fair hand. At Aswán we had lost our pet black sailor-boy, always so graceful and good-humoured and strong. Karnac would have taken months in itself to enjoy and study thoroughly, and was as hopeless to sketch as Medinet Abou. . . . I was trying to paint a bit of this exquisite building, when Lucie Gordon came and sat by me and talked in her old clever way, but soon got so tired I thought she would have fainted as Omar and I helped her over the stones back to her donkey ; however she could not have done even this when we saw her on our way up. She was idolised by her faithful Omar and all the natives in Thebes, whom she doctored and treated as friends, but it must have been a dreary existence for a thinking person to live thus among people so little removed from animals. Once while painting and quite absorbed in my work at Karnac, a man sat down close to me and I said good morning without looking up, till Hassan pulled my dress, and oh horror ! the man was holding a huge golden snake by the tail, a yard of shining polished slippery snake quite straight and looking at me ! I shouted and sprang away, and Hassan drove off the two wretched brutes. They take out the fangs of these tame snakes, but I hate even the sight of them now ; though I used to like poor Lucie's pet when I was a child. My father felt the heat so much (82° in his cabin after dark) that he decided to leave Thebes after a week. . . ."

Lady Duff Gordon to Janet Ross.

"Luxor, *April*, 1866.

"Dearest Janet,—I had not heard a word of Henry's illness till Mr. Palgrave arrived and told me, and also that he was better—Alhamdullillah! What a clever fellow Mr. Palgrave is! I never knew such a hand at languages. The folk here are in admiration at his Arabic and Sheykh Yoosuf says few Ulema know as much of the literature and niceties of grammar and composition. The last three days the great heat has begun and I am accordingly better. I have just come home from the Bairam early prayer out in the burial place at which Palgrave also assisted. He is unwell and tells me he leaves Luxor to-morrow morning, he fears his little black boy will die who is at Mustafa's house.

"You have never told me your plans for this year or whether I shall find you when I go down. I shall stay on till I am too hot here as evidently the summer suits me. I hope you will see M. Brune. I am sure you would like him. He is a very accomplished and gentlemanly man.

"If you come here next winter Mustafa hopes you will bring a saddle and ride 'all his horses.' I think I can get you a very good horse from a certain Sheykh Abdallah here. There is no sickness to speak of in Luxor now, only the usual chronic old women, so old and ugly and achy that I don't know what to do with them. To one old body I gave a powder wrapped up in a fragment of the *Saturday Review* you sent me. She came next day and declared that, 'Mashallah the *hegab* (charm) was a powerful one for though she had not been able to wash off all the fine writing from the paper, it had done her a deal of good!' I'm so sorry I am unable to inform you what was the subject of the article which had so drastic an effect. . . ."

Lady Duff Gordon to Sarah Austin.

"Boolak (Cairo), *July* 17, 1866.

"Dearest Mutter,— . . . The heat when I left Luxor was prodigious. At Benisouef I went to see our Maohn's daughter

married to another Maohn there. It was a pleasant visit. The master of the house was out, and his mother and wife received me like one of the family. Such a pretty house and such darling children !—a pale little slight girl of five, a sturdy boy of four, and a baby boy of one year old. The eager hospitality of the little creatures was quite touching. The little girl asked to have on her best frock, and then she stood before me seriously and diligently, and asked every now and then, 'Shall I make thee a sherbet? Shall I bring thee a coffee?' And then questions about grandpapa and grandmamma, and Abd-el-Hameed and Abd-el-Fettah; while the boy sat on his heels before me and asked questions about my family in his baby talk, and assured me it was a good day to him, and wanted me to stay three days, and to sleep with them. Their father came in and gave each a small coin, which, after consulting together, they tied in the corner of my handkerchief, 'to spend on my journey.' The little girl took such care of my hat and gloves and shoes, all very strange garments to her, but politeness was stronger than curiosity with the little things. I breakfasted with them all next day, and found much cookery going on for me. I took a doll for my little friend Ayoosheh, and some sugar-plums for Mohammed, but they laid them aside in order to devote themselves to the stranger, and all quietly, and with no sort of show-off or obtrusiveness. Even the baby seemed to have the instinct of hospitality, and was full of smiles. It was all of a piece with the good old lady their grandmother, at Luxor, who wanted to wash my clothes for me herself, because I said the black slave of Mohammed washed badly. Remember that to do 'menial offices' for a guest is an honour and pleasure, and not derogatory at all here. The ladies cook for you, and say, 'I will cook my best for thee.' The worst is that they stuff one so. Little Ayoosheh asked after my children, and said, 'May God preserve them for thee! Tell thy little girl that Mohammed and I love her from afar off.' Whereupon Mohammed declared that in a few years, please God, when he should be *balal* (marriageable), he would marry her and live with me."

CHAPTER LV.

LADY DUFF GORDON (*continued*).

Lady Duff Gordon at Boolak — Her Popularity — Rebuilding her Boat — Returns to Luxor—Inventory of Contents of Dahabieh—The Arabian Sage—Sick brought from Edfou—Lady Duff Gordon "chaired"—A runaway match—My Journey up the Nile to see my Mother—Our dinner with Selim Effendi—Going to Philæ—Nubian Trader offers his Boat—Presents—Keneh—Lady Duff Gordon at Cairo and her Painter—She goes up into Nubia with her son—Beyroot—Return to Luxor—Visit of Prince and Princess of Wales—Lady Duff Gordon's last Letter—Her Death.

At Boolak, the port of Cairo, Lady Duff Gordon spent the summer months of 1866, superintending the rebuilding of the bottom of her dahabieh. She learnt many curious stories and customs,[1] and her popularity was shown by the way her boat was saved one night when the Nile rose suddenly, just as the ribs were finished and the planking and caulking were ready to put on. A steersman called up all the Reises (captains) and steersmen, saying :—

"'O men of El Bostawee, this is *our* boat' (that is, we are the servants of her owner), 'and she is in our faces;' and then he set the example, stripped, and carried dust, and hammered in piles all night, and by morning she was surrounded by a dyke breast high. The ''longshore' men of Boolak were not a little surprised to see dignified Reises working for nothing like Fellaheen. Meanwhile my three Maallimeen, the chief builder, caulker, and foreman, had also stayed all night with

[1] "Last Letters from Egypt," Lady Duff Gordon, p. 48 *et seq.*

Omar and my Reis, who worked like the rest ; and the Sheykh of all the boatbuilders went to visit one of my Maallims, who is his nephew, and hearing the case, came down too at one in the morning, and stayed till dawn. Then, as the workmen passed, going to their respective jobs, he called them, and said, 'Come and finish this boat ; it must be done by to-morrow night.' Some men who objected, and said they were going to various places, got a beating *pro formâ*, and the end of it was that I found forty-six men under my boat working 'like Afreets and Shaitans,' when I went to see how all was going on in the morning. The old Sheykh marked a piece to each four men, and then said, 'If that is not done to-night, O dogs ! to-morrow I'll put on the hat'—that is, 'To-day I have beaten moderately, like an Arab, but to-morrow, please God, I'll beat like a Frank, and be mad with the stick.' In short, the boat which yesterday morning was a skeleton, is now, at 4 P.M. to-day, finished, caulked, pitched, and all capitally done ; so if the Nile carries off the dyke, she will float safe. The shore is covered with *débris* of other people's half-finished boats. I believe I owe the ardour of the Maallims and the Sheykh of the builders to one of my absurd pieces of Arab civility. On the day when Omar killed poor Ablook, my black sheep, over the bows, and 'straked his blood' upon them, the three Mallimeen came on board this boat to eat their dish, and I followed the old Arab fashion and ate out of the wooden dish with them and the Reis 'for luck,' or rather 'for a blessing,' as we say here ; and it seems that this gave immense satisfaction."

In November, Lady Duff Gordon was at Luxor again, and sent back her boat to Cairo to let for the winter. Sheykh Yoosuf made an inventory in Arabic,

"Over which we laughed hugely. How to express a sauce-boat, a pie-dish, &c., in Arabic was a poser. A genteel Effendi, who sat by, at last burst out in uncontrollable amazement, 'There is no God but God : is it possible that four or five Franks can use all those things to eat, drink, and sleep on a journey?' (N.B.—I fear the Franks will think the stock very

scanty.) Whereupon Master Achmet, with the swagger of one who has seen cities and men, held forth, 'Oh, Effendim, that is nothing ; our lady is almost like the children of the Arabs. One dish or two, a piece of bread, a few dates, and peace' (as we say, there is an end of it). 'But thou shouldest see the merchants of Scandareeh (Alexandria)—three tablecloths, forty dishes ; to each soul seven plates of all sorts, seven knives and seven forks, and seven spoons, large and small, and seven different glasses for wine and beer and water.' 'It is the will of God,' replied the Effendi, rather put down ; 'but,' he added, 'it must be a dreadful fatigue to them to eat their dinner.'"

Lady Duff Gordon to Janet Ross.

"Luxor, *Dec.* 12, 1866.

"Dearest Janet,—Your letter of the 19th of November and the two parcels have just arrived all safe. How nice it would be if you could come with the Consul-general. Only please bring blankets and a looking-glass. Mahbrook broke the only one I had. An eunuch here who is a holy man tells me he saw my boat coming up heavily laden in his sleep, which indicates a 'good let.' I hope my revered friend is right. If my boat is let to a friendly dragoman he will supply all deficiencies out of his own canteen, but if to one 'who knows not Joseph' I fear many things will be demanded by right-minded British travellers—which must be left to the Reis's discretion to buy for them. I hope all the Fat'hahs said for the success of the *Urania's* voyage will produce a due effect ; here we rely a good deal on the favour of Abu'-l-Hajjáj in such matters. The *naïvéte* with which people pray here for money is very amusing, though really I don't know why one shouldn't ask for one's daily sixpence as well as one's daily bread.

"If you come you will have some sort of horse to ride, and Sheykh Yoosuf is already trying to get some antiquities as a present for you. A silly woman has written to me to get her a place as 'a governess in an European or "Arabian" family in the neighbourhood of Thebes'! Considering she has been six years in Egypt she must be well fitted to teach ! She had better learn to make gilleh and spin wool for zaboots and

burdehs. The young Americans whom Mr. Hale sent up were very nice. The Yankees are generally the best bred and best educated travellers I see here. . . ."

All that winter was passed at Thebes, and Lady Duff Gordon's letters are full of descriptions ;[1] among others of an Arabian sage, Sheykh Abdurrachman, who

" Came over to visit me, and to doctor me according to the science of Galen and Avicenna. Fancy a tall, thin, graceful man, with a grey beard and liquid eyes, absorbed in studies of the obsolete kind, a doctor of theology, law, medicine and astronomy ! We spent three days in arguing and questioning. I consented to swallow a potion or two, which he made up before me, of very innocent materials. My friend is neither a quack nor superstitious, and two hundred years ago would have been a better physician than most in Europe. Indeed, I would rather swallow his physic now than that of an Italian M.D. I found him, like all the learned theologians I have known, extremely liberal and tolerant. You can conceive nothing more interesting and curious than the conversation of a man learned and intelligent, and yet utterly ignorant of all modern Western science. If I was pleased with him, he was enchanted with me, and swore by God that I was a Mufti indeed, and that a man could nowhere spend time so delightfully as in conversation with me. He said he had been acquainted with two or three Englishmen who had pleased him much, but that if all Englishwomen were like me, the power must necessarily be in our hands, for that my ' akl ' (intelligence) was far above that of the men he had known. He objected to our medicine that it seemed to consist in palliatives, which he rather scorned, and aimed always at a radical cure. I told him that if he had studied anatomy he would know that radical cures were difficult of performance ; and he ended by lamenting his ignorance of English or some European language, and that he had not learned our ' Elm ' (science) also. Then we plunged into sympathies, mystic numbers, and the occult virtues of stones, &c. ;

[1] See " Last Letters from Egypt."

and I swallowed my mixture (consisting of liquorice, cummin, and soda) just as the sun entered a particular phase and the moon was in some favourable aspect. I could have fancied myself listening to Abu Suleyman of Cordova in the days when we were barbarians and the Arabs were the learned race."

She writes again :—

"I have come to a curious honour—'Ich bin bei lebendigem Leibe besungen worden' ('My praises have been sung in my lifetime'). Several parties of real Arabs came with their sick on camels from above Edfou. I asked at last what brought them, and they told me that a Shaer (bard) had gone about *singing* my praises, as how the daughter of the English was a flower on the heads of the Arabs, and those who were sick should go and smell the perfume of the flower and rejoice in the brightness of the Light (Nooreen), my name. Rather a high-flown way of mentioning the 'exhibition' of a black dose!"

Lady Duff Gordon to Janet Ross.

"*Jan.* 11, 1867.

"DEAR JANET,—Where *do* my letters stick? One from your father dated September 17th, and the other November 10th, that is my latest news. I am very sorry Palgrave wants Mahbrook back. I fear he will have trouble with the lad, who for the first time expressed a decided opinion, 'I want to stay with thee, I don't want to go back to the Nazarene.' A boy who heard him said, 'But the lady is a Nazarene too,' whereon Mahbrook slapped his face with great vigour. If he *does* turn restive it will not be by halves—moreover, any severity would make the cannibal show his teeth. If I could afford it I would buy him of Palgrave, but I believe he cost as much as your horse. I think it would be a pity to send him to Soukoum Kaleh alone, he might get led astray to drink, or run away, and now he is very good. I have had him vaccinated, and one Ghefieh is teaching him to pray. I promised him a shilling when he could say the Fat'hah to me without a fault. I hope Palgrave won't have him forcibly baptised, for he is as stout a Muslim as ignorant persons usually are.

"It is some weeks since I have been out as I can't walk, and my donkey has grown old and unsafe, and I am nervous about his falling. The other day I dined with the English consul, and was carried to the boat in state in an armchair on the shoulders of four men, like one of the Pharaoh's in a bas-relief. My procession was quite regal. You would have 'roared,' as Maurice says, to see me 'chaired' like the successful candidate in an old-fashioned election.

"How I wish you were coming here directly to stay till March! I often think I shall give up the struggle and go home and see what I can of you all before I die. My dahabieh is not here yet, but I hear the gentlemen shoot, and tell the crew not to tow, and in short to take it easy, and give them £2 in every town. Imagine what luxury for my crew. I shall have to dismiss the lot they'll be so spoilt. . . ."

Lady Duff Gordon to Janet Ross.

"*Feb.* 19, 1867.

"My dearest Janet,—My boat has gone up safe. The Ababdeh sent a messenger to the cataract men (who are of their own blood in part) 'to carry the Sitt's boat up on their heads.' It is warm and fine here now, and I am a good deal better. Mustafa has found me a milk camel at last—no easy matter, as all our camels are now taken to work at the Pasha's sugar mills, a private speculation of his. I am in great anxiety, having heard that the soldiers of Omar's old regiment are being called out, and he is in an agony of terror at the idea of going away from me into that miserable life again. I need not tell you what a sword of Damocles it is to think of being left without his care among people who, kind as they are, know as much of sickness or of our habits as their own camels.

"A young fellow here ran away with a girl he loved a short time ago. Her parents wanted to marry her to another man, and she told him she would go to such a spot for water, and he must come on a horse, beat her, and carry her off (the beating saves the damsel's blushes). Well, the lad did it, and carried her to Salamieh, where they were married, and then they came

to Sheykh Yoosuf to get him to conciliate the family, which he did. He told me the affair and I saw he sympathised with the runaways. 'Ah,' he said, 'lady, it is love ; and that is terrible, as I can tell thee ; love is dreadful indeed to bear,' then he hesitated and blushed, and went on : 'I felt it once, lady—it was the will of God that I should love her who is now my wife.' But I must not betray dear Yoosuf's confidence as the things of the harem are very sacred.

"I shall be so glad to see you and Henry, for I shall not attempt to go to Europe this year, I don't feel up to the journey. I shall meander on the Nile in the *Urania* (should she get to Cairo before you leave you might tow her up). Master Achmet was seized with ambition to return to city life, and has 'skedaddled.' I must buy the cannibal off Palgrave, for he just suits me and I suit him. It is humiliating to find how much more I am to the taste of savages than of the 'polite circles.' . . ."

In March, 1867, I went up the Nile with my husband in one of the Viceroy's steamers to see my mother before leaving Egypt for good. On our arrival at the different coaling stations the villages seemed almost deserted, and it was difficult to procure food. Our servant Mohammed, a sharp lad of about sixteen, at last solved the mystery by explaining that we, being in a Government steamer, were supposed to be people who would be more likely to distribute kicks than paras, and said he would soon set that right. So tumbling over the side of the steamer he swam ashore, and, cutting off a corner at a long bend of the river, he proclaimed at the village where we were to coal, that in the steamer was the daughter of the "Sitt-el-Kebeer" (the great lady), as the Arabs called my mother, who, like the Sitt, was just, and had a heart that loved the Arabs. Henceforward our only difficulty about food was to make the people take payment. It is curious how fast news travels in Egypt ; in many places we found people waiting with presents of milk, kishta (cream), fowls and eggs. One had been cured by Sitti Noor-

âlâ-Noor ;[1] another had a cousin to whom she had been kind ; to some one else she had given a lift in her boat, and so on all the way up the Nile. At Thebes we were expected, a man from Keneh having ridden on to announce the glad tidings ; and we found her house decorated with palm leaves and lemon branches, and with the holy flags, which the Ulema had actually sent to show how they rejoiced with her, and that they wished us every blessing from God.

The Sakkas (water-carriers) sprinkled a path for us from the bank of the river to her house, and the little village was *en fête*. We had endless salaaming to go through, as all the notables of Luxor wanted to see the "Howagar" (gentleman, really merchant) and the daughter of their "Sitt"; and the Bedaween came and did *fantasia* under the balcony.

Then we had to dine with Seleem Effendi, the Maohn of Luxor, a pleasant man, with a dear old wife, who would serve us, in spite of my husband's presence. Our procession to dinner was very funny, and at the same time touching. My mother on her donkey, which I led, two servants in front with lanterns, and the faithful Omar, dressed in his best, carrying a sweet dish he had expended all his skill upon ; my husband on the other side of my mother, and then more lantern-bearers. As we passed, the people crowded round and called on Allah to bless us ; some threw down their cloaks for my mother to ride over, while the women lifted the hem of her dress to their lips and foreheads.

Three days we remained at Luxor, and then went up to Aswán, my mother accompanying us, and everywhere was the same love and reverence shown her. We went to Philæ, above the first cataract, in a little boat, and spent a whole day in that lovely island, sitting under the portico of an old temple

[1] "Light from the Light," another name the Arabs gave my mother, see p. 523.

and gazing far away into Nubia, talking of him who sleeps in Philæ, and whom old Herodotus would not name.

On returning to Thebes, we were disappointed at not finding my mother's boat, which was let to some friends. She had hoped to borrow it for two days, to accompany us down to Keneh and sail back. A Nubian trader, who had heard that the "Sitt-el-Kebeer" wished for a boat, came to the house and asked for an audience. He left his shoes outside the door, and with many salaams said that he had turned out all his goods on the bank, had cleaned his boat well, and had come to offer her to the "Sitt," who, during the cholera, had saved a nephew of his who had been taken ill at Luxor. My mother refused, unless the man would take payment, saying it was not fair to detain him on his journey, and perhaps spoil the sale of his goods. He made a most eloquent speech, and ended by saying that of course his boat was not worthy of the honour of harbouring "Noor-âlâ-Noor," but that he had hoped it might have been accepted, and that he was very sad and mortified, and, by Allah! did not care for his goods one para. The "Sitt" had often accepted a bad donkey to ride from a poor man in order to do a courteous act, when she might have had the Maohn's white one, but that he was a "meskeen" (poor fellow), and his boat would certainly bring him ill luck henceforward. Then Omar stepped forward and spoke for the Nubian, and the end was that my mother accepted the boat, and Omar promised to make him accept a present; so we started for Keneh the following day, towing the boat behind us. All Luxor came to say good-bye, and the poorest brought a present. One had a chicken, another eggs, another milk and butter, and two women had baked specially during the night in order to bring us an offering of fresh bread. Teodoros, the Copt, whose little boy my mother had taught to write and read English, wanted me to accept an alabaster jar, out of a tomb, worth certainly twenty napoleons. He had already given

me some scarabei, so I refused with many thanks, unless he would let me pay for it. He went away, but sent me down some other things by a friend some weeks afterwards, which were worth double. One poor woman brought us the lamb she had reared for the Bairam feast, and when we said that we really could not take such a present, she ran away, leaving her lamb on board, so I bought her another at Keneh and sent it back by my mother. Dear Sheykh Yoosuf went with us to Keneh, where the Maohn insisted on giving us an excellent but endless dinner, and had the two famous dancing girls, Zeyneb and Lateefeh, to sing and dance afterwards. Next day we left for Cairo, and my mother sailed back to Luxor in the Nubian's boat with Sheykh Yoosuf.

In the summer Lady Duff Gordon came down the Nile to Cairo to meet my brother, who spent the winter with her. She had her boat painted, and moved for a few days into another.

"But heavens!" she writes, "I got hold of the Barber himself, turned painter. First it was a request for three pounds to buy paint. 'None but the best of paint is fitting for a noble person like thee, and that thou knowest is costly, and I am thy servant and would do thee honour.' 'Very well,' say I, 'take the money, and see, O man, that the paint is of the best, or thy backsheesh will be bad also.' Well, he begins, and then rushes in to say: 'Come, O Bey, O Pasha, and behold the brilliancy of the white paint, like milk, like glass, like the full moon!' I go and say, 'Mashallah! but now be so good as to work fast, for my son will be here in a few days, and nothing is ready.' Fatal remark! 'Mashallah, Bismillah! may the Lord spare him, may God prolong thy days, let me advise thee how to keep the eye from him, for doubtless thy son is beautiful as a memlook of 1,000 purses. Remember to spit in his face when he comes on board, and revile him aloud that all the people may hear thee, and compel him to wear torn and dirty clothes when he goes out. And how many children hadst thou, and our master, thy master?' &c., &c. 'Shukr Allah! all is well

with us,' I say, 'but, by the Prophet, paint, O Maalim, and do not break my head any more.'"

With my brother, whose presence was "like a new life" to her, my mother went up the first cataract into Nubia ; and on her return in April, 1868, to Luxor, found that the old house was no longer habitable, half having fallen down ; so henceforward she lived on her dahabieh the *Urania*. In July, she was unfortunately persuaded to go to Syria, and the trip very nearly killed her. At Beyroot the Sisters of Charity refused to nurse a Protestant, and the Prussian sisters repudiated a non-Lutheran ; but the faithful Omar was, as usual, a devoted sick-nurse, and she got back to Cairo and her boat in October, and went up the Nile immediately. She writes :—

"I have got a most excellent young Reis (captain), and one of my sailors sings like a nightingale ; indeed he is not a sailor at all, but a professional Cairo singer, who came with me for fun. He draws crowds to hear him ; and at Esneh the congregation prayed for me in the mosque that God might reward me for the pleasure I had provided for them. Fancy desiring the 'prayers of this congregation for the welfare of the lady who gave me her opera-box last Saturday'! If prayers could avail to cure, I ought to get well rapidly."

At Luxor, when the people heard how nearly they had lost their "Sitt," the derweeshes held two great "zikrs" in a tent pitched near her boat, and Mustafa Agha and Mohammed each killed two sheep as thank-offerings for her life having been spared.

When in February the Prince and Princess of Wales went up the Nile, they went to see Lady Duff Gordon in her dahabieh near Aswán. She says :—

"The Prince was most pleasant and kind, and the Princess too. She is the most perfectly simple-mannered girl I ever saw. She does not even try to be civil, like other great people, but asks blunt questions, and looks at one so heartily with her

clear, honest eyes, that she must win all hearts. They were more considerate than any people I have seen, and the Prince, instead of being gracious, was, if I may say so, quite respectful in his manner ; he is very well-bred and pleasant, and I am sure has a kind heart. My sailors were so proud at having the honour of rowing him *in our own boat* and of singing to him."

In June, 1869, she wrote to my father from Cairo :—

"Dearest Alick,—Do not think of coming here, as you fear the climate. Indeed it would be almost too painful to me to part from you again ; and as it is, I can wait patiently for the end among people who are kind and loving enough to be comfortable without too much feeling of the pain of parting. The leaving Luxor was rather a distressing scene, as they did not think to see me again. The kindness of all the people was really touching, from the Cadi, who made ready my tomb among his own family, to the poorest Fellaheen.

"Omar sends you most heartfelt thanks, and begs that the boat may remain registered in your name at the Consulate, for his use and benefit. The Prince of Wales has appointed him his own dragoman. But he is sad enough, poor fellow ! all his prosperity does not console him for the loss of 'the mother he found in the world.'

"If I live till September I will go up to Esneh, where the air is softest and I cough less ; I would rather die among my own people in the sand than here."

One more letter, a last farewell, came to my father from Cairo, and just as we were starting for Egypt he received the news of her death on the 14th of July, 1869, by a telegram written by herself the day before she died.

Those who remember her in her youth and beauty, before disease had altered the pale, heroic face and bowed the slight, stately figure, will not wonder at the Spartan firmness which enabled her to pen that last farewell so firmly.

She died, aged 48, and is buried in the cemetery at Cairo.

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